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“J. B.”

J. BRIERLEY

HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

H. JEFFS

AUTHOR OF “THE ART OF EXPOSITION,” “PORTRAIT PREACHING,”
“CONCERNING CONSCIENCE,” ETC.

“BAFFLED TO FIGHT BETTER”

LONDON

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FOREWORD

THE soul of a saint in the body of a man of the world. The man of the world tingled to the finger tips with the thrill of the life of his time, yet the body was the frailest encasement of the virile soul. A chosen career broken by ill-health that dogged his steps from the beginning ; then, after four years' cessation of work a second career begun, in an untried profession. Jonathan Brierley at once made his chair in a Fleet Street newspaper office the generating station of an intellectual and spiritual force that for well on to a quarter of a century was powerfully felt in every part of the English-speaking world. " Out of weakness he was made strong," and tens of thousands owed to him a faith that ceased to fear, a bluer sky, and a more genial climate of the soul.

My thanks to the many who, in response to a request, sent letters from " J.B.," and personal recollections. Most of all are my thanks due to the Rev. Harold E. Brierley, Pastor of Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, who honoured me with the suggestion that I should write the life of his father. Mr. Brierley placed in my possession his father's journal, his note-books, much correspondence, and other invaluable material.

Foreword

To Mr. John Brierley, of Leicester, only surviving brother of "J.B.," I am indebted for the means of filling in the chapter of his early life and education.

"The more one thinks of it," said "J.B.," "the more plainly it appears that in all regions of thought—religious, scientific, artistic, literary—the question of questions, the pivot on which everything turns, is personality." His absorbing interest, as a "student of the soul," was personality. He is never happy if he is not getting at the innermost, original personality of an author, a saint, a mystic, an artist, a man of the world. His own journal is a most affecting human document in its revelation of the personality of a highly gifted man, but most of all of a good man struggling against adversity, refusing to accept defeat, keeping the springs of his life always sweet, intent on using every ounce of his strength and every golden moment of his time in the service of the Master to whom the whole allegiance of his heart was given.

If for no other reason this Life would be worth issuing for the model it offers of the Faithful Pastor—a challenge to the indolent in the ministry, an inspiration to those who, at times, feel the burden is too heavy and are tempted to lose heart and slacken down.

H. JEFFS.

13 and 14, Fleet Street,

February 25th, 1915.

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CHAPTER I

The "Man of Thought" and the "Man of Action"

To write the Life of a man who, to borrow his own phrase, lived almost entirely in the thought world, was a task from which the biographer might well shrink. Jonathan Brierley, known and loved as "J.B." for nearly a quarter of a century by a widening circle of readers, had no "strange, eventful history." Had he been a "man of action," his biographer might have been embarrassed by the richness of the material to be worked up into a picturesque and thrilling narrative. But he was just a preacher, a reader, a thinker, a writer. In a world that moves in the daily din and dust of business, politics and amusement the mere thinking man fails to draw the attention of the crowd. And yet, after all, it is the man of thought, with the power of forcing others to think, who always exercises the "high command." The man of action "does things," but the man of thought sowed the seed of action. The man of thought is the path-finder, letting the speculative imagination play around the facts and forces of his time. The man of action follows the beaten tracks, and spends his energy in "carrying on" according to the methods sanctioned

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by practice in his department. His watchword is "business as usual," and novelty he distrusts because it means readjustment or scrapping of settled ideas in which he feels comfortably at home. He is the successful man and people write books about him that are given to bright and good young men with the injunction to follow in his steps. His enterprise is a ferocious transmutation of energy into activity. We perspire at the spectacle of his whirlwind motion. Great is his reward. We need him to keep us speeded up, but he has the defect of his quality. He is inclined, all the more if he is an Anglo-Saxon, to be contemptuous of the reading and thinking man. He prides himself on his "plain common sense." The idealist is dismissed as a dreamer. His dreams are pretty, but they are poetry, and no price can be quoted for them in the world's markets. And yet, if the man of action knew it, he owes everything to the man of thought. But for the idealists, the dreamers, the men who have lived in the thought-world, the twentieth century would have made no advance on the fifteenth or on the tenth. The men of thought are the prophets, and science, art, industry, commerce, politics have their prophets as well as religion. The prophet is usually ignored, he is sometimes stoned, if he is a major prophet, in his own age, but the age following puts up a monument to him, and ages after that canonise him.

Take science, for instance. Bacon was a "man of thought," busied with queer experiments, evolving revolutionary notions as to the methods of investi-

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gation of natural laws and the right way of deducing the operation of those laws from the compilation and comparison of particular instances. What an old fogey he must have seemed to the men of action of King James's court and the city fathers of his time ; and how dangerous must his experiments and conclusions have seemed to the devotees of orthodoxy in philosophy and religion—for it can scarcely be said that before Bacon there was any science rightly so called ! But from the “thought world” of “deep-browed Verulam,” soaring in his flights of disciplined fancy, have come very largely all the triumphs of modern material civilisation. Idealist, indeed, but like every genuine idealist, a ruthless hunter down of reality. Reality in every sphere is usually heavily overlaid with a huge dead weight of cumulative tradition, custom, habit, and it has to be ever and again dug down to and disinterred, or there would be no step forward, but much more likely steps backward ; for the commonalty of mankind is a praiser of “the good old times,” it thinks the “wisdom of our fathers” must have been greater than ours just because they were ancient, and it is resentfully distrustful of the man who compels it to think and re-orient itself towards reality.

In industry, commerce and international relations, it was a few men of the thought world, Adam Smith, Ricardo and the like—not in business themselves, but just, according to the view of the men of action of their time, musty professors and pedants of the study—who overthrew the com-

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mercial system based on the principle that the way to encourage home trade is to destroy foreign trade, and that the best method of stimulating manufacturing industry is to reduce the consumption of the goods produced by artificially forcing the prices of those goods to prohibitive figures. Yet Smith, Ricardo, and their school sowed their seed of thought, and the industrial and commercial supremacy of our country and empire is the crop of that seed. The "men of action" get the riches, but they owe their millions to the men of thought.

But what has all this to do with "J.B.?" Just everything. He was the religious man through and through, but the religious man who believed that religion was the most practical thing in the whole world—if *you only get religion*, and not certain ecclesiasticisms, rationalisms, dogmatisms, conventionalisms, traditions that are the mere simulacra of religion, religious old clothes, often frayed very much at the edges, mildewed through too much hanging up in dark and airless wardrobes, moth-eaten and rotten, and offering very little protection to the soul of the man covered with their "looped and windowed raggedness." He was pre-eminently a student of the soul of man, and no Livingstone, Stanley, Amundsen, Scott, Shackleton, or Mawson set out on an expedition into Darkest Africa or to the white worlds of the Arctic or Antarctic with keener zest of adventure than that with which "J.B." plunged into an exploration of his own soul or the soul of universal humanity. And what singled him out from many spiritual

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psychologists was that no man was so absolutely free from any morbid introspectiveness. His physical frame left much to be desired, and for many years he was in his body a broken man, but his soul was robust and radiant, and it radiated health into the souls of those who read the essays into which he put the discoveries of his “adventures in the infinite.”

If only for the shining example he offers of a dauntless soul, triumphing over an enfeebled body, the story of “J.B.” is worth the reading. So far from ever repining at his physical disability, “J.B.” was the most uncompromising and unblushing of optimists. He was always amazed at God’s goodness to him, at the riches beyond the reach of a Rothschild placed at his disposal.

A spirit like his, in an age too disposed to cosset, physic and pity itself, was a priceless possession, and the sunny and bracing optimism of “J.B.” was contagious to tens of thousands who only knew him through his *Christian World* essays.

It was not till his chosen career as a Congregational minister was broken by nervous breakdown that “J.B.” entered on his second and far-reaching career as a prophet of the pen. Such a breakdown would, to the ordinary man, have been the end of all things. It would have wrecked irrevocably the “man of action.” But just because “J.B.” lived in his thought-world he was buoyant to all physical depression. He resolutely declined to be scrapped as “broken in the war.” A minister, passing through a time of tribulation, wrote to me: “You

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can't sink a cork by pushing it under the water." So it was with Jonathan Brierley. But, then, he had been all his life preparing himself unconsciously for his second career. Shall it be said that for that career he was predestined in the Divine plan? As this book will show, he had regarded his mental powers as a most sacred trust, and time, to him, was a potential fortune, every moment of which must be valued as a grain of gold. In the ministry he was the most faithful of pastors, and his sympathetic personal dealing with the members of his flock had given him that insight into human nature, and that sympathy with the psychology and the worries of the average man, which enabled him as philosopher always to keep his finger on the pulse of life. He always escaped falling a victim to the preacher's characteristic temptation of living in a professional, intellectual, theological thought-world that lifted him above and out of the mass of mankind, and from which it was impossible to get into any real touch with that mass. He had a real horror of living in a thought-world of unreality, and was saved from that danger by his consuming desire to be practically helpful. His physical weakness, often with much pain, went to the enrichment of his humanity as well as of his divinity. Similar weakness made Herbert Spencer shut himself off from humanity. Spencer set a noble example of intellectual zeal and industry, handicapped by the most unfavourable conditions, but he was hardened and driven into the cultivation of unsympathetic and selfish individualism. "J.B." was softened and

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became more tender, human, tolerant, more intellectually and spiritually sociable, but then Herbert Spencer was self-centred, while to “ J.B.” the Man of Nazareth was the lode-star of his being, his constant Companion, the Master of all his thinking, in whose school he was always the most eager and the most submissive of scholars. Because Jesus was so real, so vital, so human, so divine, so sociable, so catholic, so responsive to every effort of the mind and heart, “ J.B.,” as his open-eyed and great-souled interpreter, was a prophet to his age, who comforted and strengthened troubled souls, and to many, alienated from a Christ who was a mere manufactured symbol of outworn ecclesiasticisms and dried-up dogmatic systems, Christ was made flesh and blood again, and received the whole-hearted allegiance which is always given to Christ the Person, though it is more and more denied to the Christ of creeds and hierarchies.

CHAPTER II

Home and Education

JONATHAN BRIERLEY was born on Christmas Day of 1843. Is it fanciful to suppose that his coming into the world on the most joyous festival of the Christian year had its influence on the sunny outlook of the religion to which Jonathan Brierley ultimately won his way? As will be seen a little later, that outlook was not the outlook of the Brierley home. The father was also a Jonathan Brierley, in business as a lambs' wool spinner. The Brierley family was of Yorkshire Nonconformist origin. Yorkshire Nonconformity at that time was of a dour, puritanical character. Yorkshire men took their religion as they took their business, with intense seriousness. Even to this day ministers serving Yorkshire churches testify to that seriousness and to a certain suspiciousness of the Yorkshire mind with regard to novelties in preaching and teaching which conflict with the conditions in which they have been brought up. The elder Brierley was born in a family that had become Methodist under the influence of the Evangelical Revival, but there is reason to believe that the Methodist feeling was combined with a considerable admixture of the old Puritan thinking and attitude towards the lighter

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sides of life. Jonathan Brierley the elder had settled in Leicester in 1825.

To Jonathan Brierley and his wife there were born six sons and one daughter. The receipt of the paternal Christian name does not mean that the infant Jonathan was the eldest of the family. He was, in fact, the fifth son. He was certainly not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and there was very little "spoiling" of the Brierley children. The father believed in children being taught from their earliest years to depend on themselves as much as possible. They were expected to help themselves rather than look for constant help from their parents, and they were required to help each other in all sorts of ways. Mr. John Brierley, the surviving brother, to whom I owe these details of the early home life, says that this kind of training was found very useful in later days, leading to the formation of invaluable habits of self-reliance. The mother was a gentle and kindly soul, loved devotedly by all her children. Her most effective means of managing an unruly boy was a threat to "tell father"—which she rarely did.

Jonathan was sent to a private school kept by Mr. Benjamin Hill, where he picked up the rudimentary elements of education which were thought sufficient intellectual equipment in those days for a youngster who was expected without waste of time to earn his own living. Mr. Hill was a Dominie who believed in a liberal use of the rod, and Jonathan was certainly not spoiled by the sparing of the rod. No doubt the schoolmaster had provocation, for

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young Jonathan was not of the order of the lambs whose fleeces were the staple of his father's manufacturing. He distinguished himself on the first day of his school life by challenging to combat one of the biggest boys in his class. The event came off in the dinner interval. The pugnacious new scholar put up a good pair of "bunches of five," and the bout ended in complete knocking out of the big boy. Most of his brothers shared the same militant temperament, which is, indeed, when directed into proper channels, a valuable asset to a young man bent on winning his way to the front.

Jonathan, however, seems to have been a regular Achilles of the family, always "good at the battle shout," and losing no opportunity to show his mettle and his fistic skill. He was always more than ready to pick a quarrel, or take up a challenge, with the roughest boy of his neighbourhood, and he usually came out as victor, though not always without showing signs of the combat.

The Brierleys attended a Wesleyan chapel of a circuit on which the father was a local preacher on the plan; and he was a class leader in the chapel itself. The father ruled with a strong hand in the home and brought his family up on strictly Methodist puritan principles. The boys, while young, showed no signs of revolt against their religious training; on the contrary, after the fashion of preachers' children, they would conduct "preaching services" of their own at home on Sunday afternoons when not attending the chapel; a pulpit was constructed of four chairs, and "choir seats," and seats for the

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congregation, were placed with such other chairs as were available. The service was usually a full one ; consisting of hymn, prayer, chant, Scripture lesson, hymn, sermon, collection, hymn, Benediction. No doubt, says Mr. John Brierley, the theology left much to be desired, but what was lacking in exactness was made up for by the fervent zeal.

Attached to the house was a fair-sized piece of ground. The father was not a great enthusiast for horticulture and the garden was mostly in the rough. But there were some large apple trees and a summer house. The apple trees were extremely useful as places for the brothers to swarm up into, and the summer house was a regular conspirators' den, where the brothers discussed ingenious plans for annoying the neighbours. It is not unusual for children of preachers, and of people not preachers, who have brought up their children under strict religious rule, to find such outlets for the suppressed old Adam in healthy boy nature. They were warned one 5th of November, under threat of severe penalty, not to touch any fireworks. The warning lent to fireworks the sweetness of stolen fruit. The boys contrived to get hold of a liberal supply of gun-powder. They exercised their ingenuity in the manufacture of home-made fireworks by mixing steel filings with the powder. The result was very excellent squibs. Jonathan happened to have a fair amount of the powder concealed in his coat pocket. A spark from one of the squibs found out the powder, and the pocket was blown out and his clothes set on fire. His brothers had nearly to drown him to

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extinguish the conflagration. But that was nothing to the fact that it made concealment of their wrongdoing to their father an impossibility. The consequences to all of them were most painful, but it may be conjectured that, however painful the penalty, the lads considered that the fun had been worth it.

Another Guy Fawkes escapade, in which Jonathan was a prime mover, is remembered. The scene was the garden, which was divided from the street by a wall about eight feet high. The corner boys of the neighbourhood, during the apple season, were given to scaling the wall and raiding the trees. Needless to say, the Brierley lads did not believe in practical socialism of this order, and when lads were caught red-handed Homeric battles ensued. On this particular Guy Fawkes' day a bonfire had been built up and was nicely going when a noise was heard of somebody climbing the wall on the side of the street. The watchful and resourceful young Jonathan plucked a brand from the burning, stole to the wall and waited until two hands appeared on its top. He gently but firmly applied the glowing brand to the hand, and the "corner boy" let go with a howl. Unfortunately, the "corner boy" turned out to be no "corner boy" at all, and the brothers had a fearful shock when a burly policeman came round to the door and demanded compensation for his scorched hand and wounded dignity. He had only wanted to see the bonfire burning. Such incidents, at this distance, seem trivial enough, but the "J.B." that we have known counted nothing trivial. His bringing up with five high-spirited

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brothers, each as full of mischief as himself, was an integral and important part of his education in life, and education in life was to him by no means confined to what could be packed into him in school.

The school years with Mr. Hill were not many. In spite of his pranks and fights, Jonathan was quick-witted and absorbed teaching quickly and thoroughly. Mr. Hill was honest enough to tell him that he had learned all the schoolmaster could teach him. The father then decided to send Jonathan to another private school at Dewsbury. This was kept by Mr. Benjamin Bentley. Jonathan, in later life, was never a stickler for precedent, but being what he was it is not surprising to learn that history repeated itself on the day of his arrival at the Bentley school. He promptly arranged a fight with one of the biggest boys and, to the joy of all the scholars, it was carried through in approved hammer and tongs style. Jonathan was an easy winner. Possibly, even at that early age, he was an instinctive philosopher, and calculated on the psychological effect of establishing at the earliest opportunity his supremacy with his fists. He stayed at the Dewsbury school two or three years—until, indeed, he had exhausted all that Mr. Bentley could teach him. And when he left it was with a well-earned reputation for diligence in study and for pluck in always taking the part of the weak against the strong. Jonathan, there is no doubt, was grateful to the weak for giving him a good excuse for measuring his strength against the strong.

The time arrived to settle the question of what

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Jonathan should be put to as a means of earning his living. The father found it a knotty problem. He was only in a small way of business, and with the four eldest sons already in the business he did not require Jonathan's assistance. A suitable alternative was not easy to discover. Jonathan had shown no marked preference or talent for one thing more than another. After mature consideration the father negotiated with Messrs. Preston, glove manufacturers, for Jonathan to learn their trade. The lad entered the Preston factory, but it was very soon clear that he was not cut out for a glove manufacturer, and that some other line must be found in which he could expend his energy and acquire skill. The boy had, from the time he could read, showed a great interest in books. His father, as a local preacher and a great reader, had acquired a fair library. It was not a library that might have been expected to suit the palate of a light-hearted boy overflowing with life. The books were very largely of a heavy character—theological, philosophical, homiletic, historical. One can never prognosticate, however, what direction a boy's intellectual taste will take. Nature guides most of its creatures to the food that is most suitable to their physical upbuilding, and nature, it would seem, takes the same pains with regard to mental pabulum. Jonathan browsed in his father's library, and somehow the heaviest books were those that attracted him the most. While yet in his teens, such tough morsels as Locke "On the Human Understanding," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and works on the

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philosophy of religion and religious history, proved sweet morsels to him. He liked something he could dig his teeth into and found more pleasure in mental wrestling with books that most adults leave severely alone than in fiction, poetry and such light reading. The fiction and the poetry might, indeed, have been sadly to seek on his father's bookshelves ; anyway Jonathan wrestled with big books as victoriously as he had wrestled with big boys, and got as much satisfaction in mastering the books as he had had in mastering the boys.

The knowledge of this seemed to give his father a clue as to the line in which the young hopeful might best be expected to shine, and he arranged for Jonathan to go as assistant to the firm of J. & T. Spencer, at that time the principal retail book-sellers in Leicester. To the lad this was as the opening of the gates of Paradise. He revelled in the prospect of the feast of reading which would be at his disposal. From Jonathan's point of view this was all right, but, unfortunately, his employers soon found it was all wrong. When customers were at the counter at which Jonathan was supposed to serve, they often failed to attract his attention, so absorbed was he in the reading of the books which were for sale. As his son Harold puts it, " My father thought more of prophets than of profits, and he was reading the Minor Prophets when he ought to have been selling them."

The fact that the lad had read with such relish the theology and philosophy in his father's library, and that the Minor Prophets had had such a fatal fascination for him in the bookshop, makes it the less

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surprising that, on his leaving the bookshop, he should have pleaded with his father to be sent to college for training as a Congregational minister. The elder Jonathan would have regarded the appeal as one to which ready and joyous consent would have been given if it had been the Wesleyan Methodist ministry that his son desired to join. The father was a Methodist as a Roman Catholic is a Papist; outside Methodism, according to his conviction, few there were that would be saved. Young Jonathan, indeed, had already been under fire as a local preacher and had been admitted on the plan. He had preached in the half-dozen chapels composing the circuit, and the congregations of the country chapels asked for him to be sent again. His brother says that his sermons were marked by an individuality which commended them to the plain country people and none were ever found nodding when he was preaching. Religion had laid its strong hand upon him. He felt with increasing intensity the claims of God to the love and allegiance of every man, and in a simple, practical and forceful style he urged those claims on the conscience and the hearts of his hearers. There had been, as often happens to an active-minded young man, taking a serious interest in the spiritual side of life, a storm and stress period. Jonathan Brierley was not the kind of man to take anything for granted, or to be satisfied without examination with the "traditions of the fathers." The atmosphere of the home in regard to religion was of the kind that leads an active youthful mind to revolt sooner or later. The uncompromising

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Methodism of the father was all very well when the children were in tutelage, before they had entered their teens, but more than one of the boys, when he reached the age of thinking for himself, found the father's shutting up of all light and truth within the confines of Methodism as taught by John Wesley an unsupportable imprisonment of the spirit. Jonathan, at one time, had a desperate fight for his faith. He was not given to refer to this trouble, but in a late address on "Thought Life," which will be found as an Appendix, he says,

"My heart bleeds, and my blood boils, as I think of the terrible persecution which religion has undergone at the hands of these teachers, and which has turned men away from it in disgust. I can sympathise with such people. I have been right through this experience when quite young. I think I was a little mystic. I know how full my soul was of religion. Heaven and earth seemed full of God and of glory. But as I grew up it was like the weather we have been having lately, where a day began in brightness and got cloudy later on. I came in contact with the theology of forty years ago, theology made in the dark ages which made me shudder and revolt. If ever there was a despairing sceptic it was 'J.B.' at sixteen. What could I get out of it? I got a revelation. It came to me in my reading of the New Testament. Faith I find is one thing and men's opinions and creeds are another. I saw what a fool I was to allow myself to be cheated of my interest in God and Christ and the New Testament and the Fellowship of Saints. I have kept that ever since. Yes, God, Christ, the Bible, these are mine forever, and they may be yours. Young people, keep to these. Don't let anybody teach you harsh doctrines of God, cheat you out of your spiritual inheritance. When you eat fish you need not swallow the bones. See for yourselves, take what you can and grow by it."

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Whether he told his father of his soul's struggle is uncertain, but it is reasonable to suppose that the father's limitation of thought and action to Wesleyan Methodist doctrine and policy had a great deal to do with Jonathan's choice of the Congregational denomination as the body in which as minister he would find himself most at home. It may be also that the fierce Reform controversy in the Wesleyan Methodist Church had a potent influence on the young man's mind. The father himself was inclined towards the Reformers as having most in common with the pure doctrine of John Wesley. He was a marked man in consequence with the dignified sticklers and the official big-wigs of the circuit and District, who regarded any breaking away from them as an unpardonable sin. Though he had been for many years a class leader and a local preacher, he was put out of class and his name erased from the plan along with many others. Friends for a lifetime were sundered, arrayed against each other in separate camps, and there was extreme bitterness of feeling. On Monday morning, at the Brierley house, three or four of each party used to meet for some time to discuss the situation. The young people were interested listeners, but were not allowed to take any part in the discussion. None the less, they had their own opinions, and expressed them to each other very freely when the father was not there to correct them. They sympathised with him for his devotion to principle and his sturdy adherence to his convictions. They regarded him as a martyr and became Reformers of a ferocious type. Later

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on, however, the pull of the old body, with its long and dear associations, led the father back to Wesleyan Methodism. The lads lost much of their faith in him, and stoutly refused to follow him back into what they regarded as the enemy's camp. The result was that very strained relations were created within the home. It was at this time that young Jonathan made up his mind, if his father would allow him, to study for the Congregational ministry, and worried his father until he obtained his consent to his entering the Nottingham Institute.

It only remains to be said that the religion of the Brierley home, as regards the views instilled into the children and the theology of the father, was of the gloomiest and of the most repellent character. There was more of Puritan Calvinism than of Methodist Arminianism in the father's theology. It was the fear of God and not the love of God that was impressed upon the children. Satan played a very large part in the home teaching of religion. He was a personal devil of the darkest dye whose chief delight was in setting traps for naughty children and taking count of their little peccadilloes with a view of exacting the full penalty from them in an Inferno out of which there was no escape through all eternity. Such being the atmosphere and such the state of affairs at the time, it is not surprising that young Jonathan shook the dust of Methodism off his feet with a deep breath of satisfaction and a sense of escaping into a larger, freer and more invigorating air.

CHAPTER III

Schools of the Prophets

NOTTINGHAM INSTITUTE AND NEW COLLEGE

NOTTINGHAM THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE was founded to give a practical pastoral training to candidates for the ministry whose circumstances made it impossible for them to enter a College of the advanced kind, where the course extended over four or five years. It was felt that many young men, feeling that they had a vocation, of guaranteed Christian character, and with a tested gift for preaching, were promising material for converting in three years or so into serviceable pastors of country churches. The first Principal, who was at the head of the College when "J.B." entered it, and remained at the head until 1897, was Dr. J. B. Paton. Under his direction, for more than forty years, the Nottingham Institute splendidly fulfilled its purpose. The doctor was a man of almost incredible physical and mental vitality. Even as a boy, in his native South-west of Scotland, he was amazing and dazing. At the age of eleven he was put to work in the printing office of a country paper. Within a few months he was assisting the sub-editor, and in a single year, before he was out of his teens, he

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founded and acted as secretary to a couple of Temperance Societies. After serving for a short while as usher in an uncle's school at Cheltenham, young Paton entered Spring Hill College, Birmingham, to be trained for the Congregational ministry. There he sharpened his wits against those of his fellow student, R. W. Dale. The Nottingham Institute was founded on the condition that Paton became its head. He was never the mere academic don. Everything that was human interested him, and his fertile brain was constantly throwing out ideas that fructified in practical realisation. He started land colonies for the making of men of the unemployed and unemployable, "Colonies of Mercy" for the care and training of epileptics, Home Reading Circles, and the Brotherhood and Adult School Movements; and a dozen other agencies either owed their origin to him, or found in him their powerful supporter and propagandist. When he was well on to his eightieth year Dr. Paton's son said to me, "My father is the youngest member of our family." "J.B." could not in all England have found a man better fitted to guide and inspire him in his preliminary training for the ministry. Dr. Paton laid the heaviest stress on the importance of the general culture of the student being attended to. Everything was done to quicken his mental activity, to teach him to think for himself, and to induce him to work for all he was worth. The Institute was not to be a mere cramming machine, turning out neatly finished young fellows conformed to a conventional type. The

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students were made to realise that the ministry was not merely a clerical profession, but that it was a prophetic calling, for success in which mind and heart must work together at their fullest power. In addition to the pastoral and homiletic courses, and such instruction in Biblical knowledge and philosophy as was possible under the conditions, the young men were sent out to supply village and small town pulpits of the country side and were encouraged, even during their College training, to engage in all sorts of active Christian work.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Paton had a great and beneficial influence on the shaping of Brierley's mind at its most pliable period. Paton was nothing if not practical. His consuming concern was to invest religion with reality and bring it into constant and direct touch with life. At the same time he was a ravenous devourer of books and communicated his insatiable appetite to his students. To Dr. Paton indolence was a sin against the Holy Ghost as it was ever after to Jonathan Brierley. Brierley became a miser and usurer of his minutes. He was not content with just the studies prescribed by the College authorities. He read for himself and began to pick up languages in order that his voyages of intellectual discovery might be extended. In one of his essays we get an inside view of the Brierley who was the same, only more so, if we may so express it, from the time when he browsed in his father's library to the closing days when he was still, in spite of domestic warnings, bending hour after hour over "heavy books" :—

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“How to spend our reading life is a question belonging to that ‘Ethic of the Intellect’ of which most people think so little. Those who are eager for Life’s Best will, however, in this department, take a very clearly marked line. They make a simple calculation. The world, they find, has produced a certain number of first-class minds that have left themselves on record. Their work is mental and moral society of the highest kind, to which we are freely invited. Why should we, whose time is short, and who have a thousand other things to do, waste its hours by lingering in the ranks of the third or twelfth raters when these *élite* are calling to us? They lie scattered over all the ages and over all the languages. It is worth studying a language to reach one great book in it. Robert Hall learned Italian to get at Dante, and it was worth while. Robertson of Brighton said of certain volumes that, read and re-read, they had entered into his composition like the iron atoms of the blood. A certain splendour from these great spirits casts its glow upon all who come into their circle. However modest our own dimensions, the swing and momentum from these force centres will inevitably make itself felt in our character and action. To the world’s first-class literature we may apply the words used by Madame Roland of Plutarch. It is ‘the pasture of great souls.’”

To Brierley the mastering of a language was a wild delight. He was spurred on by dancing visions of masterpieces of thought and fancy, which, through the medium of the language, would be opened out to him. Again, let me quote from an essay which is really a self-drawn mental portrait :—

“We should think more hopefully of England’s future if we could see our Englishmen of to-day more in love with difficult things. Our workmen, so called, are getting more and more leisure, but what are they doing with it? Who of them, for instance, ever dreams of turning his free hours, as the German so constantly does, to the tackling of a foreign

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language ? If he would only try it he would find a good foreign grammar the most interesting book in the world. For one thing—and just think of that—*it is all true*. It will never grow out of date for you, and will never deceive you. Come to it when and where you will, and it has always the right, the accurate thing to say on the point you are seeking. Of how many books, ancient and modern, can you say as much ? And as you grapple with your difficulty—in languages or any other research—you discover how all your nature joins joyfully in. What puzzled you yesterday comes easier to-day. How is that ? Because the unconscious part of you, the forces that lie beneath your active will and consciousness, have come to your aid and have been working for you. They approve what you are doing and set their seal upon the work. And if even in the end you are not a success, you are at least a tryer, and that is a success in itself.

“Intimately linked with that great find is this other ; that as a tryer you find yourself. You find not only work, but *your* work ; your message to and business in this world. We are all preachers—of something or other ; and some of us are writers. And we have all our style. How did we get it ? There are innumerable books on style, which some of us have laboriously perused. We have, if we are ambitious, studied Quintilian and Aristotle ; we have sought the secrets of Cicero’s flow, of the compression of Tacitus ; we know our Addison, our Burke, our Macaulay ; we have sought the phrasing, the epigrammatic sparkle, of France ; from Bossuet to Renan. You may do this and make a pretty jumble of it in the end. It has its uses, all that, for no honest work is useless. But it will be all a wandering in the wilderness unless, by God’s mercy, this happens—that ultimately you find yourself. Find, that is, your own soul and its meaning for this world and its message to it. When you have got your message, you have got your style. For, as Buffon has it, and it is the final word here, ‘*Le style, c’est l’homme même*’ (style is the man himself). When you have, not to say something, but something to say ; when God’s word to you has become a word *in* you, a word that burns to be

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uttered, there is no more trouble about style. It will come out of you, just as your breath comes out of you, as an emanation of your very self. And men will taste it and savour it; for it is no longer the chopped straw of dead material, but a bit of actual life. When a man has found himself his fellows speedily find him. For a part of the universe has taken root in him and is expressing itself through him. It has entered into him as deep conviction, as passionate enthusiasm. Here is a ray of the eternal light, reflected through the medium of this one soul, whose separate angle of reflection returns this unique ray, needed to make the human vision of God complete. And this message, remember, is not that only of the professional speaker or writer. You may never stand on platform, or say a word in print. Not the less you have your message, if you will seek it; the gesture of your own spirit, seen in the temper of your mind, in your whole attitude to life—a beautiful, a significant message, if only we will seek it and find it.”

At the Institute Brierley was among the first batch of students, and his fellow students included some who were afterwards most faithful pastors and effective preachers. Brierley, however, was not content with what the Institute could do for him. His ideal of the ministry was so high that he felt he must have the most advanced and thorough training possible.

In 1864, he was transferred from Nottingham Institute to New College, Hampstead, no doubt through his feeling the need of a longer and fuller training. The New College records show that he was accepted on probation as a lay student for admission on September 29th, and was received as a full student on February 28th, 1865. The College course extended over five years, which might be

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extended or shortened by a year at the discretion of the Council. The five years were divided between a literary course of two years and a theological course of three. The Principal at that time was Dr. Robert Halley, and the Professors, Revs. Samuel Newth, John H. Goodwin and Maurice Nenser.

When the College celebrated its Jubilee on November 6th, 1900, "J.B." was one of the old students who indulged in reminiscences. In filling in his answer to the usual questions put to candidates for admission to the College, he had stated that he had no theoretical objection to baptism by immersion. Asked what he meant, he said that his objections were practical. For instance, if asked to immerse a stout old lady of seventeen stone, he would wish to decline. Dr. Halley he described as vigorous and kind-hearted. He amused the audience by recollections of the sermon class. Once, when preaching on the 11th of Hebrews, he was picturing the "procession of heroes marching across the field of history," when the noise caused by the dismissing of a class overhead caused the Doctor to ask, "What's that?" A waggish student replied, "It's the procession of heroes, Doctor." Professor Nenser, who taught Hebrew and German, was a sparkling conversationalist, and Brierley, as his fellow students, had his wits sharpened by contact with such a lively and engaging personality.

Surviving contemporaries of Mr. Brierley at "New" agree that he was looked upon as among the most promising of their number, though he was no "pot hunter" of academic distinctions, prefer-

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ing to follow his own lines of reading. Rev. Alfred M. Carter, now at Southend-on-Sea, says that in Dr. Halley's sermon class "both the matter and expression of his early efforts charmed us all, and criticism fell very flat." In debate and in the conversational discussions in which he revelled, he was very ready, and always effective. He could give a prompt and satirical exposure of any error of statement or fallacy of argument, but with the merry twinkle of his eye, and the friendliness of his manner, he contrived to crush a man without giving occasion for offence. In denouncing wrong, or appealing on behalf of righteousness and truth, he was always intensely in earnest. His geniality made him a popular comrade. "We all thought," says Mr. Carter, "that preaching would be Brierley's chief means of usefulness, but feared even in College days that his frail physique could scarcely stand the strain of his vehement outpourings in the pulpit."

A contemporary student, who left College in the same year, Rev. Ira Boseley, says Mr. Brierley always seemed fragile, and when between the classes other students sought relaxation in the common room, Brierley was always reading a book or magazine.

"When I expostulated with him for neglecting physical exercise, he exclaimed that he had established the College Cricket Club, but I question if he often played cricket. On meeting him a few years ago he gave me a dig in the ribs and said: 'Boseley, if you and I were rolled together we might make a decent man between us.' In the sermon class I remember he wrote a striking sermon on Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones, but his exegesis would scarcely have passed

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muster with a professor of the traditional school. 'J.B.', however, did not fear professors, for he did not hesitate to challenge their statements and to argue them out with them. In the College debates his fellow students were often impressed with his mental alertness and argumentative power." Only three months before his death "J.B." wrote to Mr. Boseley a letter on the death of an old mutual friend. He said, "It made me feel how terribly the circle of one's own comrades is narrowed. We need to cherish the more those who are left. I am grieved to hear of your serious ill-health. That must be very trying. I too, as you know, have now, for quite a while, been driven out of the fighting line, so far as all public appearance is concerned. I keep going only by the utmost care, and the most absolute quietude. I can't even attend church, or any public gatherings of any kind. It is, of course, trying, but then one has a thousand blessings to be thankful for. My work as a writer is an immense solace, and the more so as I receive from all parts of the world such warm-hearted testimonies and expressions of gratitude. I seem to have such a host of unseen friends. To feel that you have been really helpful to troubled and burdened souls is indeed a great reward. I do hope you will have mitigation of your own physical trouble. Above all, we have our loving God and the immortal treasure of the spiritual life. I seem to have a firmer grip of all these than ever I had before."

Another New College contemporary, now Dr. W. Evans Darby, Secretary of the Peace Society, says :—

"During my college course it was my privilege to be on terms of intimate association with 'J. B.' We were class mates and chums. He was one of the first to greet me, and made a strong impression which deepened with our growing intercourse. I remember well how, from the first, he stood out from others as a quiet, thoughtful, diligent, and manly student. He struck me as being town-bred, self-confident, of good general education, and a voracious reader. From

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the first, he took a prominent position in our debating society ; he generally spoke in our debates, and proved himself an able, original, clear, and effective speaker.

"The men of our year were good students, all of them, with the usual exceptions of those who could not study, to whom the 'pons asinorum' was impassable, however earnestly and hard they tried, though otherwise good fellows, and often good preachers. They excelled in other ways. The studious section to which Brierley belonged, and which formed the majority of the class, were hard and devoted students, who emulated each other in a friendly way, and stood well both in class work and exams. New College was not in those days a school of the London University—that was to be a later development—though it was associated with it, and secular degrees were obtainable, Divinity degrees being at that time beyond the reach of Nonconformists in this country. The Arts Course in the College was arranged so as to give an opportunity for graduation in the University. In the event of a student having matriculated before entry, this was comparatively easy ; if not the work passed beyond the limits of that course, and involved practically a dual curriculum which, to eager and not too robust students, might, and often did, involve serious consequences. This is what happened with 'J.B.', and some of the rest of us. At the end of the first session, the majority of our class sat for matriculation, and the majority of those, including 'J.B.', passed ; of two of the number who took German as the modern language, one passed ; others failed. 'J.B.' passed with *éclat*. Next session, the race was resumed. At the end of it, these eager class-mates went in for the 'First B.A.', as it was then called. Most of them passed, but again, two took German and were both 'plucked.' After that came the Divinity course, and the College work for those who had passed became more exacting. When the session closed, 'J.B.' took his B.A. in the first division. But by this time the pace had begun to tell—more than one had given out physically, and when in the following session he proceeded with the usual fervour to study for the M.A., he found it

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was too trying, and very wisely decided to reserve his energies for the regular Divinity studies, in which, as in all he touched, he excelled. This is my recollection of the most outstanding feature of our College intimacy, and it explained to me—taught by a similar experience, though less fortunate, for some studies had to be postponed to a more favourable time, and other associations—the physical restrictions that lay upon his splendid powers all through life, while it formed a bond of sympathy between us to the very end. This was enhanced by the similarity of development in religious thought and experience; in his case, hastened by a wide range of reading and by omnivorous assimilation.”

At New College he remained the full five years. He matriculated at London University in 1865, and took his B.A. degree in 1867. He won the New College Burden Scholarship in 1869, and left to enter on his first pastorate in September, 1870.

CHAPTER IV

The Faithful Pastor : Devon

A CALL to the pastorate of the Church at Great Torrington in North Devon was accepted towards the close of 1870. The town, with a population of little more than 3,000, was reached from Exeter, but the railway at that time did not get nearer to it than the village station of Umberleigh, seven miles away. The scenery is among the most beautiful in Devon and gave to Mr. Brierley an endless variety of the long walks in which he found not only health but pulpit inspiration. The Congregational Church dated back to the Nonconformist Ejection of 1662, and the Nonconformity had remained of a sturdy type.

The church was in lineal descent from that founded by John Howe, the saintly author of *The Living Temple*, when Howe was ejected from the parish church. Is it far-fetched to discover analogies between "J.B." and John Howe? Howe was urged by the Bishop of Exeter, his old college friend, Seth Ward, who had had no scruples about conforming, to consent to re-ordination, and it was absolutely certain that if Howe had consented he would have received a Bishopric. "What is the hurt," asked the Bishop, "of being re-ordained?" "Hurt?" replied Howe, "it hurts my reason. I

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know that I was called once to the Lord's ministry. Can a man be called twice?" In *The Living Temple* there is the same serene and catholic outlook which was so characteristic of "J.B." Howe sees shattered humanity re-united in Christ, and all conflicting theological and ecclesiastical divisions done away with for ever. "J.B." revered his reason as did John Howe. He regarded reason as God's gift to man, as a spark of God's own Divine intelligence communicated to His children. Reason to him walked hand in hand with faith—each reinforced the other. It is needless to insist upon the essential catholicity of "J.B.'s" mind and heart. The Church in all the ages, the saints and sages, the theologians and philosophers, in the mind of "J.B.," were all broken lights of the Light Supreme. He was, like Howe, not a controversialist because he so clearly saw the many-sidedness of truth, and in men who differed most widely from each other he found simply thinkers who were looking at truth from different view-points, each mistaking the other for an enemy, because neither saw enough of the truth to comprehend more of it than the little segment that was visible to himself.

Fortunately, a change has come over Torrington's demands on the preacher since the days of Howe, when the endurance alike of people and preacher was such as this degenerate age would shiver to think of. A biographer of Howe, speaking of his extraordinary diligence, says :—

"On public fast days, which were then much more frequently observed, he commenced Divine service at nine in the morn-



REV. J. BRIERLEY

(About the close of the New College period and at the
beginning of his Torrington Ministry)

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ing. He first offered up an extempore prayer, supplicating the Divine presence during the day, he then read and expounded a psalm, or a chapter, and afterwards offered another very solemn prayer, entering particularly, and with singular propriety, into the causes of their meeting. Next followed a sermon, the delivery of which took more than an hour; then he again prayed; after this a Psalm was sung, suited to the occasion, during which he retired to take some slight refreshment. At the close of the singing, he again entered the pulpit, prayed with great earnestness for a considerable time, and then preached another excellent discourse, concluding the service about four in the afternoon, by a solemn prayer and benediction."

Jonathan Brierley was exacting enough in his demands on himself, but he would have panted in vain after his first predecessor.

Like most young ministers he soon found himself a wife. He had been fellow Sunday School teacher at Oxford Street Chapel, Leicester, with Miss Selina Crossley, daughter of Mr. James Crossley, a member of the Crossley family of Halifax. Mr. Crossley was one of the best known of Leicester's citizens, and a leader of Liberalism of great influence. The pair were married at Walthamstow, where Mrs. Crossley was born and to which she returned on the death of her husband in 1872.

The Torrington ministry began on the second Sunday of 1871. The first entry in the Diary is "Friday 6th. Reached Torrington. Met at Coach Office by several friends." The "Visitation Book" shows that the young pastor lost no time in getting to know his people. He was brought at once into the tragedy of life, for there is an entry for January 9th: "Mrs. ——'s daughter dead. Scarlet fever.

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Small cottage end of Calf Street." He was thoroughly in earnest.

As minister, Mr. Brierley was a firm follower of Richard Baxter in his belief that the "faithful pastor," by his intensive dealing with persons, is many times more effective than the mere preacher, whatever crowds he draws, who deals only with people in the mass. He was not John Howe's successor at Great Torrington for nothing. His *Journal and Visitation Book* show how diligently he used all available means of getting into personal touch with his people. After his retirement from the ministry, while nursing himself back to comparative health at Neuchâtel, in one of his earliest *Christian World* articles, he heavily emphasises the value of pastoral visitation, and advises ministers to get and read Baxter's *Reformed Pastor*. He says :

"Baxter's work in Kidderminster may be recognised as a scientific experiment in the field of human nature, and one the results of which have established for all time the validity of certain processes with reference to it. Bring into operation on any scale, large or small, the same causes, and similar results may confidently be expected to follow. Let it not hence be supposed that I am expecting the Christian pastor in this business of visitation to be on every occasion tackling his auditors in cottage or workshop with theological problems or specific religious discourse. Let that come as it is needed. The essential point is in his being there—his higher humanity, his Christian consciousness, his nature in all that it is worth, in immediate vital contact with this fellow man. Let the contact be established through sympathy, and the process of raising and redeeming has commenced. Apart from the consideration that the time to be devoted to this work would be, in my scheme, time redeemed from needless and injurious

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pulpit preparation, I am bold to affirm that the method of individualising more upon souls in the business of visitation, is to one who knows how to turn his opportunities to account in itself a preparation of unsurpassed value to the preacher and the theologian. The Christian minister is a professor of the science of human nature, and how can he gain his efficiency apart from a continual diagnosis of individual cases? The poet, the dramatist, and the novelist, who are workers in the same field, know the value of the method. Fielding, Thackeray and Dickens were students of books; but they would never have achieved their successes had they shut themselves up in their libraries and sought all their information there; they could not afford to confine themselves to second-hand studies, they must get face to face with the actual living fact, and bring to bear upon it—there before them—all the faculty of insight they possessed. If any man needs further convincing on this point let him put the matter to a practical test. Taking the method as it relates to public preaching, let him prepare two discourses on successive weeks on these two different systems and compare their effectiveness. For one, let him draw his inspiration simply from theological, literary and philosophical sources. The effect will hardly be electrical. For the other let him, in the earlier part of the week, prepare by a course of visitation, let him open his ear and heart to the pathetic story of human life as it is offered to him by one struggler after another in the great battle-field. Let him be a good listener and a keen observer, getting the *entrée* to human interiors by the 'open sesame' of a genuine sympathy. Let him, from this observatory, note the boundless variety of human experience and of human feeling. Then, for the discourse he is about to deliver, let him begin to gather up the results of his observations, and he will be overwhelmed with the richness of the field that has opened up. Every visit has furnished pictures for the imagination. Every life he has touched reveals itself as a poem, one an epic, another an ideal, a third a tragedy. Let him weave all or some of this into the structure of his thought. Let the discourse

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he is to deliver throb with this 'still sad music of humanity.' With rapid touches of the true artist let the audience be made to see what he has seen, and to feel what he has felt, and there will be, I venture to predict, no sleepy person in his congregation. Such a preacher will never run dry, for the field he works in is inexhaustible."

Before me is the Visitation Book kept by Mr. Brierley from the beginning of his pastorate. He makes such notes as these :

Young people's party at Mrs. ——. Not introduced to me by name. Note: always in future, if possible, get introduction by name in order to know people.

Visited Mr. —, carpenter, young, married, one child, just begun business. Ill with rheumatic fever. Active at Ragged School. Bottom of Wells Street, left side going down. At chapel sits before Mr. —.

Visited Miss —, aged. Laid up with cold. Row of small cottages off Baptist chapel. Last door but one, going down street. Other people who come to church in same row. Miss — formerly member of Baptist church. Sits in second pew right-hand aisle going in.

Visited Mrs. —, widow. Sons in Australia. Poor. Confined at present to room. Next door to Belle Arms.

Visited Mrs. —. Husband just died. Cottage in Castle Street. Children do not come to school.

Such entries show that the pastor practised what he preached, and preached to people whom he took care to know.

In a letter from Torrington, an old member of the church, Mr. W. E. Medland, architect and surveyor, tells me that he first met "J.B." in 1865 or 1866, when he heard him speak in a debate in New College Lecture Hall, opened for and against by Llewellyn Bevan and Samuel Pearson. Brierley's speech was

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warmly applauded, and Bevan congratulated him. Mr. Medland says :—

“ I little thought at the time that within three years ‘ J.B.’ would be my minister in my own native town of Torrington, and that I should have the honour of giving him his first drive through the charming lanes of Devon, between the railway station and our town, a distance of ten miles. It was a delight that he never forgot, reminding me of it on his last visit here. Our church was his first love and it always kept a sacred place in his affectionate and broad spirit. When he visited Torrington in later years he would look into our pretty little cemetery, and spend a few minutes in visiting the graves of our fathers who admired and loved him. They were very loyal to him, and highly appreciated his unique ministry here. During its early part he preached from the venerable ‘ three-decker,’ placed against the east wall and ascended by a considerable flight of steps. That pulpit provoked his constant protest, and one morning on descending it, he declared to a few of us, ‘ I cannot go on preaching on that elevated, isolated box. I must get down, closer to my hearers.’ We yielded, and the three-decker gave place to a slightly raised rostrum, and was brought nearer to the pews. Preacher and hearers alike rejoiced in the change.

“ ‘ J.B.’ was a great walker, as well I know, for on one bright, frosty winter day, shortly after he came amongst us, he prevailed on myself and a mutual friend to join him in a walk to a seaside resort, ten or eleven miles distant, with which there was no railway communication. ‘ J.B.’s’ pleasant and inspiring talk made the walk a delight, but in spite of that lightening of the journey it was too much for myself. To him, however, that was a normal tramp, and he used to say that most of his sermons were composed on his rambles through Devon’s lanes and hedgerows.”

That objection to the “ three-decker ” was “ J.B.” all over. He hated always to feel himself shut in and he longed for the human contact.

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The Journal shows that his favourite Minor Prophets still kept their hold on his affection, for a portion of the book is occupied with "Notes on the Minor Prophets." Words of the various books are transcribed in the Hebrew characters, and their meaning, and shades of meaning, are discussed. There is a definition of the prophet, which shows the young student's dislike of confining the "free spirit" of the prophet to any conventional, theological limitations: "If we also consider that the title of prophet is given not only to those we know as prophets, but to Moses and David, and also to Abraham, we shall see that the popular sense of the word is far too limited. The original term suggests a general definition—a prophet, we may say, is he to whom a special Divine message or communication is given. This message is generally, primarily, a personal one, having reference to the Theocracy of the Jewish Church. The Theocracy is the visible type of the invisible government of God. Hence the frequency of prophetic addresses to the kings. Also the kings of Israel after separation of the tribes. If you ask for the principal object of these prophecies you find it is the maintenance and inviolability of the Law as a Divine institution, and therefore of the claims of God to the loyalty and obedience of the nation. Hence, the frequent denunciation, first, of idolatry: God is a jealous God. Won't allow Astarte, Moloch, etc. Hence frequent threats against violation of social laws."

A record of letters written and received, in the same book, shows that he kept in close touch with his

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parents, brothers and sister—especially his sister. Against the date, September 19th, is the entry, "Received from sister. Ordained." With that sister, who predeceased him only by a short time, he was always on the most affectionate terms.

Returning to the Journal, it gives many details of his habits, his reading, his states of mind, his pastoral work, his preaching and speaking and preparation of sermons and addresses. It reveals a man of sincere and virile piety, regarding his work with a high seriousness, and determined to let no mental or physical indolence or corrigible shortcomings on his part lessen the effect of his ministry. When he did permit himself a day off, he thoroughly enjoyed the well-earned relaxation. Here is the Diary record of three days, March 16th, 17th and 18th, 1873 :—

Sunday 16. Rose little after 8. Day cold and snowy. Bad day for Brother Spear, whose farewell services to-day. Congregation thin for bad weather. Good time though. After evening service Miss —— came in. Long interview. Decided to join the Church. After prayer and supper read History of Philosophy one hour. Then to bed, 10.40.

Monday 17. In fine trim for Monday. Wrote Father. Wrote out sketch of Sunday morning's sermon. Got together notes for speech for evening. Read History of Philosophy one hour. After short walk dined at 1.30. Scammell came by 4.6 train. Went together to Spear's farewell tea meeting. Had an exceedingly interesting public meeting in the evening. Scammell stayed with us the night. Sat up late at music and talking. Bed 12.45.

Tuesday 18. Breakfast 8.45. Music, some singing. Then walked with Scammell, saw Spear, all out together. Very pleasant walk. Home at 1.30. Afternoon at chess

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with Scammell—left by 7.40 train. A holiday for both of us. Very well in a way, but would not do too often. Read Taylor in the evening. Prayers, supper and bed at 11.

It appears to have been a habit to "after breakfast prepare sketch of day's work." The evening prayer is usually entered, and when he is in a happy mood he will sometimes wind up with a joyous pæan from the Vulgate, of which he was very fond. Thus, on the day following those just recorded, when a good "tale of bricks" was rounded off by a "nice, earnest service," after which he "practised the children at hymns," he ends, "Lauda, anima mea, Dominum; laudabo Dominum in vita mea!"

He has his bad days, when his head is "queer," and he is self-reproachful for neglecting work. The "queerness" is not surprising, for Brierley was always without temperance as a reader, and put the heaviest tax upon his nerves. At the close of a day when he felt so unwell that he "could do nothing till after ten" (a.m.), he winds up, "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine. Domine, exaudi vocem meam!" The next day was a Sunday, and the entry is:

Made strong effort and got through my work very fairly. Preached morning and evening. Old subject in the evening. Did me good rather than harm. After evening service read Bunyan's "Jerusalem Sinner Saved." Struck with the power of the performance. Impressed me more with his mental powers than anything I ever read of his before. In te, Domine, speravi.

At the end of a Monday entry, with an evening meeting "full of hope and good feeling," he bursts into prayer from the Vulgate—"Et sit splendor

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Domini Dei nostri super nos, et opera manuum nostrarum dirige super nos; et opus manuum nostrarum dirige!"

The manse had its garden, and sometimes Brierley found physical exercise and relaxation from study there. Once on an April morning early, when "not up to hard work," he "took to gardening. Dug and delved from 8.45 till 11. Went out and paid some calls. Bought garden seeds. Sowed mustard and cress. After dinner did a bed with radish. Visitors then. Got to sermon at 5. Baptism at 7.15. Service 7.30. After service, a Committee meeting. Finished day with grind at Sol Fa. Bed at 11." Not bad for a day, when not "up to hard work!" The "grind at Sol Fa" was in view of a Psalmody Class he had it in his mind to start. There is a humorous juxtaposition in an entry, "Read South, planted potatoes," that would have pleased that "most witty of English preachers."

One April Friday in 1873 he concludes with the reproach, "A week rather disappointing; no intense fixture on work. Replenish me, O Lord, with Thy grace, that I lose not the things I have gained." He wakes self-reproachful the next morning, for he writes, "In no great mood for work, I suppose, seeing I began with newspaper reading. Read *Christian World* and *Christian Age*. Then two of South's sermons."

The book of Nature he was never tired of reading. Botany and geology were favourite studies, not only in books, but as an investigator of phenomena for himself. There are such entries as :

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Went with Lowater to Westward Ho. Very fine day. Discussed the rocks on the coast. L. thought they were granitic rocks breaking through the clay slate at a point below the pier. What he called granitic looked to me more like limestone. Picked several flowers by rocks which were strange to me. Brought them home to examine. After breakfast wrote my Diary and began my reading by looking up some things in Encyclopædia. Reading confined to geology. Looked up shales.

Picked up some cuckoo flowers in the valley near the station. Examined the side of the stream. All the bank on the left is drift evidently. Should think the whole valley a river bed at one time.

In May, 1873, he is restless and indisposed to work, but as the last entry in the following series shows, there was good reason :

Thursday 15. Up very late. Too bad. They would persuade me. I am not in health. Would rather not err on the indulgence side. Looked into garden before breakfast.

Friday 16. Spent day mainly in working up the *vis vitæ* which had got to a low ebb. Must get the habit of doing my necessary work, sermons, &c., earlier in the week, then may do outside work as I have more strength.

Saturday 17. Did comparatively little all evening. Had recuperated by that time and went forward well.

Sunday 18. Rose at 8. Preached with some vigour in morning. Not much good in the evening.

Monday 19. Should put this in red letters. At 8.30 our baby boy was born. Could do nothing all day but potter about trying to realise this state of things. Parson, husband, father. Life will find it difficult to provide me with a new experience now.

He is soon himself again, as witness entry :

Wednesday 28. Rose 7.45. Prepared for marriage service. Haywood's wedding at 10.30. Attended breakfast and proposed bride and bridegroom. Back at 1.15. Sermonised

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till dinner at 2.30. After dinner, garden, potatoes till 4. Sermon preparation till service time. After service singing class. Good day's work and well tired at end of it.

The garden, he underlines next day, *wants lot of looking after*, and it gets it most days.

It is good to note how appreciative he is of brother ministers. In connection with a Dissenters' Club meeting there is a sermon. He notes :

Sermon by Rennard. Enjoyed it much. Rennard man of an excellent spirit. Knows what prayer is.

A Sunday entry concludes :

Was unusually fresh for evening service. Must make that a great point—to preserve freshness.

There is a set-back the week following :

Could do nothing at sermonising this week. Certainly I am not a machine yet. I must have not time merely, and mere intellectual force, but inspiration in order to do anything. Made many vain attempts but gave it up at last. Determined to reproduce something for Sunday. Had much walking. Not well on the whole, and the week as to actual work rather unprofitable. But I feel it better at times to knock off like this, as I come after a change of that sort with great vigour and *élan* to work afterwards. God forbid there should be any real and permanent declension of piety and zeal. I want nought but progress there.

Sunday follows, and he notes :

Mere playing at preaching both times. Expected not to do much and fulfilled the expectation. After evening service read some of Urquhart's Life and some chapters in Matthew in Greek. Somehow a new view of Christ from reading Matthew in that way. I tried to exercise the historical imagination over it. What a stupendous character it was !

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Within a black border there is, in 1874, the entry :

December, Sunday 20.—Father died.

In the summer of 1875 he is much indisposed, and finds work the heaviest burden. On a day when he feels better, he notes :

Vulgate, wrote Journal. Read little of Barrow. Some of Spurgeon. Did something at Sunday morning sermon. A sleepy and rather profitless morning.

The day closes. "Seem gathering strength again. May it soon be in full tide and all given to God!" July 11th (Sunday), 1875, he "had good time in morning. Did not seem to get up steam so thoroughly in the evening. Lord's Supper at close. Thank God for the day. And could wish had more reaping for this sowing. Let us stick more deliberately to this point, and have this as the object."

One day he notes :

New plan of beginning earlier to get Saturday's rest so far successful. Had voice practice after dinner. This, I am persuaded, will produce astounding effects in every way.

Soon after he is convinced, on a Sunday, that the voice production exercises have improved his delivery.

It is easy to detect "J.B." in the making in 1875 entries :

May, Sunday 23. Preached both times with little satisfaction to myself. Went to bed feeling as if God's ploughs and harrows had been over me.

Monday 24. Read till dinner. Biographical notices of Keats, Hook (Theodore), George Fox. Read carefully number of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Much struck with their extraordinary depth and beauty.

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A full day's work followed and the entry concludes:

The dissatisfactions of the previous day were made up by the fruitfulness of this day. Thus I learn the uses and the value of sorrow.

On the 25th he "read Montaigne till dinner."

A June day's reading begins with Vulgate and Greek Testament, and then with "read Lillie's (Mrs. Brierley's) *Journal of Fashions* till tired and went to bed." A few days later it is, "read Lillie's book on Babies. Plenty of fun." On an "off day" "Read *Tancred*. Deeply interested. Gave me new view of Disraeli."

On a July Tuesday of 1875, after "some weeding in garden," he had good "morning at Bible studies. Read in Latin, Greek and English. Began plan of studying a chapter more thoroughly, writing paraphrase after to test knowledge." At this time, in his light reading, he is alternating Poe with Spurgeon. After a week-night service, he exclaims: "Had some power in prayer again, O that it may increase!" He suffers much from sleeplessness and is evidently questioning whether his health would not benefit by a change from Torrington. Then the 1875 entries close:—

October to Xmas.—An interval of unsettlement. Received invitation to preach at Leytonstone, London, E. First refused. Asked again and went. Result was request to preach two more Sundays and did so. An invitation followed, and after serious consideration was accepted. At same time was asked to preach at Newcastle, but thought it better at once to decline, as bad to be distracted between two places.

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The next entry is :—

1876. *June, Sunday 9.* This day closed my ministry of five years at Torrington. My first charge. In the place to which I brought my wife, where my two children were born, where I may say I began life. Much to be thankful for there. No rupture to our harmony or charity; many friendships made, which I think death only will sever. Work done and experience gained which lay a capital foundation for future efforts, and now in a new sphere my way opened up to, I think, extensive usefulness. May God help me to deep gratitude and to earnest endeavour to improve all privileges.

Crowded congregation for closing service. Much feeling. Preached an hour and a quarter.

So came to a close a pastorate that was a most important part of "J.B.'s" education in life. Often he returned to his first love, and always with keen pleasure to meet his old friends, on whose mind and heart he had stamped indelible impressions. His was the true ministry of soul to souls. Preacher he was indeed, fresh, stimulating, suggestive, striking home to the depths of the being of his hearers; but those who remain of the hearers testify that the breezy, cheery personality of the man, his combination of deep seriousness and light-hearted *bonhomie*, his intuitive sympathy and tact, his "good talk" on any and every subject, his catholic interest in people irrespective of social position and education, did more even than his pulpit messages to make his ministry a success. Scores of souls "made better by his presence" never ceased to "call him blessed," and some remain unto this day.

CHAPTER V

The Faithful Pastor: North London

THE Leytonstone of 1876 was not the congested area it has since become. It lies low, some seven miles north of the Thames, between the River Lea and Epping Forest. It was a fairly substantial middle-class district then, and Nonconformity, as in all outer North London, "ruled the roost." Between Mr. Brierley and his people, during his four years' ministry, there was warm and unclouded friendship, and when ill-health compelled the wrench of separation, there was sincerest regret on both sides. He went to a temporary iron church. He set to work to get built a permanent church, to seat 850. This, which cost £10,000, was opened in 1878. Though his ministry ended two years later, Mr. Brierley saw the church largely paid for, with a large and growing congregation, which ensured its future success.

The Journal during the Leytonstone period is not kept with anything like the same regularity as at Torrington. There were various reasons for this. The charge of a London church in such a district, to a pastor of his type, meant a constant pressure of engagements. Then, living in the London area, with his keen interest in men, movements and things, Mr. Brierley had many irresistible and quite legiti-

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mate distractions. It was soon discovered that the Leytonstone minister was an exceedingly attractive personality, and a preacher and speaker with a large store of matter, and with a gift for expressing original thought in a way that captivated his audiences. He was not the kind of man to shut himself up hermetically within his local sphere. He took a strong interest in denominational and Free Church affairs, and soon began to be in demand as a special occasion man. There was enough and to spare, anyway, in his own church for a man of much stronger physique than Mr. Brierley's. He had not been three months at Leytonstone before he started a prayer meeting for the young folks, and a Ladies' Bible Class, which he inaugurated with a sketch of the literary history of the Bible. He says that he "means to give them some general information on the Bible as a whole, and then to settle down on the Acts of the Apostles." There is a Young Men's Society, at which he gives his lecture on Whitefield and Wesley. There is "Capital attendance. Got money enough to clear off debt on society and to leave good balance in hand." He is in very good spirits, and after this entry on April 5th, he notes :

Am much improved in health by the change from Devon to Essex. Air of Devon evidently my foe. With better health let us hope I shall do better. Not been able to take up definite plan of life and study yet, through our unsettled domestic condition, house being in utter disorder since we came in. Papering, cleaning, new furniture, getting in carpenters, jobbers about of all sorts. Have had to do my thinking anyhow. Making some approach now to civilised conditions. Hope shall enjoy when reached.

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After his recognition he remarks, "Glad it's all over. Have been recognised enough now for the next ninety years." He feels some compunction at yielding to the delights of life in London. He says:

April 20. Read paper, wrote four letters, occupied remaining time till dinner sketching out plan for future. Have been going back in habits, I fear, a little lately; must get myself to the level or how can I expect to help others up? After dinner a round of visiting. More of same after tea. Finished with reading N. Macleod's life. He gets better as he goes on. The difference between him and McCheyne. There is a peculiar spiritual temperament of which the latter is a striking illustration, which no mere earnestness can secure. A gift of God, none so precious.

The next day he notes:

Fair day on the whole. Am yet much behind in visitation, not nearly round my parish. More than ever convinced of importance of house to house work. Can do genuine good so and no ostentation.

A Sunday entry concludes:

People very attentive, but not sure whether what I gave calculated for the highest results. This I must always aim at, and be satisfied with nothing else.

On a day when there were guests in the house he enters:

Not much work to be done when visitors in the house, feel uneasy when not hard at it. Still my duty to attend to guests.

A new chapel scheme is inaugurated. He arranges for a public meeting, and remarks, "Must go to this with all my heart. Work while it is day."

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In May, 1876, he goes to the Liberation Society's evening meeting, and notes :

Fine speech from Chamberlain, of Birmingham. Same from Landels ; sad failure on part of Dr. . Got off the rails somehow and fairly broke down. Intensely painful. Spoilt meeting.

Unfortunately his old trouble of sleepless nights recurs. He is often put off work and blames himself. Thus, a day after the Liberation Society's meeting :

After breakfast, finished Macleod's life. Truly a noble man. Speaks continually of his waste of time, desultoriness, but how much worse am I ? He was at it often from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m. Early rising. Hour for devotion to begin with. Was no great scholar, but did good work without. Comfort for me. His assiduous visitation when a young minister to note. Felt what I feel, ministerial usefulness needs basis of personal friendship which is to be got by visitation. If your work is to have a pure and elevating character you must have such a character yourself, and you must be continually bringing that into contact with the lives of the people.

Here is an entry a little later : " Must as much as possible make myself a Sunday School man. Vast importance of this work." After a May Meeting week he writes :

Had week of dissipation at May Meetings, etc. Found the meetings very pleasant though the excitement takes a good deal out of one. As to work—nil. Would not do to have many weeks of this sort, if progress is to be made either in work or character.

After a dinner of old and present New College men he writes :

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A little tame. One seems to have grown away from the interests of College life now. The wider sea one has launched on makes this seem a tame mill-pond in comparison.

On a Monday following a bad week he writes :

Right in health once again. Begin a week which I trust will be more successful in every way than the last. Ill health puts me out in every way, intellectually and spiritually. Don't know how it may be with others. Read hard for Bible Class. Had good attendance. Good prayer meeting after which helped to screw me up again.

A Wednesday entry concludes :

Preached with much comfort. No reason why week-night services should not be a thorough success. Determined to try and make them such.

The following Sunday it is :

Bad night through thorough wakefulness. Got up tired,
but the entry ends :

Crowd at chapel in evening. Great freedom in speaking. Very tired.

Thursday, July 25th, 1876, he is in self-reproachful mood :

In morning worked at Hebrew. Mean getting up lost ground here. Going through the Scripture without commentary. This style of regular reading conquers sloth, conquers listlessness. I am weak as water. God help me!

A little later a day concludes on a brighter note :
" Thank God for work to do and strength to do it,"
and the next day it is :

A not wasted day, glad to say. Got once more at visitation, despite struggle of inclination. Let me ever plunge

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boldly at work I do not like. The work I do like can take care of itself.

* * * * *

Saturday, 3, to Sunday 4 August, 1876. James Preston, Junr., up from Leicester. Taken off my work for the time. Showed him sights of London. Is really a sacrifice to me to go pleasuring. Am glad it is so and that I feel my true pleasure in my work.

There is a gap of two months, and then "J.B." severely lectures himself :

Long interval from last entry. How is that? Answer: J.B.'s knack of every now and again letting his habits take care of themselves. Said J.B. finds it easy to get on inclined plane and slide down a piece, but climbing back again, there's the rub, *sed revocare gradum, hic labor est!* Interesting speculation:—He has put pen to paper again, how long will this spurt continue? What has he been doing in the interval? Answer: Preaching Sundays and Wednesdays, having Bible classes, attending meetings, writing many letters, reading some books and a good many, too many, newspapers. Has not visited much. That department has been terribly neglected. Not much private devotion. Inner life subject of many strong yearnings, but not of much regular discipline. Done some Hebrew, but scarcely any other regular study. Has not been careful to redeem the time. God help him!

The ill health became more pronounced, and entries in the Journal are few and brief. The last relating to Leytonstone is Sunday, October 28th, 1877, when he preached three "special sermons" and "felt strong and well in it all." In the late summer of 1878 he felt so unwell that he got a month's leave of absence. After unwisely preaching at Edinburgh he had such a collapse as alarmed him,



MR. BRIERLEY WHEN AT LEYTONSTONE (about 1880)

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and found two months' rest would be needful, which lengthened to three. A note sandwiched in the sermon record states: "Absent in Scotland, in the Mediterranean, Black Sea, the Danube, and the *διαβολος* knows where else." A letter on his adventures in the Bosphorus and the Black Sea will be found in a later chapter.

A note at the end of his record of sermons preached at Leytonstone, end of January, 1880, says:

"Phil. i. 12, "The things which happened unto me." Closed my ministry at Leytonstone. Four years of service, broken and at last ended by ill health, but of much joy, appreciation and prosperity.

One of his Leytonstone friends, Mr. J. Skelt, still a deacon, says the fame of Mr. Brierley's preaching brought people to the church from a very wide district, and no preacher in North-East London at that time had a higher reputation. Mr. Brierley in those days was fond of horse-riding, and he much relished jog-trots along the Epping Forest roads and parks on a grey mare lent him by a deacon. He was succeeded by Rev. Colmer B. Symes, B.A., and the church has had unbroken prosperity right down to the time of its present minister, Rev. H. Lemon, B.A.

CHAPTER VI

The Faithful Pastor: South London

TILL September Mr. Brierley was resting and slowly struggling back to some measure of health. There is a record of six "Occasional Discourses" delivered in that month. He accepted a temporary co-pastorate at Trinity Church, Croydon, and preached there once each Sunday from the first Sunday of January, 1881, till the middle of 1882. He revisited and preached at his old churches. On May 7th and 28th he preached to the newly-formed church meeting in a Lecture Hall at Balham. This led to a call to the Balham pastorate, which he accepted. Croydon was on the fringe of South London and no doubt the Balham leaders had heard of the quality of the preaching at Croydon, and gone over to "sample" it.

Balham—the church is really in the Balham High Road, Upper Tooting—was then a new suburb, covering part of what, not very long before, had been fields and woods, along the high road to Epsom, and thence to Brighton, with nothing between the west end of Clapham Common and Wimbledon but the ancient village of Tooting, reputed to have been for a while the home of Daniel Defoe. South London was eating up mile after mile of the country, the specu-

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lative builder was covering the area between Tooting and Wandsworth Common with "roads" of villas, letting, on the Upper Tooting side, at from £40 to £100 a year, and on the Balham side at from £30 to £40, with "streets" for the working classes. There were no traditions, and the population migrating into the district was of an "exclusive" character. Upper Tooting was distinctly gilt-edged; Balham was less "select" and its residential population was largely of the superior wage-earning class—clerks, teachers and the like. The new Congregational Lecture Hall was strategically placed to draw alike from Upper Tooting and Balham. The first members included some enthusiastic, very loyal and substantial people, with whom Mr. Brierley found it easy and pleasant to work. A number of them were men of great influence in the business world of West London, and the church has always attracted an unusual proportion of highly educated men and women.

The people were responsive to Mr. Brierley's stimulating, broad-minded, original preaching, and backed him generously in the building scheme for a new Church, which was soon raised. The ground is high, and surrounded by a belt of commons, nearly seven miles south of the river; the neighbourhood is healthy and for a couple of years or so he felt in good condition. Perhaps, after his manner, he yielded to the temptation to overdo it, for at the end of the 1883 record of sermons, he notes triumphantly, "Preached twice fifty-one Sundays out of fifty-two this year of grace." He

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took his holiday of three weeks, in January, 1884, at Ventnor.

That new Church did not prove an unmixed blessing. It was built in the "Nonconformist Gothic" style, and as every subsequent minister has found out to his cost, the one thing that was not provided for was good hearing. The acoustics were as bad as they could be, necessitating a constant strain on the preacher's voice and nerves, and even then there was the consciousness that the sound waves were scattered, and that the greater part of the congregation not immediately in the direct line of their travel were straining themselves to catch uncomfortably bits of broken sentences. Mr. Brierley attributed to the acoustics the wearing down that led to his final collapse as a pastor. As will be seen in a later chapter, the iron of the villainous acoustics entered into his soul, and he liberated his soul very freely on the subject in the first article contributed to *The Christian World*.

The Balham ministry was soon interrupted by a breakdown. He notes, under 1885 :

April to September. Went through illness in Wales and Bournemouth. Much kindness of people.

There is no further entry till July, 1886, when there is one of the most serious :

July, Tuesday 13. Have been glancing over the records of the past. Curious sensation doing so. Are records of hard work which I did not think much of at the time. Records of three services often a day, done with comparative ease, and now my power is limited to one on the Sunday, and with that I need assistance. And what then? A good

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soldier gets wounded and takes it as a matter of course. Tommy Atkins for 1s. 2d. a day. But I am in the service of Jesus Christ. The wounds are honourable. Now I must serve Him by some other ways. I have been stirred up to see if I cannot do something more than I have ever done by conversation with persons about Him, to stir up His friends to greater zeal and directly attack those who have not yielded to Him. Oh, that I may be strengthened and sustained in this! I want to keep and record here specially of this form of work, to note processes and results, on myself and others. Lord, help me. For I have no strength in myself. Help me to commit all my way to Thee!

That day, after long search for a Sunday subject, he does a round of visitations, and notes :

Thought occurred while visiting. Why should there be characters of my type in the world? Why not all go in for money-making, etc.? Answer: Because the world in the present stage needs the lost sheep looking up. When all looked up the Evangelist Church not needed. God sends to the world what is needed. Was enabled to speak to some Christian friends about witnessing for Christ. Have not, as yet, however, directly tackled any outsider with the great theme. Shall not believe in myself till I have done that. Lord help me! Wrote Professor Elmslie. Began paper, "Duty of Citizens to the State."

The next day he says :

What a mercy I am able to do some things still! Can read and think, and talk. All these are methods and possibilities of work for the Master. Doctor says I am to keep within my tether. How to find its length?

The doctor's wisdom is shown by the note the day following, "Very weak and dizzy after previous

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day's study." As it "seemed could get no further study," he walked out, but is incorrigible.

Behold the good effects of an hour in the open ! Got back ready for study work, which was able to pursue during the rest of the day. . . . Some fervent aspirations this day for personal growth, and the prosperity of the Church. Oh, let me be enabled to kindle them to a flame in other hearts in the Church !

Sunday, July 18. A rather restless night. At present moment (morning) not realised much of Sabbath rest in the soul. Am looking forward to meet my Lord, in the work for Him. O, gracious Lord, show to me the love which casteth out fear to-day ! (After service.) Got on without much physical discomfort or exhaustion, but not with that complete liberty and power of spirit which I desire. Believe I was hampered by my having written so much, and by remembering what I had written. Went to school in afternoon and said a few words. Praying for more work and the power to do it. I must use my small talent and put it out to usury in the Lord's service. Make every day very fruitful for Him. Then, whether they be long or short, they will witness. Oh, how have I wasted my years and opportunities of late by neglecting to cultivate my spirit ! God forgive me, and preserve me for His sake from ever falling back again.

He reads Baxter's *Reformed Pastor*—"a tonic for time and eternity, which I hope greatly to profit by." A "Monday off" is devoted to hearing Dr. Parker lecture at Exeter Hall in the morning, and a game of chess in the afternoon, but there is a feeling of uneasiness—"A day full of pleasant things. What of my work ? Don't let this week glide past *without some stroke struck* for your Lord Jesus. Reverence your calling, minister of Christ, ambassador to souls !"

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A certain notorious case in the Law Courts in 1886, which flooded the papers with unsavoury details, greatly distressed him. He was to preach at Croydon on a week-night. He says:

A long walk to the church of nearly a mile somewhat upset me, and just before service I wondered what kind of appearance I was about to make. It seemed as though there was absolutely nothing left in my mind of either thought or feeling. These fears, however, are not to be our guides. When in the pulpit I had the greatest liberty, though faint with physical weakness. Preached on "The Spiritual Harvest in England." Message seemed one to me needed, and therefore I gave it. Had wondered how it would be received, perhaps very indifferently, for it is quite the opposite line to that in which the English people are turned just now. Is there room for any Christianity among them, I wonder? Perhaps it will grow by and bye. I may be all wrong in my diagnosis. Hope I am.

Next day:

Tired, very. Day's hard work before me. Trust strength will come as needed. Above all, Lord Jesus, be Thou with me, and just take all my life into Thy hands this day.

He found himself too brain weary for book work, and visited a boy in the last stage of consumption, and did his best to comfort the mother. He concludes "The interview seemed an opening by Christ my Master to the kind of work for which I have been longing. Let me steadily follow this up!" When his vacation comes he writes:

Holiday begun. I want to spend it well. No relaxation of spiritual vigilance, or growth of character. Am to use it for physical improvement, but also spiritual. Refreshment for my great work in all its parts. Let me remember this! After prayer, breakfast, and then a thorough good turn in

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the garden. Oh the weeds! Read letter from Mr. — about W. —, and F. —. Great joy at hearing of this open decision. Let nothing go backward. God calls us forward.

The holiday began at Cliff House, Rowsley. Passing through Leicester he is moved to tears, and writes:—"As I came to the old town could not help a deep sense of gladness—my birthplace, seat of my father's sepulchre, where my kindred dwell. Can I forget thee?" The day after arrival is wet, but in the afternoon he plays chess and records:—"Played four games, won two, and lost two. How I love chess, yet how poor a player I am! Brain seems bewildered." He has good talk with Dr. Grattan Guinness, whose astronomical and geological knowledge he greatly admires, and has "good crack with Tutor Rattray. Rare old Scotchman," with whom he discusses Sayce's "Babylonian Inscriptions," and "thanks God for this day." There is a Tent Mission, and he cannot keep out of it.

I worked in the after meetings and got one young woman to decide for Christ. Oh! my God, help her! Heard she had been a very troublesome girl in the village. Blessed work bringing souls to Christ. May this be the beginning of much more work of the same kind.

A week by himself at Rowsley is followed by the spending of the remainder of the holiday at Dover with his wife and children. After a family evening at chess, with a drawn game, he gives himself the warning: "In playing must avoid any ostentations of strength and be always ready to accept defeat,

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if it comes, with cheerful grace, otherwise a bad thing." Three excursions to Ostend are squeezed into the holiday, for the sake of the sea.

Work was resumed, but health became more and more precarious. On Sunday, September 12, he notes :

Some fear and trembling in view of service. Had, however, a most valuable thought which I must keep as a treasure. It was to look at the feeling of nervousness as something which God knows all about, in which God was, and which therefore had some Divine purpose of good. I at once from that thought rose above the wall of nervousness and looked right over it, and felt at rest. In the service itself was much helped. Parts of my topic which in preparation were unsatisfactory straightened out, as I came to them in speaking, and so what I said was better than what I had thought. Remember how in other ways the future when it is come up to is so often better than our thought about it. God adds something of His own to that future which we had not calculated on.

Health breaks down completely, and in March, 1887, there is the closing entry :

Balham ministry closed through ill health. Built a Church, filled it. Left everything in prosperous condition, thank God, and with unbroken friendship and esteem.

Under the successive ministries of Professor Elmslie—who served during an "interregnum"—Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. (now Principal Griffith-Jones, D.D., of Yorkshire United College), and Rev. H. H. Carlisle, M.A., the Balham Church, somewhat improved in its acoustics by ingenious devices and the building of a gallery, has shown that its spiritual foundations, at any rate, were "well and truly laid."

CHAPTER VII

“ Apart and Resting Awhile ”

WHEN, at the age of forty-three, Jonathan Brierley's Balham pastorate was broken, it might well have seemed to himself that his public work was ended. But he was not the type that gives up hope while there is life. His dauntless soul kept the flag flying however damaged might be the ship that carried it. He was a Christian who believed in prayer, and prayer to him always had a calming and healing effect on his shattered nerves. With his young family he settled at Neuchâtel, on the north shore of the lake to which the town gives its name. Neuchâtel, 1,433 feet above sea level, and lying well above the lake, is the capital of the Canton. It has a population of 25,000. The streets rise in terraces, and the outlook ranges from the High Alps of the Bernese Oberland to the east, to the huge white mountain bastions of the Mont Blanc range away beyond the Lake of Geneva to the south. Mr. Brierley always loved the mountains, and his sensitive soul drank in their inspiration. In one of his early *Christian World* articles, he tells how, on a mountain climb, with companions, he came to a point of view where the majesty of the scenery so overwhelmed him that he felt for a short while

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he must be alone with his thoughts, and, finding the opportunity, he let the influence of the mountains sink into him.

The rest, the air, the glory of the lake, the mountains and the sky, gradually restored him to some measure of strength, though his nerves were never again to be equal to any sustained strain. He walked much, when equal to it—his favourite exercise, and also his favourite method of mental stimulation. He had taken with him, of course, ample provision of books, for how could he live without reading? And when he found himself able to read with some system, great was his joy. There was a very good library in the town. “J.B.,” of course, made friends with the librarian, and had the freedom of the library. He greatly widened the range of his reading, and studied seriously along certain special lines. He was never a student of the Mr. Casaubon type, continually taking in stock and going to do marvellous things some day, but bowed down by the weight of his intellectual accumulations and paralysed by his eagerness to add to them. He was seized by that zest for humanity, that *humani nihil a me alienum puto*, that passion for service, that almost miraculous touch with the life and thought of the age and intuitive understanding of men and movements, that were a perpetual wonder to all who knew and read him.

Many blank pages of the inseparable Journal were filled with notes on his reading at this time. There is Reuss on the Pentateuch. He analyses the philo-

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sophy of Rothe. It is interesting to note this on "J.B.'s" favourite subject of personality:—

Rothe holds that till we have attained spirituality we are perishing. Distinguishes between soul and personality. Intelligence and will are instruments of personality. Personality is built up of acts of intelligence and will. We have a soul, but are not the soul. Beasts have a soul. Personality is a thing which uses the soul and body. Out of the activity of will and intelligence, therefore, something entirely new, *i.e.*, the personality, has come into being, the highest thing yet.

Rousseau's "Du Contrat Social" is subjected to similar analysis. After a spell of Godet's "Introduction to Luke," he turns to the Greek poets—Hesiod, whose "Theogony" he analyses, the Orphic Hymns, Theocritus, Bion, Anacreon. Then he reads Scherer on Goethe. Something diverted his attention to art, and there are many pages of notes on A. Michel's "History of Flemish and Dutch Painting." Monostier's "History of the Vaudois Churches" evidently vastly interested him. This is an interlude in his art studies, which are resumed with Coindet's "History of Art in Italy." The Greek Tragedians—Æschylus and Sophocles—are relieved by Ritschl and Augustine. Then he takes a turn at French religious preachers and writers—Lamenais, Amiel, Edgar Quinet. He is thrown forward to Ibsen, and gives short analyses of "Ghosts," "The Wild Duck," and "Hedda Gabler." It is almost with a shock that we find him returning to such a study as Duff's Ecclesiastical History.

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A series of bits from Browning that he had marked closes the Journal's record of his systematic reading.

There is a recollection of the Neuchâtel period by Dr. Evans Darby, who called on his old College chum.

“We met at Neuchâtel during his residence, and again I carry with me the sacred memory of a happy evening, and pleasant intercourse. It was in 1890, at the beginning of my Continental visits, and I had made a tour to Grenoble, Geneva, Montreux, and Berne, arranging, on my way back, to leave by an earlier train, and pay a surprise visit to my old friend. He gladly gave up the evening to me, took me for a charming walk on the heights above the city, from which I had the finest view of the Alps I have ever seen—Mount Pilatus on the distant left to Mont Blanc towering above all on the right. He was a delightful guide, pointing out peak after peak, and chatting in his inimitable way about his personal experiences in mountain climbing. Then, too, I heard of the offer made to him by *The Christian World*, and that he was probably soon returning to London.”

When he began to “feel his feet” again, the creative instinct was strong, and it was quickened by the necessity of finding some solution of the problem of his future. He preached sometimes at Neuchâtel, but then, as always, preaching took so much out of him that it was extremely doubtful if he would ever be able to resume the active work of a preacher. The idea of using his pen instead of his tongue was bound to suggest itself. He began to set in order his thoughts on various courses of reading he had pursued, and wrote essays on “Augustine in Literature,” “Ignatius Loyola,”

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"Modern Realism," "Fourier and his Phalanstery," and "appreciations" of a number of writers who had treated the religion of their age in a very free spirit, from Lucian to Voltaire. Some of his MSS. were sent to two or more editors before getting accepted, and some were not accepted at all, but Brierley was as difficult to sink as a cork. He tried his hand even at the short story, but a specimen remaining among his papers shows, what might have been expected, that he had not acquired the lightness of touch and the appearance of spontaneity essential for success in the field of fiction. Here, perhaps, is the right place to mention that now and again he was moved to write verse, and a curious fact emerges. He had a fine taste in poetry, as his note-books, with the quotations from poets he was reading, show. But in his own verse there is often jolting rhythm and questionable rhymes. The poet is born, not made, and "J.B." was born to wear the mantle of the prophet and not the laurel crown of the poet.

Bibliophile though he was, "J.B." read always with the definite object of fertilising his mind, and enabling it to grow richer crops of creative work. In one of his Essays, on "Method in Brain Work," speaking undoubtedly from his own experience, he says:

"The main point to remember is that mental work is a species of agriculture, and that here, as in actual farming, the secret of success lies in a good system of rotation of crops. The farmer knows that if he goes on raising barley from the

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same field for a succession of years, the crop will constantly degenerate, and the soil be impoverished. By varying the crop a fresh set of elements in the soil is drawn upon, and so the process of exhaustion is retarded. But rotation of itself is not enough. The elements that have to be taken out of the land will have to be replaced. And in addition, the ground at times will require a period of rest. It must lie fallow.

“Precisely the same obtains in mental production. Every student, for instance, knows the relief obtained by varying the tasks. Wearied with mathematical problems, the mind will feel a revival of vigour in turning, say, to the study of history. But there is another thing which is not so clearly seen. In each day the moment comes, with some earlier, with others later, when the brain can no longer, with any advantage, continue to absorb facts and ideas. To toil on then, as so many do, in the same line of effort, is a grave blunder. What the mind picks up in its weariness from such toil it will not retain. And serious risks to its own soundness are being run. But the rest it is now calling for need not be inaction. What is wanted is simply totally to reverse the mental process. Instead of continuing to receive and absorb, let the student, throwing his books aside, set in motion his creative faculties. It will be a positive and delicious rest now to let the mind dream its way along some line of its own, to sketch a character, to project an article, to lay the foundations of a sermon. The experience here is as when one takes a relay of fresh

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horses on a long journey. It is only one side of the brain that is tired. Another set of faculties, those of imagination, of suggestion, of invention, have been all the time resting, and are now at our bidding, ready to spring forward, like high mettled coursers, eager for the race."

The idea of inactivity at any age was simply painful to "J.B." In an essay in June, 1891, "On Retiring from Business," he urges that a successful man should not defer his retirement till he is worn out, but should, while still capable of work, divert his mental activities into other channels, and so bring into play faculties that, during the business career, had little chance of development. The man who does not want to make a failure of his closing years should ask himself, "Have I some object in life, apart from the money-making which I am now renouncing, capable of possessing my mind and soul, and of filling each day with ennobling interest and occupation?" He knows how the ordinary middle-aged prosperous bourgeois will look askance at the idea of starting his real intellectual education at fifty or thereabouts, but why not? "Suggest to him that there are worlds of thought and knowledge which up to the present have been closed to him, and the entry upon which will double the range of his consciousness. Ask him, for instance, to open acquaintance with the great continental languages and literatures, and so to discover what other first-class peoples, outside the English circle, are saying and thinking, and he will ask himself to

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what madman he is talking. Put himself to school at his age? Begin to learn languages at fifty? Preposterous. It is not so preposterous at all. Let our bourgeois bring to this occupation the methods and qualities which made of him a prosperous business man; let him bestow on it the same attention, regularity and care of detail, and success will be certain and the rewards great. He will find himself upon a path which slopes steadily upward, where at every step of the ascent the prospect widens beneath his feet, and where his spirit as it takes in the invigorating breaths of this upper air is filled with the intoxicating sense of a new life.”

His sense of the necessity of getting the most possible out of all available time is thus expressed :

“Those who want to make most of their time will think of it as capital, and will use it as such. Whatever else we have lacked we have had this, and it is much. When this year is completed we shall have had just as much of it as a Rothschild or a Rockefeller. We have all been millionaires of minutes. And here, as with the capital we call cash, there are two ways of dealing with it, the way of thriftless spending, and the way of productive use. There is no more searching question than this: ‘What have we done with our hours?’ There are dozens of ways of spending them, the only return for which is a sense of exhaustion, of mere wastage, and of desolating vacuity. There is no poverty so squalid as that of the time-spendthrift. The poverty here is of body and soul. In honest labour, on the contrary, you have not only the present joy it offers; but the fact that it is an investment which, for all the future, brings in its dividends. To learn to do things is to strengthen our life, to broaden in all directions its acreage of possibility. We ought to abolish the idler, whether at the top or the bottom

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of the social scale, in order to give the poor fellow a taste of life's real flavour. The best training we know of, a training which should become universal, is that of some of the American popular Universities, where the students earn their bread by daily hours of manual labour—in the fields, the gardens, the carpenter's shop—with certain other daily hours for the mental culture. To get that training should be every man's birthright, and every woman's. A robust physical vigour put into the brain's work; a well-stored brain directing the body's work—here is your combination for a full and wholesome life."

This chapter cannot be better concluded than with the summing up, from his experience, of the chief end of life and the noblest privilege of man :

"Some of us, who have fared far in the journey of life, who have busied ourselves with its varied cultures, who have tested its chief experiences and appraised their values, have come as a result to one assured conviction. Christ is the heart of the mystery, the key to it all. And Life's best business, in the Church or out of it, is to work in this heady, tempestuous civilisation of ours for the restoring of that line, now so largely left out, the line of the Christ character, the Christ life; to work for that, knowing it is the world's only health, its true sanity. And how shall we do that? How else than by having the lines of that glorious portraiture all produced and showing in ourselves? For so essentially divine is that portraiture, that wherever, and however feebly, men see it reflected in their neighbour, they see in it some hint of the heart of God."

CHAPTER VIII

The Evolution of "J.B."

IT was as "A Congregational Minister" that "J.B." tried his prentice hand in *The Christian World* with a series of papers on "Questions for Free Churches." The first appeared in the last number of 1887. The subject was "A Good Building," and there was passion in the denunciation of architects who built churches without regard to acoustics. There was only too good reason for the feeling. He said: "Mr. Beecher once said, with reference to a large and costly church in New York, that its minister spent half his life force in endeavouring to overcome the physical obstacles to his influence, which that building, with its bad arrangements and bad acoustics, presented. It may be said, with little exaggeration, of half the church buildings erected in recent years in this country. A holocaust of bishops has been suggested as the only effective means of waking up railway authorities to take preventive measures against accidents. Without expressing an opinion on that subject, we will say with emphasis that something desperate will have to be done before long with church architects. We do not ask for their blood. Our vengeance would be satiated by seeing some of them condemned to

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preach for a term of years in the structures they have planned. Can anything be more galling to an able and earnest preacher than to know that Sunday by Sunday his words, prepared with such care and delivered with such passionate energy, are reaching only a part of his congregation, while others are straining to catch something intelligible out of a babel of echoes, which twist and toss the words into all manner of grotesque distortions? Eight or ten thousand pounds of hardly got money have been spent in securing a result like this! Had as many hundreds been used in putting up four square walls and a flat roof, the speaker would, at least, have had scope for the proper work of his ministry and the putting forth of all that was in him. But his architect has finished him; and having accomplished the feat and pocketed his commission, goes on his way rejoicing, in search of the next victim."

That article, exactly a column in length, whetted the appetite for what was to follow, and the succeeding articles made it very clear that the "Congregational Minister" was an original and powerful voice. There was an unerring instinct for the practical, for the things that matter, a swift brushing aside of the cobwebs of convention and a rubbing off of the mould and dust that had settled on the forms of public worship and the methods of the pulpit. The forthright style, the touches of humour, the logic and lucidity, the insistence on the principle that Churches and ministries exist for the people and not the people for Churches and min-

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istries, the equal insistence on the fact that the thing that tells is consecrated personality and not office, the prophetic spirit and not the echoing of consecrated formulæ and phrases—these things in the series of articles made them looked for with cumulative eagerness, and excited curiosity as to the identity of the author.

In the second article Mr. Brierley "went for" the shutting up of the congregation to the ministry of one man, to whose limitations of outlook and interest they were perforce confined, and of whom, good though he might be, they would sooner or later get sated. He spoke of the complexity of modern life, the multiplication of its interests, the dissatisfaction of the modern man with monotony even in his amusements, his craving for variety and enlargement of experience. We must, he said, accommodate ourselves in things religious, as elsewhere, to the new conditions. Those conditions were writing with the finger of doom the sentence upon a system which gave to one congregation all through its services nothing but the sound of one voice and the product of one brain, and that brain weary and utterly overtaken. The system was merciless to the minister himself.

"Do our readers ever scan the columns of denominational intelligence to note the number of ministerial breakdowns that appear there? The butcher's bill is a heavy one, and seems to become heavier every year. Do they ever set themselves to study what all this means, the anxiety caused to congregations, the damage to religious interests, to say nothing of the grievous suffering of the wrecked ones and their families? Steadily, year by year, some of the best and

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most useful life of the nation is being ground to pieces between the upper and the nether millstones of this system, and yet it goes on as though it were part of the order of nature, or a vital element of Christianity. And it is all the while nothing of the kind. It is certainly not natural, and still less is it Christian. It is an invention of the Puritan section of the English speaking race, and one which does little credit to their common sense. One seeks for it in vain elsewhere. In the Greek and Latin Churches it is unknown. In those communions the people have no idea of regarding the sermon as an essential part of divine worship. The sermon is, as a rule, something special, for a special occasion, and is entrusted to a specially qualified man. The great preachers of the Roman communion have always known how to reserve their forces. Lacordaire's 'Conferences,' those magnificent specimens of pulpit eloquence which crowded Nôtre Dame with the *élite* of Paris, were given in series, with long intervals between. Richly furnished as he was for his work, Lacordaire felt the necessity for long intervals of silence and retirement in order that he might give only of his best. The Protestant communions of the Continent know nothing of our system. In the town of Neuchâtel, for example, the Protestant National Church has four pastors and three or four different preaching places. One minister will preach a sermon on a given Sunday morning at one of the churches, and will repeat it the following Sunday at another; and so on. . . . We ask, what hinders that some such method be not established among us? Why can there not be, in towns at any rate, a grouping of churches and a partnership of their ministers?"

Again, out of the fulness of his heart, his pen wrote. Brierley, as minister in active service, had never spared himself, and had been increasingly conscious that no congregation had the right to wear out its preacher by exacting its weekly Shylock's pound of flesh out of his heart and brain and nerves.

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A less conscientious man, finding the strain intolerable, would begin to "ca' canny," to rely on his fluency, to trust to "what came," but that way lies disaster to the minister. He is sooner or later found out and condemned as a "wind bag," and he joins that one-third of the ministerial army which a very distinguished and well-informed Nonconformist denominational chief official has said would be glad of a call to some other sphere of service, while his congregation would be most heartily thankful to any church that would give him a call. Mr. Brierley was always his own severest critic, and rebuked himself for the slightest sign of slackness, even when a little temporary slowing down was due to ill-health. He had thrown himself to the wolves of the "one church, one preacher" congregation, and the wolves—good, kind wolves though they were, and wholly unconscious that there was anything wrong in the system to which they had been brought up—had done for him, assisted by the church architect, and sent him to Neuchâtel to discover in operation what in his view was a far more excellent way.

The "J.B." signature begins to appear in 1889. The earliest "J.B." article I have found is in the March 7th number—an analysis of the Christian habit of mind, on Paul's counsel to converts to be "without carefulness," while in another of his letters the Apostle commends them for their "carefulness." "J.B." explains the apparent contradiction :

"The Christian, free by faith from the fear which chills and paralyses, has his forces available for things worthy of him.

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But his whole character and action will be marked by an instinct of carefulness. It will show in his daily work. If he is an artist, religion will, by the conscientiousness with which it inspires him, prove an aid almost as valuable as genius. If an artisan, he will, like Carlyle's father, make his Christian carefulness shine out of the bridges he builds, or out of whatever other work he puts hands to. If he is a teacher, he will take care that no pupil of his falls into shipshod habits by copying his own. Half the world's mistakes and miseries arise, it is not too much to say, from the loss of a religion which expresses itself in carefulness."

The "J.B." of that early period, however, is still more of the preacher-philosopher than the journalist-prophet. This "J.B." article was used while the "Questions for Free Churches" series was still running, and in the March 28th number, a "Questions for Free Churches" article on "Free Churches and Sisterhoods" is immediately followed by a "J.B." article on "Everybody Alone." The motive of this article is the essential solitariness of the individual in his soul life even while he is gregarious in his social relationships. Each has his own destiny, lives in his own mental and moral universe, but our fellow man is a being with whom we walk arm in arm in the grounds which surround our dwelling place. But when we enter there, into the citadel of our real life, the door closes heavily upon us, and our friend is left outside.

He leads up to the thought that "it is in the greatness of the human destiny—that of being linked in indissoluble ties with God—that we find the reason for the limitations of our intercourse with our fellows. To be completely filled

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with the human would leave no room for the divine. Therefore is it that He who has made us for Himself has fenced in the soul with barriers, that the fellowship of Father and child may be less interrupted. To understand this is to understand the meaning of life, and to be victorious in it. Having this relationship with the Eternal Spirit, all else falls into its proper place. Our human fellowships become inexpressibly sweet and sacred because touched with the glory that streams over them from the sanctuary within where God dwells. And when these fellowships fall from us, and we prepare for the last great illustration of the soul's solitariness, the movement along death's awful road, the spirit, as it draws off from time, exultingly sings in the words of Him who has redeemed it, 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me.'"

There speaks the mystic that was always in "J.B."—the mystic, however, who hated the idea of being lost in contemplation and ecstatic spiritual self-indulgence; but whose sociable soul always longed to be in communion with his fellows. "J.B.'s" mysticism was an inseparable part of his composition. He did not coddle it, was rather on his guard against it getting too much the upper hand, but the note of mysticism, so wholesomely kept in its proper place, lent alike moral force and literary charm to his practical teaching. At fairly frequent intervals the initials were appended to articles, of about half the length of what became the regular "J.B." measure when he had "come to his own." His articles were always given a place of

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honour, usually on the leader page, even before he joined *The Christian World* staff as a journalist confessed, in 1891. His health was not yet restored, and he wisely remained at Neuchâtel until he felt equal to work under conditions demanding a systematic output of energy. Now and again there is a suspicion in an article that it is a boiled down sermon, but it was always a sermon with meat on its bones, and the concentrated essence of it has an appetising flavour. Later, with renewed vigour, though his nerves were never to be other than a terror to him, as he becomes conscious of a new career, with the pen replacing the tongue as his means of self-expression and prophetic utterance, he gets gradually further away from his MS. stock-in-trade, works industriously at the taking in of fresh material from the most varied sources, and gains in clearness of vision and strength of wing for bolder flights over new lands and seas of thought and feeling.

CHAPTER IX

The Prophet in Fleet Street

It was in 1891 that Jonathan Brierley settled in Fleet Street as a fully-fledged journalist. Many ministers with journalistic ambitions have put the question to me, "What is the best thing to do for a man to get into journalism?" That is a question by no means easy to answer. As a rule, a man gets into journalism because he cannot keep out of it. Like the poet, he is born, not made. He has ink in his veins. He is an eager watcher of the drama of the passing day. He is on the bank of the swirling stream of the world's activities. He is acutely sensitive to all things said and done affecting the life of his time, and there is an irresistible impulse to describe the things he has seen, to communicate the impressions made upon himself, and the facts he has collected, to a circle of readers. He has the pen of the ready writer, though when he is in journalism he finds himself compelled by inexorable editors and sub-editors sternly to discipline that pen. He must master the art of how to begin, and the still more difficult art of how and when to leave off. He must have an unerring eye and ear for points that matter and leave out irrelevancies, except such as may lend piquancy and colour to an

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otherwise bald narrative. The minister aspiring to journalistic writing, as a rule, finds his ministerial training and style a severe handicap. He is given to "introductions" and perorations, and is guilty of the unpardonable offence of being "preachy" which no newspaper constituency will stand. Brilliant academic distinctions, University blue ribbons, not rarely act as an equal handicap. The University man is given to think that outside his own speciality nothing matters. He is an incorrigible critic, with the airs of the superior person, of books he has given to him for review, and of opinions that are other than his own. He can write a dissertation but is baffled by a paragraph or a "Note."

Jonathan Brierley at once settled into his chair, as to the manner born. He had the journalistic *flair* highly developed, and simply revelled with almost boyish glee in the opportunities given to him by the position. Our rooms were next to each other on the same floor in Fleet Street. They looked out on the same prospect, Chancery Lane opposite, with the Law Courts to the left, and to the right "the Street of Adventure." At the bottom of Chancery Lane a jewellery pawnshop stands on the site once occupied by the silk mercer's shop of Izaak Walton. Is it far-fetched to discover analogies between the author of "The Compleat Angler" and "J.B."? Each of them worked in the mid-stream of London life; each had the same zest in living in that mid-stream; each maintained amidst the flurry and feverishness of central London his calm serenity; each was a healthily pious soul whose religion was as

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practical a matter to him as his business or his profession; each was a student of himself and of humanity, and looked from his Fleet Street window upon humanity with the same serene gaze, and each was a writer who put into his literary work the richness of his personality. The Fleet Street of Walton's time was not the Street of Adventure that it is to-day. The current of life in the seventeenth century ran with nothing like the swirling current of our own time. None the less, "J.B." kept himself free from the fever, notwithstanding that no man in Fleet Street was more fascinated by its life and watched the manifestations of that life with livelier interest. "J.B." used to say that his room in Fleet Street was a "Cave of the Winds." It was open to every wind that blew, and the soul and mind of "J.B." were thrown open to all the winds. He revelled in them as a strong man walking across a wind-blown moor revels in the gusts that try to slacken his pace. The wonder of "J.B.'s" life and work is that, apparently a hopelessly broken man when he had scarce passed his fortieth year, and from forty to seventy-one often racked with pain, and sometimes entirely disabled by physical and nervous breakdowns, yet in all Fleet Street there was no more robust and virile soul, no thinker or writer who kept his finger so closely pressed to the pulse of manifold humanity, no seer with a clearer vision and with a message so ringing and so surely directed to the needs of the age.

He came to *The Christian World* in the early years of the editorship of Mr. James Clarke, jun. The

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father, one of the greatest and noblest religious journalists England has ever had, had not long passed away. James Clarke, sen., had saved the infant paper from striking on the rocks, and by his brilliant capacity, his broad catholic outlook on life, his sympathy with everything that made for progress and freedom, his instinct for men and women who could write, he had made the paper a power in every land where the English language is spoken. Not only had the first editor passed from the scene, but the paper had also lost two of its most powerful contributors. Dr. Peter Bayne and Mr. J. Allanson Picton had for many years been leader writers and reviewers. There was room for a newcomer such as Jonathan Brierley had already shown himself to be. Mr. James Clarke, jun., had inherited much of his father's scent for ability. He was strongly attracted towards Jonathan Brierley as a kindred soul, for James Clarke had a holy horror of the fastening of any shackles on the free spirit of Christian intellectual liberty. Between the two men a warm friendship sprang up. The sub-editor of that time, who still occupies the sub-editorial chair, says, "Whenever I wanted to consult James Clarke and found him away from his room, it was almost certain I should find him having a chat with 'J.B.' upstairs." Mr. Clarke and Mr. Brierley planned together various Symposia on such theological subjects as the Incarnation, on which men of various denominations and diverse theological schools were invited to write. Nothing pleased Mr. Brierley more than such pooling of opinions.

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He gladly took his full share of the review work, and in no religious paper office was there more reviewing to be done than at *The Christian World*.

The "big" theological books sent in for review were often put into "J.B.'s" hands, and there was no form of press work that he relished more. He did not adopt the time-honoured press tradition of reviewing by "cutting the pages and smelling the paper knife." He mastered the book, revelling in a piece of solid scholarship, constructive thinking, and rigorous logic. Even when he was not in agreement with the conclusions, the catholic eclecticism of his mind, his sure conviction that every religious thinker was pursuing the truth and glimpsing such part of it as was within the range of his vision, made him sympathetic and tolerant. There was often acute, but always fair, criticism, and never any "slashing" condemnation and superior-personish arrogance and contempt.

Dr. Dale's *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels* was the subject of a fine bit of reviewing work. At that time the "Back to Jesus" tendency was in full stream. "J.B.," with Dr. Dale, approved the historical method of getting at the real Jesus as far as it went, but held that it had its limitations, and if followed exclusively had its characteristic dangers. He says: "Niebuhr created a revolution in historical studies like that initiated in the investigation of the phenomena of Nature by Lord Bacon, and in the interests of Christianity itself, not less than in the best interests of men, the primary documents of the Christian faith must be put into the same

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crucible. Inevitable as this process is, Dr. Dale's book does not appear a moment too soon to remind us that the movement has its dangers, and that important and fascinating as it is, it is only *one method* of discovering and verifying truth. One chief peril is that, being absorbed in the quest for the historic bases of the Christian faith, our eyes may be closed to the great Emersonian doctrine that the Divine voice which speaks authoritatively in the soul of man is the source of all our wisdom and the working force of our religious faith. Books may supersede souls, and that is a usurpation not to be suffered even by the best of all books. God Himself is nearer the human spirit than any literature, and He uses literature as the organ of His thought and the conduit of His life. Critics may pore over documents till they cannot see the essential characters of the human spirit ; canvass the testimony of the 'Fathers,' and ignore the witness of consciousness ; fight over the Christ of the second century, without even seeing the Christ who reveals Himself in the tragic experiences and moral miracles of the living men of our own day. Let us have 'justifications and verifications' by all means and on all accounts, but the 'verifications' must not be attempted only on one line, and by the sole use of the critical faculties. The contents of the human consciousness, illuminated and enriched by Christ, have as much right to be sifted, arranged, and allowed for, as the contents of the letters of Paul and Polycarp."

Shortly after another book that made its direct

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and impressive appeal to the soul and intellect of "J.B." found in him its expert reviewer—Dr. Hatch's *The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church*. He not only did the review, in two numbers of *The Christian World*, spread over five columns, but it was followed up by an article in which "J.B." as "J.B.," and not as reviewer, enforced its lessons. He says:—"He (Dr. Hatch) has shown that in the very earliest age faith was rather loyalty to a Divine Life than belief in any series of propositions. He has exhibited the causes which were at work during the second and third centuries to change this simple affection of faith into an intellectual acknowledgment of authoritative creeds. That such a process actually took place has of course been more than suspected by thousands of modern Christians. But we do not think it has been set forth so clearly, with such strong evidence, or with such telling illustrations, as by Dr. Hatch. Many a soul puzzled by polemics, but filled with love for the mission of Jesus, may here find comfort in the assurance that he has the root of the matter in him."

"J.B." is led on to what he confesses is "delicate ground," and there is a touch of unfamiliar bitterness in his condemnation of sloppy modern preaching, when the preacher sets out to be not a prophet, but a "pedlar" in popular subjects, and a cheap rhetorician. He says :

"It is impossible to glance at the programmes of pulpit lectures and courses of sermons posted at the doors of churches without being sometimes sick at heart. Here we have 'The

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Strongest Man in the Bible,' there 'The Richest King in Scripture;' and, again, 'David's Hatred of the Blind and Lame.' Or we have seen: 'The Jews, Past, Present and To Come.' Now, we are far from saying that such subjects may not be made entertaining, amusing, or even instructive; but we do say that they do not suggest Christian preaching. . . . What Dr. Hatch calls the sophistical element in Christian preaching is very largely dependent upon the survival of those Greek influences which he has so lucidly traced in the course of these lectures. If we can only get back from the Nicene Creed to the Beatitudes, from theories about the Atonement to the vision of Calvary, and from wrangles about Inspiration to the words of Him who spake as never man spake, the sophistical element will die away of itself."

The difference between the ideals of the Church and the ministry, and the actual modern church and its minister, was "rubbed in" in an article of March 12th, 1891. He pictures a minister facing the ideal and failing to recognise himself in it.

"Wherein, after all, lies my resemblance to the Prophet of Nazareth? I am an Englishman, saturated with the spirit of the Western world and of the nineteenth century. I am surrounded and hemmed in with conventionalities of all kinds. I dress conventionally. I and my family keep up a certain social position, and conform to its written and unwritten rules. My round of ecclesiastical engagements is largely a conventional one, for a large part of which I find little enough precedent in the four gospels. What is there in all this which would lead any of my fellows to discover in my life and work anything approaching to a facsimile of the life of Jesus?"

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Even in ultra "respectable" conditions, "J.B." saw no reason why a minister should not be a prophet, but he puts down to a false idea of the Church and of religion—the idea that a Church just exists for preaching and hearing—much of the starving of the modern minister's soul and the clipping of his wings. He says :

"Churches, in a multitude of instances, are in an unhealthy condition because they have been trained to hear and criticise instead of to work. Some day we may hear of a Christian community, with the minister at its head, instead of spending the regulation hour and a half of Sunday morning in the stereotyped form of service, devoting it to a great visitation of the neglected parts of the neighbourhood, discovering cases of need, both spiritual and temporal, comforting the afflicted and inviting the outsiders to a great Gospel Service in the evening. Why, when the Master laid such stress on feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, should the modern minister be shut up to a gospel of talk? Let him be free to abate the flood of religious oratory which is now expected of him, and to give himself to the service of man in the thousand ways that are open. Herein he will be able to follow far more closely the footsteps of his Leader, will prolong his life by abating the strain upon one overtaxed part of his nature, and will show the Church how to increase a thousand-fold its power for good upon the community and the age."

That phrase of "abating the strain upon one overtaxed part of his nature" was wrung from the

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heart of a man who had snapped under the strain, and who never gave out his soul in public speech without having to pay for it the penalty of pain.

In an article (January 28th, 1892) on "Prophetic Power," "J.B." discusses the nature of inspiration, in preachers and religious teachers. He suggests that the Christian Church might profitably institute a commission of inquiry to collect and sift all the evidence bearing on the possession and exercise of prophetic power, with a view to discovering the laws of its operation. Such an inquiry, he believes, would yield these, among other results:

"1. There is a condition of mind of the religious teacher, in which the power he exerts is not that merely of organisation or of affirmation, though the effect of these is included in it.

"2. The speaker finds in himself an exaltation of inner states in which, while the brain is intensely active, its functions are dominated by another force, which some may call religious feeling, which others, more specifically, affirm to be a deep sense of the Divine presence in the soul. The sense of this presence is an essential condition of persuasive or prophetic power.

"3. This power, higher than thought, can only be possessed by men whose minds are deeply and habitually exercised on life's highest themes."

In the very next number of *The Christian World* there is an article by "J.B." on the death of Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He found in the lasting power of Spurgeon a reinforcement of his views on "prophetic power."

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"It was his spiritual force which drew men. Many who did not accept his opinions on more than one outlying religious question, and on some which he regarded as vital, thankfully reckoned him as their teacher because of this. Said Dr. Pusey once, 'I love the Evangelicals because of their great love for Christ.' And multitudes of educated Christian men loved Charles Spurgeon, spite of intellectual differences, for that reason. From the days when Samuel Rutherford so preached his Master as to compel the Duke of Argyll to cry out, 'Oh, man, keep on in that strain!' no one, we can safely say, has set forth the claims of Christ to men's love and service with such inimitable sweetness, with such melting pathos, with such eloquence of the inmost soul as Charles Spurgeon. It may be that the dark background of his theology, to which the mood of this age could not by any effort accommodate itself, threw into greater relief this side of his teaching."

That same year "J.B." wrote on "Yorkshire Methodism," which had shown a numerical decline. He recalled some notable Yorkshire figures of the Evangelical Revival, and led up to William Bramwell, of a later generation. There is the familiar belief in an ultra-human power operative in men in close communion with God, combined with the belief that that power, if understood, is not so much supernatural as in the line of the Divinely natural. He says:—

"Bramwell might be described as one of the elect few of humanity who have been permitted to

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penetrate into the innermost secret of the spiritual life. All the great systems of faith have had the consciousness of a far-off but not inaccessible centre of life and force, which it was the highest object of their cult to reach. In esoteric Buddhism, in the Neo-Platonism of Porphyry and Iamblichus, in the 'Spiritual Exercises' of Loyola, as well as in the perfectionism of the Salvation Army, we get expressions of this belief. And all the systems have examples to quote of those who have attained to the highest grade of power. William Bramwell must certainly be placed among the foremost of these. What other men sought by busying themselves amongst their fellows, he, unless his biography is all a romance, obtained by communing with the Invisible. It was with him a familiar experience to spend long hours upon his knees, hours which he counted among the most productive of an extraordinarily busy life. His prayers seemed to work miracles. If people could get him to pray for them, they went away assured that the way would be opened, though a mountain or a sea stood in front. In his presence men were conscious of a subtle spiritual influence which they could not analyse, but which filled and lifted the soul. Wherever he went, great revivals broke out. In the fulness of his power he predicted he was about to die, and the prediction was fulfilled.

"Some day science will come to recognise that, in the phenomena which such lives present, lies more of the secret of the universe than anything which geology or biology can furnish. The latter may reveal to us what man has grown from. The former

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are full of hints as to what he may grow to The force that shatters men's oppositions and changes their lives comes from a sphere behind and above that where learning and oratory, wealth and position, produce their effects. It is a possession for those only who know how to hide themselves in the secret place of the Most High."

The capacity of writing crisp, pointed Notes on passing events, is one of the rarest and most valued in journalism. "J.B." was specially happy in "Notes by the Way," a favourite feature of *The Christian World* from the beginning. On some incident that had happened, a remark in somebody's speech, a sentence in a paper, or an address, he would say with the utmost lucidity, felicity and pungency just the right things, condensing into half-a-dozen or a dozen sentences what the non-journalistic commentator would have required a column to deal with. "J.B." always "got there" and in the fewest words. Any more words than he used would have made the Note less perfect. He had a genius for concentration and condensation, without sacrificing clearness and human interest.

The view from his window up Chancery Lane, and the glimpse of the Law Courts and of part of Fleet Street, gave "J.B." a joyous feeling of being in the centre of the whirlpool of London, and the Empire. To him a walk along Fleet Street, or the Strand, was an adventure as romantic and as full of thrilling discovery as any that Haroun Alraschid in disguise took through the streets of Baghdad. Every man and woman whom he met

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was not, as to most people, just an item in a London crowd, a drop in the human ocean, but was a drama, a thrilling novel, in flesh and blood, as crammed with interest as any play of Shakespeare or story of George Eliot, Walter Scott, or Dickens. In every one of them Jonathan Brierley saw the potentialities of tragedy and comedy. If they could only be read, if their past and present were only known, and their future could only be forecast, what an immortal masterpiece the story of any life would make! He felt himself at one with them simply because he was a man clothed with the same flesh, and because they and he alike were moulded in the same dust by the same Divine Hand into "His own image." It was this quick human sympathy that made "J.B." not only a prophet to his age but such a potent personality in religious journalism. He loved to feel that he was one with the common people, which meant that he was one with universal humanity in all the ages, every man contributing consciously or unconsciously towards the evolution of the race and its progress towards the founding and building of the City of God.

His Fleet Street window was like Keats's "magic casement opening on the foam of perilous seas and faëry lands forlorn." It was that burning interest in humanity, that insight into the heart of man, that sympathy with man's struggles, sufferings, fallings and aspirations, that gave to "J.B." the creative imagination which counted for so much in the work of his pen.



MR. BRIERLEY ABOUT THE YEAR 1896



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He describes a City street scene in one of his essays :

"The other day, passing up Ludgate Hill, the present writer saw a thief taken in the act. There was a sudden rush; half-a-dozen hands held the struggling wretch until a policeman, appearing at the nick of time, took over the capture. 'Got it in his hand, has he?' said the grinning officer, as, seizing the culprit by the collar, he marched away with him, followed by the crowd. 'He's got pinched,' said an urchin to a group of companions, who entered heartily into the jest. Everybody seemed interested. The incident was a relief to the monotony of the day. Meanwhile the individual who formed the centre of it all was clearly not enjoying himself. He was a type of the London *vaurien*—of its lowest class, undersized, with bent shoulders, squalid; hunger and despair looking out of his eyes. The most astonishing part of the affair, to one onlooker at least, was the perfect ease with which it seemed to fall into a pre-arranged system of things. Everything and everybody appeared to be ready for that thief. The British Constitution, the law court, the magistrate, the policeman, the prison were all waiting for him. They were there in anticipation of his procedure; he performed his share in a business, every detail of which had been previously thought out. The catching and immurement of thieves, is not that a feature of civilisation? Society knows exactly the part it has to play. 'Three months' hard,' endured by the prisoner and paid for by the nation, will perfectly settle the account."

Man, he believed, came from God, and men holding the greatest variety of views in all the ages were all contributing to the establishment of the Truth of truths, and enriching each other by their multiplied experiences and their diversities of thought, provided they were honestly seeking after God. Evolution he regarded as

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God's method of working. Man in the process of evolution began as flesh in order that he might receive and develop spirit. In *Our City of God*, in the essay on "The Incarnation," he says :

"This doctrine of personality and of 'new originations'—the doctrine, in other words, of the universe as spiritual and as ever developing—carries us a long way in the direction of our theme. Conjoined with it, as a still further help, let us now take another of our instruments of vision, our present day philosophy of history, our view, that is, of humanity as a whole. The world is now in full possession of the idea that history is no mere collection of isolated facts, but that it represents an organised and definite movement towards an ascertainable end. History is, in short, the record of the spiritualisation of humanity. Augustine, as we have said, in his *City of God*, worked on that principle, though he restricted it to only one portion of the race. Pascal, in his great saying that human history was as the story of a single individual ever growing and ever learning, put the idea into its modern form, the form which was developed with such prodigality of illustration by Lessing, by Herder, by Hegel, in short by the whole of the German *illuminati*. It is now no longer a German speculation, but the property of the race. It is at the back of all our thinking about man. The late Archbishop Temple worked it into his much discussed essay on 'The Education of the Human Race.' Lamennais, in his *Paroles d'un Croyant*, carried it to the extreme of representing humanity as in itself the incarnation of God, the eternal victim, bearing its cross, ascending its Calvary, offering its expiations."

"J.B.," while his interest in the individual man was intense and never-failing, did not care to split humanity up into units. Humanity, to him, was not a sand heap, but a continuity of related individuals, the totality of whom was God's great

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family. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," he held; but he held just as firmly that the earth and its fulness are man's—are every man's. In one of his latest essays, "Our Possessions," January 15th, 1914, he tells how:

"We stood once with a landed proprietor on an elevated position on his estate. Around us was a great stretch of country, fields, moorlands, with swelling hills bounding the horizon. 'It is something,' said our friend with a laugh, 'to look around on all this, as far as your eye can see, and to feel that it is all one's own!' We could not repress the reply: 'When nature stretched out this outline, these valleys and hills, millions of years ago, do you think she had you particularly in mind; or will you be particularly in her account in the other millions of years that this is going to last?'"

He thus states his gospel of "possession":

"'I possess the estate,'" says the man of the purse. 'And I possess the landscape,' says the poet. He, and the artist with him, own its beauty, draw its revenue from high raptures, and noble inspirations, in a degree impossible to the mere purse. Compare the owning of a rare edition of Homer by a wealthy but ignorant book-collector, with that of the scholar who knows it by heart. We enter into this, the truest ownership, by the love and labour of the mind. We take away from earth's treasures according to what we bring to them. A fresh, beautiful soul, possessing nothing in the capitalist sense, will take out of the earth, on any summer morning, things which the financial

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magnate never stumbles on. He will see worms where the other will pick up diamonds. Here is old Traherne, the penniless parson of the seventeenth century, with not an acre of his own, and yet enjoying the earth in this fashion :—

‘Long time before

I in my mother’s womb was born,
A God, preparing, did this glorious store,
The world, for me adorne.
Into this Eden, so divine and fair,
So wide and bright, I come, His son and heir.’

“Renan felt like that, when, associating himself with Francis of Assisi, with no invested capital in the earth, he realised, with the saint, that he ‘enjoyed the usufruct of the whole, having nothing and yet possessing all things.’ And there are others of us, thank God, to-day who are possessors of this wealth, and would not part with it for any other.”

A good many people in the course of a year call at *The Christian World* office with the desire of getting publicity given to some cause they have at heart, or to explain some religious speciality in which they are interested. Very often the callers are cranks and the member of the staff on to whom they are turned has to dispose of them with as little loss of time as possible. “J.B.” rather liked seeing callers if there seemed a possibility of their having anything interesting to say. Once a Greek Archimandrite called and was shown up to “J.B.” With his knowledge of Eastern religions and forms of Christianity “J.B.” took

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to the Archimandrite and added at first hand to his store of useful information. It does not follow that he was so much impressed by the Greek prelate's dignified position as by the man whom he endeavoured after his manner to discover in the ecclesiastic. He kept up his acquaintance with leaders of French religious life and thought such as Sabatier. When he knew that any of these were visiting England, he would write to invite them *à luncheon* with the intention of having a stimulating intellectual and spiritual "crack" with them afterwards. As regards the interviewing, he did not care to see men of the narrow and unscholarly type who were ignorantly intolerant of other men's opinions, and wanted to nail the faith down on the counter as a bad coin is nailed with the idea of keeping the faith fixed. "J.B." believed in a faith that is always being freshly minted of the pure gold of increasing knowledge and vividly realised personal experience. Always kindly and broad-minded, he mellowed as he grew older and took an increasing dislike to controversy. For one thing, he knew only too well that controversy in matters of religion only sharpens temper and stirs up bad blood, leaving each party the more fixed in his opinion. He would state his own view on any question as clearly as he could; if his view was attacked he let his case stand as he had stated it, and rarely troubled to reply to any attacks upon it.

He always took the greatest care to make his thought so clear in its verbal expression that no

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reader should have any doubt as to his meaning. He was a very careful reader of his proofs and made few alterations, but sometimes, if it struck him that a passage could be put into clearer and terser language, he would re-write it. Now and again compositors who did not possess microscopic vision misread what he had written. Like many other writers, "J.B." was serenely unconscious of the worry his manuscript was to the printers. Now and again he was a little ruffled by the "improvements" effected in what he had written, and expressed his intention to go over and treat the offenders to a little lecture on their high crime and misdemeanour.

It was in the Essay that "J.B." found in *The Christian World* a medium of expression exactly suited to his genius. The Essayist follows his own path, fancy free, and if he chooses he can leave the path and indulge in any diversion that lures him into a pleasant by-way. He is not hampered by set rules, for he makes his own rules as he goes on. Into the Essay the writer can infuse his personality. He can, if he is that way disposed, be dignified; or he can take slippered ease in the easy chair and chat garrulously. He can take all mankind and all knowledge for his province. He can quote at his sweet will. He can press into his service all that he has read, heard, or seen. He can give the reins to his imagination, be humorous or sentimental, be as long or as short as he pleases, or as his editor will allow. "J.B." felt his way towards the length and style which made

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the essays of "J.B.," at his ripest and richest, the dearest delight to his weekly readers. His early efforts, as has been suggested, were still a little in the sermonic style. It was difficult for a man who had served the pulpit for sixteen years to divest himself entirely of his pulpit robes and mannerism, but at the end of three years or so Jonathan Brierley had become thoroughly "J.B." of *The Christian World*. Space limitation always has to be considered in a newspaper. "J.B." had the gift of moving at his ease in the two columns and a bit given to him on the leader page. For one thing, he had learnt, what every preacher would do well to learn, the value of concentrating on a single idea and getting that idea driven home by looking at it from various points and illustrating it from all sorts of sources. It is an ancient vice of the pulpit to confuse congregations by allowing successive secondlies, thirdlies, and so on to overlay the firstly, the fact being that each additional "point" or "lesson," often forced in to make up a given number, is skilfully or unskilfully applied to the blotting out of the point or lesson just developed. "J.B." as essayist always hit the nail on the head and drove it home because he had only one nail and hammered at it without missing till it was fast to the neck. If he had not said all that could be said on the subject he would return to it in another essay and that other essay was so fresh from beginning to end that it read like a new creation—as it was. Some of his colleagues used to chaff him on his fondness for "a theme

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with variations ;” for when his imagination was powerfully kindled by a creative idea, he would return to it again and again, so varying the presentation of the idea, however, that an incautious reader might fail to discover its essential identity with the idea as expounded in previous “ J.B.’s.” “ J.B.,” with his pen, had Beethoven’s and Mozart’s genius for giving a score or a couple of score of variations of the same theme in such a way that each variation was itself a miniature masterpiece. “ J.B.”’s gift in this direction came in handy when selecting essays for republication in volume form. The “ theme with variations ” gave a telling title and lent a thread of continuity to the collected essays.

The Note-books of “ J.B.,” on which a chapter follows, show that “ J.B.” was a voracious reader and a warm admirer of the essayists, English and French. The French essayists and writers of *Pensées* and *Maximes* especially appealed to him. These were men of great intellectual power and original outlook on life, naturally gifted with the rare and fine art of putting things. They were shrewd judges of human nature and acute critics of life, though sometimes their criticism was coloured and their judgment somewhat warped by a dash of cynicism. “ J.B.” liked the logic, the lucidity, the point, the grace of the French writers. Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, Montaigne, Joubert and similar critics of life he had at his finger ends. He was one of the first of the few Englishmen who have understood Rabelais, that intellectual and prophetic giant in cap and

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bells. It is Montaigne, however, who, in French literature, appealed with special force to "J.B." Montaigne might almost be described as a French "J.B." of the sixteenth century. He was the creator of the French *Essai*. The *Essai* to Montaigne was Montaigne himself. Montaigne was an omnivorous reader, and no man of his time had a more piercing eye for contemporary men and movements. He was a genial philosopher in slippers, and no doubt forced thousands of people to read him, with the grace and piquancy of his style, who read little literature of a more systematic and serious kind. I cannot help thinking—although, so far as I know, "J.B." never confessed it, perhaps he was scarcely conscious of it—that Montaigne was very much his model in the matter of literary form, and not only in the matter of form, but in his ways of treating life. "J.B." was a modern English Christian Montaigne, the man of encyclopædic knowledge, the open mind, the searching eye, the smiling sympathy, and with, underneath, what Montaigne had not, a deep current of Christian faith and Christian feeling.

"J.B." had the Sophoclean outlook on life, the outlook that "sees life steadily and sees it whole." Nothing that concerned humanity was foreign to his heart and interest. Some of his readers would possibly have been shocked at papers and magazines that "J.B." read, but "J.B." believed that if you wanted to understand people you must read what they read and find out the things that interest them. He read *The Referee*, for instance. *The*

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Referee, a Sunday paper, at one time had a weekly article on some religious subject. "J.B." discovered that the writer of these articles was snowed under almost by letters from readers expressing their interest in them. The discovery gave him the greatest joy. It revealed to him what a vast number of good people in the Churches never realise, that there is very real interest in religion among masses of people who never darken church doors, and are regarded as outcasts from the Churches, and callously indifferent to the concerns of the soul. To "J.B." it was incredible that any man could expel the religious instinct from his being. Like Tertullian, he believed in "the soul of man naturally Christian," and that though he may try to live without religion, and may think he has got rid of religion altogether, there will be crises in the man's life when religion will force itself back, and claim its rightful share in his heart and interest.

"J.B.'s" mind was so richly stored that an idea had only to be dropped into it and it would gather by electrical attraction the matter and wealth of illustrations and quotations required to complete an essay. He was most catholic in his reading, though he had his specialities. He knew the Fathers of the Church, Greek and Latin, and could quote Origen, Augustine or Tertullian as familiarly as the modern daily paper special article writer quotes Kipling or George Bernard Shaw. To his reading, which he kept up vigorously to the end, were added his close following of the literature—the newspapers, reviews and books—of the day, his

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personal observation of men and things, and what he picked up in his discussions at the Eclectic and in little groups round a smoke-room table at the National Liberal Club, where after lunch most things in heaven and earth and in the waters under the earth are settled by select coteries over the coffee, and with that cloud of tobacco smoke which the Dutch forefathers of New York, and certain eminent theologians and philosophers still living, considered essential to clearness of vision and soundness of judgment. Nobody ever talked with "J.B." without feeling that he had had a mental and spiritual tonic, and "J.B." never talked with anybody from whom he did not pick up something that would be of future use to him. The books he reviewed, the sermons he heard, would set his mind going, and fire his imagination, giving him the subject of a "J.B." There are tricks of the trade even in the Essay business. "J.B.'s" Notebooks are full of quotations out of almost any one of which a man with his intellectual stock-in-trade and quickness of invention could get an article. There is strong reason to suspect that "J.B." was indebted to his quotations for quite a crop of his essays. He would not start off with the quotation as a text. He would lead off with "J.B." pure and simple, and perhaps half-way through the quotation and its author would appear at the nick of time, like Blücher at Waterloo, to reinforce "J.B." and clinch the conclusion he was driving at. It took a "J.B.", however, to get such Essays out of his quotations, and he would not have got the Essay

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if he had not first disinterred the quotations from the books in which he had found them, and with many of those books few in England beside "J.B." were familiar. Molière claimed the right to use whatever he could find that he could work into his plays, and Handel boldly confessed that he exercised the same right of gleaning golden grain, and working it up into his operas and oratorios. Molière and Handel exercised the prerogative of genius, and as a man of genius "J.B." did not disdain to follow their example. As he recognised truth wherever he found it, so he rejoiced in finely pointed and picturesque phrasing of a truth, and delighted to hang such an "apple of gold in a picture of silver" on a wall of the Essay house that "J.B." built.

It was no light business, in addition to his other journalistic work, to create a "J.B." article every week. He would stay at home on Thursday, *The Christian World* day off, and on Saturday, to set the wheels of his mind going, and get his article sketched in brief. That sketch method he had practised with profit from the beginning, in the preparation of his sermons and addresses as minister. During the years of his membership of *The Christian World* staff, when his health was fairly good, he would finish his article, very likely, by Saturday evening. In his later years he often found himself most in the mood for writing on a Sunday evening. He lived a long way from Lyndhurst Road Church at Hampstead, which he attended in the morning. His health, never good at its best, did not permit

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him to attend two services, and he felt he could not better employ the solitude and calmness of the Sunday evening, when he could be sure of freedom from distraction, than in the writing of an article that was going to fill the hearts and minds of scores of thousands of lay-readers, and that was certain to re-appear in its thought, and very likely in its phrases and quotations, in hundreds of sermons. The writing of a "J.B." was to him not only a labour of love, but it was a pious sacrifice laid on the altar of the Master who was the inspiration of all his feeling and thinking. "J.B.", writing his essay, felt that a live coal from the altar, according to his view of prophetic inspiration, might kindle the pen of the ready writer as much as the lips of the pulpit preacher.

He wrote in a microscopic hand, contriving to squeeze his two-and-a-half columns or so in *The Christian World* into five slips of manuscript. His manuscripts are simply blinding, even to a man whose eyesight is good. A friend who professes to be an expert in chirography informs me that such microscopic writing may be taken as a sign of intense mental concentration of the writer. Compositors and others, such as sub-editors, who have to make out such writing, might well rejoice that microscopic mental concentration is a rare thing. "J.B.'s" script might have been written, as Meissonnier was said to paint, under a microscope and with nibs made specially fine for the purpose. The article was usually in the sub-editor's hands on Monday morning, and "J.B." carefully revised the proof.

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His fellow members of the staff realised the character of the man in the journalist, and referred to him half seriously, half jokingly, as "the prophet." He was not a prophet "like a star who dwelt apart," but was genial, companionable, comradely, entirely destitute of "side." If he had heard a good story, or a humorous idea had struck him, he would come into his neighbour's room to share it. His alert manner, cheery smile and twinkling eyes did good to his colleagues, in whose work he took a kindly interest, and he was not slack in expressing appreciation of anything that he had liked. It was a great grief to all when the word came that henceforward his work must be done at home, but often he sent kindly messages to those of us with whom he had long been associated in the bringing out of the paper.

CHAPTER X

The Books of "J.B."

THE books of "J.B." were republications of selections of his essays. First in date was the *Questions for the Free Churches*, but here we have still the "Congregational Minister," rather than "J.B.," criticising in a friendly spirit the short-comings of the denominational Churches, which he is anxious to see facing the age untrammelled by ancient methods that have no relation to modern needs.

From Philistia: Essays on Church and World (1893) is "J. B." well in the making. There is a good deal of the work done at Neuchâtel, collected from various periodicals, and some till then unpublished. The title-page bears the motto, "La Vérité étant un sommet, tout chemin qui monte y conduit."

There is defiant challenge in the title. Matthew Arnold was engaged in his favourite pastime of *persiflage* of Puritanism and all its works and ways, as the antithesis of Hellenic "sweetness and light." Puritanism stood for pietistic "Philistinism," that coinage of German origin used to express the suburban bourgeois attitude towards life and literature, as against the attitude of the cultured "children of this world." Non-

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conformity was satirised on the stage and in novels, and "Society" regarded it as vulgarity that "came between the wind and its nobility." Yet, says, "J. B.":

"What is here written will be found, not only definitely related to religious faith, but to a form of it which polite Society has, with impressive unanimity, pronounced upon. These essays are edited from the heart of Philistia. In other words, their author belongs to that region of *esprits bornés*, and of intellectual density, connoted by the terms Protestant Nonconformist. To enter here will be, doubtless, to many cultured persons, an adventure as serious and unwonted as to traverse the realms of

Antres vast and deserts idle,
Of anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

If any such make the venture we can only wish them a safe and happy issue out of it. Should they emerge alive it may perhaps, be with the tidings that the tales of intellectual savagery in vogue concerning its inhabitants owe, like some of Othello's stories, a good deal to the imagination of their authors."

Noteworthy are the range of the author's literary interests, the catholicity of his taste and the poise and large tolerance of his judgments. He places men of the most diverse types in the setting of their age and nation, and tries to get at the soul of the man beneath what, sometimes, is a repulsive outward show. He is not afraid of traditional bogeys of pious people, such as Voltaire. When he gets close to such bogeys, and is introduced to them, he finds that they have something to teach that even the pious people would be the better for learning. Thus, under the often

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nauseating "Pantagruelism" of Rabelais, he sees a reformer of eclectic culture, a man of immense genius with views far in advance of his age and country, expressing these views in the most effective way then possible, always at the risk, if he were "found out," of being burnt as a dangerous heretic. Voltaire was not, as usually held by religious people in this country, an eighteenth century Satan in impudent revolt against God, but "a convinced Theist, believing in a righteous God and in a life to come," a man able to appreciate a reasonable religion as he had seen it lived in England, a fearless preacher of religious tolerance, who cast down the gauntlet in the face of the Church that broke heretics on the wheel and hunted them like wild beasts. It was the ugly side of religion, as shown by the Church in France in the age of its foulest corruption, that he attacked with the merciless satire of his unrivalled pen. There is an essay on Lucian, that Greek Voltaire of the second century, who, with the grace of a Heine, scarified the religious and philosophical charlatans battenning on the credulity of a superstitious and ignorant people. He finds that Lucian, after all, by his hatred of humbug and imposture, and his exposure of the shams of his age, was really showing himself "on the side of the angels," and unconsciously preparing the way for the Christianity which he had only known through the antics of certain unworthy exploiters of it. Boëthius, the philosopher moralist of the sixth century, is discussed with sympathetic insight. The author

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of the *De Consolatione* seems to have been much more of a "classic" than a Christian, for even when dealing with questions of Christian theology his arguments and methods are drawn from Plato and Cicero, rather than from Paul. "The problem," says "J.B.," "seems soluble by a very simple hypothesis, but one which critics generally appear to have overlooked. It is that of explaining Boëthius on the supposition that, while a Christian by profession, he was by temperament and mental habitude mainly a philosopher and a classicist.

. . . . His case is by no means without parallel. The Renaissance shows us multitudes of men, in Italy and France especially, ecclesiastics by profession, who on occasion delivered themselves duly in defence of orthodoxy, but whose tastes and sympathies were essentially pagan. There was, though, this difference between them and Boëthius. While the latter assimilated what was best and noblest in the old world, too many of the former revelled in the aspects of it which were sensuous and base." Montaigne, of course, found in "J.B." a friendly critic—one who not only found him "prodigiously entertaining," a level-headed and genial philosopher in a mad world, a gay-spirited agnostic, prepared in matters of religion to live and let live, but a teacher whose book remains as one of the very few the study and mastery of which constitute in themselves a liberal education.

Some essays of the "Congregational Minister" type, sandwiched between these studies, have an

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incongruous look. They provoked from the reviewers criticism of the "inequality" of the essays, but on the whole the reception of the book was favourable enough to encourage the author, and the critics whose judgment was most worth having were quick to recognise the originality and value of the work of the Free Church "Philistine."

In 1893 appeared *Studies of the Soul*, the most successful of all his books. It has run into eight English editions, and has had a large circulation in translations into German, Swedish and other languages. To "J.B." the soul was the personality of the man; the means of spiritual communication alike with his fellow men and with God. It was the battleground of the forces of light and darkness. It could be fed or starved, grown or stunted.

"To a generation which does not read the world's deepest books it is difficult to give an idea of what the human soul has really grown to in those who have given it a chance. The literature of this subject is the lives of the great saints, and amongst them perhaps especially the great mystics. Here we learn the possibilities of a grown-up soul; the annihilation in it of the lower desires, and the full set of its determination upon the highest things; its power of vision, by which it has an apprehension of God which nothing can shake, and a sense of the spiritual world that makes it grandly indifferent to the conditions of the earthly lot; its power of influence, such that through

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commonest words and acts thrill mysterious forces that shake and inspire the hearts of men; and its power of enjoyment, drawn from sources which the world cannot dry up, and which reaches at times an intensity that transcends the limits of expression. Unless the world's best men and women have been its greatest liars, these experiences have, in differing degrees, been common to them all."

Everything, he argues, turns on the question of personality.

"The personal is the one thing that interests. Doctrine and dogma, whether theologic, social or economic, left to its naked self, will moulder on the back shelves of libraries. To be powerful it must be incarnated. Create a living character which holds the doctrines and he will preach them to millions. The Baptist creed of 'Pilgrim's Progress' can hardly be called attractive to the mass. As talked by Christian and Hopeful it is the property of the world. Scotch Presbyterianism 'in the abstract' is held commonly by outsiders to be a dry subject. Translated into the life of a Jeannie Deans, or into the characters and opinions of the worthies of Drumtochty, its flavour is appreciated by every palate. Art tells the same story. The pictures that live are those where the colours have been mixed with the artists' own life-blood.

"Surely the reason of all this is plain, and it is dead against the materialists. Into whatever region of thought we stray—whether theology, philosophy, history, literature or art—we find the

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universe spelling out one word as its final message, that word is personality. The personal life is the ultimate life, the personal interest the ultimate interest. The line which is writ everywhere on this side of the grave, we may well believe is the line beyond it, and becomes thus the charter of our personal existence after death."

The complexity of the soul; its inheritance, conscious and unconscious, for its direct line of succession and the race; its inexhaustible treasure in the subconscious self waiting to be brought to the surface and always in a myriad ways influencing its activities and its outlook; its autonomy, if it choses to exercise it, not at all fettered, but invested with limitless freedom by its Overlord; its "impedimenta," its "negative capability," the use of imagination in religion—these, and other aspects of the question of soul personality, are discussed with never failing zest, and with amazing fertility of thought, fancy and illustration.

The essay, "Life's Unknown Quantities," reaches the high water mark of "J.B.'s" achievements. Many readers have testified to the indelible impression it made upon them. He begins:

"Emerson has, in one of his essays, a striking passage in which he speaks of the way in which the machinery of society adapts itself almost automatically to the varying fortunes of the individual. A man in the heat of passion commits some crime which, in his earlier years, would have seemed to him impossible. When he comes to himself it appears incredible that he should have done such a thing. He finds, however, society, with its police, its magistrates,

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its dock, its criminal procedure, calmly and methodically dealing with this phase of his career as though it had been waiting for it through all the years. It is a somewhat gruesome reflection, but there is an idea underlying it which may be carried further. The varied apparatus of civilisation, and its startling relation to us under certain contingencies, suggests an even more complex structure and its relations—that, namely, of our own organism and inner consciousness. It would be a bewildering calculation to endeavour to total up the sum of all the phases and shades of thought and feeling passed through by a fully-developed modern man in the course of a life-time. But the calculation would, after all, be simple when compared with another—that of the experiences which, through that life-time, have been possible to such a nature, but into which it has never entered. There is something eerie in the thought of the pictures which our inner machinery is prepared to throw at any moment upon the screen of our consciousness, but which will never come there. The precise sensation realised by a person when threatened by a terrible catastrophe, such as death by burning or by murder; or that, on the other hand, felt on the news of the coming to us of a great fortune, is what few among us will ever know. None the less the registering apparatus for the production of that sensation is all ready within us, and would, on occasion, produce it there with infallible accuracy. Poets have often chosen psychological themes as the subject of their muse. They have written on Hope, on Memory, on Imagination. There is clearly a field open for another great poem—the Unrealised Possibilities of Consciousness."

He is led on to consider not simply the existing capabilities which are never called into action, but the possible further development of the capacities themselves. We know a very little of such powers as that of memory, of the "second sight" possessed by certain individuals, of the mysterious

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powers, baffling completely our Western science, shown by Eastern yogi, all, we may well believe, part of our common heritage, if we know only where to find and how to train them.

"A fresh window let into the wall of our consciousness might make our knowledge of the world as certain as that of the planetary system, and cause Agnosticism, Pessimism, and Materialism to be tenable only in Bedlam. And no sound Evolutionist will say that such an organic development is impossible. The outside universe contains innumerable unknown quantities; and that man has, in his microcosm, the elements which answer to them all, may be far more than a poetic conceit. What Goethe said of the Divine immanence has its meaning also for man:—

Ihm ziemt's, die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen."

In *The Eternal Religion*, published in 1905, he is preoccupied with the essential unity of all religion in so far as it is a feeling after God if haply we may find Him. It is the soul of man seeking contact with its Maker. "I have," he says, "kept always before me the idea of religion as at once a principle and a history. Its story, properly considered, is that of eternal ideas expressed, with varying degrees of clearness, in historical personalities. The progress both of the ideas and of the personalities has, it is here maintained, reached, so far, its highest tower in Christianity, which is accordingly here treated as the Eternal Religion." The view presupposes, of course, the method of evolution

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which, indeed, to "J.B.," was a most powerful reinforcement of faith, while, at the same time, it made in the sphere of religion for the completest tolerance and the catholic spirit.

He has no faith in a vain Protestant attempt, in the interest of a traditional concept of an "infallible Bible," to "join modern science to ancient Genesis."

"The position to-day amongst both religious teachers and their followers is, in this matter, entirely unsatisfactory. They are carrying two sets of ideas in their minds to each of which they in turn defer, but which they are quite unable to reconcile. They believe in science; they believe in revelation. They accept the truth which is being arrived at by observation and research; they live morally by another truth which they hold has come down from heaven. But when these two appear to clash, as is often enough the case, the modern believer has no solution of the difficulty. He is only uneasily conscious that his two life theories are somehow at war, and his soul suffers accordingly.

It is time this war was ended, and that can only be in one way. Religious peace will come, a peace final and abiding, when men everywhere recognise that these two things are, after all, one; that science and revelation are really the same thing; that there is no true revelation that is not science, and that there is no true science that is not revelation. Humanity has been long, and by devious routes, working its way towards this conclusion, and at last it is fully in sight. To accept it, we know, means to cut through a great many venerable ideas, but, *crede expertis*, when we have done the business, we find ourselves spiritually not one penny the worse."

He shows to what good purpose he has studied the history of religion and the new science of comparative religion.

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"Where the Church has fallen into error, and brought confusion into our thinking, has been not in affirming a Divine revelation, but in restricting it to one particular time or set of times, and to one particular order of ideas. Whereas the Divine revelation is an eternal one; has been going on from the beginning; is going on now. It is a favourite idea of certain researchers, illustrated, too, with a vast mass of evidence, that every tribe of man has in its literature or customs the marks of a pure and elevated primitive faith. However that may be, one cannot read the world's story at any point without realising how, from the beginning, the men of every nation have been under a spiritual discipline. Who that has looked into the Bhagavad Gita but has felt this as regards India? When we read, too, the definition of religion by Asoka, the great Buddhist king: 'Religion is an excellent thing. But what is religion? Religion is the least possible evil, much good, piety, charity, veracity, and also purity of life,' can we doubt that here, also, was a heavenly leading? The Stoics were seekers after God if ever there were any; and when Epictetus declares: 'When you have shut your door and darkened your room, say not to yourself you are alone; God is in your room,' we may be sure that some of them had not only sought God, but found Him. That was a truth which some of the early Fathers were not slow to realise. It is pleasant to see an Origen, a Clement, openly proclaiming that the Greek and Latin teachers spoke by the inspiration of the Eternal Word. Zwingli, who saw so many things before his time, saw also this. In a 'Confession of Faith,' written just before his death, he speaks of 'the assembly of all the saintly, the heroic, the faithful and the virtuous, when Abel and Enoch, Noah and Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, will mingle with Socrates, Aristides and Antigonius, with Numa and Camillus, Hercules and Theseus, the Scipios and the Catos, and when every upright and holy man who has ever lived shall be present with his Lord.' Luther and Bossuet, from their opposite camps, joined in condemning this utterance. We to-day, in the clearer light that has come to us, are sure that he was right and that they were wrong."

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A favourite idea is that of our potential wealth. We usually prefer, however, to trudge through life as tramps without drawing on our credit at God's bank. Says "J.B." :—

"Another page of the ledger, always on the debit side, opens with our conscious life. Here again an incessant, unpaid for, receiving. We breathe the air of liberty. It was won by our forefathers, who, some of them, laid down their lives as the price. Our mind, as it opens, gulps knowledge, truth, beauty; civilisation, the arts, music, science, the myriad conveniences of life, are there waiting for us. And they are all gifts. Our billionaire, it seems, is fitting us up gratis and regardless of expense. Yet more. It is made plain to us that this largeness of reception is the condition and ground of our value. Our quality of being is according to our power of taking it in. The universe with all its wealth. of being, is around the oyster just as much as around you and me. The difference between us is that the oyster cannot digest the universe as we can. Our faculties, our organs, are the most insatiate of beggars, incessant with their 'give, give,' at every point extracting from the world its precious things, and carrying them to that limitless absorber, our inner self."

What is our cheque book on the bank ?

"The possibilities of life will never be properly realised until each one of us is intent on getting the best in order that he may give the best. I am defrauding my fellow if I do not seek to broaden and deepen my mind, with every labour and exercise, that I may speak to him from a fuller knowledge, a wider experience. What an immense significance for all teachers lies in that remark of Stanley on Newman: 'How different the fortunes of the Church of England might have been if Newman had been able to read German!' How dare any of us attempt to teach unless we have learned something, and unless we are continually learning

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more ! And this learning will have to be more than a secular knowledge. Our commerce will have also to be with the Unseen. To us must apply that fine idea of Plutarch's, where, speaking of the daimon of Socrates, he declares that it was 'the influence of a superior intelligence, and a diviner soul, operating on the soul of Socrates, whose calm and holy temper fitted him to hear this spiritual speech.' "

The futility of trying to tether man to systems of thought of any age is thus demonstrated :—

" By an imperious law of his being man overturns all that he creates. We are at last beginning to understand why this is. When the lesson has been completely learned the revolt of one part of us against the other will cease. What is the fact ? It is simply that there can be no permanence for man in any of his systems, and that because change is the law of his own being. He is the eternal changer. That, however, fortunately, is not the whole. It is not mere wreckage that he indulges in. His creeds, his constitutions, incessantly crack and fall around him, because he, the indweller, is ever getting bigger. And the growing nature must, as part of the process, continually cast its old shell. The secret at his centre, which explains all, is that man is not a Being so much as an eternal Becoming, a passage always from one stage to another. And because of this no externality can be final for him. It stands, but he moves. And the thing that stands is bound to be left behind by the thing that moves."

Ethics as practical morals, rather than as the philosophy of morality, always attracted him. A movement was started in France to found a so-called scientific morality, independent of the Christian sanctions. The claims of justice, social order and morality were urged at great meetings on purely naturalistic grounds. With all his catholicity of charity, " J.B." knew too much of history and

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of the heart of man to believe that there was any rooting and branching power in a merely materialistic morality. He puts his finger on the weak link where the chain will snap.

“A true morality, we have said, requires a growing knowledge. But to be operative it demands something more. It must have a motive, an impelling force. We know Matthew Arnold's definition of religion—‘morality touched with emotion.’ It is by no means a complete definition, but it goes a long way. And it is the Christianity of the presence of Christ that gives us the true morality and the true emotion. In Russia or England, or anywhere else, where religion may be more or less dismembered from the best living, it is because there is a link missing, a lack of coherence between the knowing and the feeling. Where the Gospel is really understood and felt it has always uplifted the morals. Chalmers in his early days preached morals alone and with no moral result. He became filled with the love of Christ, and with that power behind him engraved the ethical precepts on the heart of Scotland. M. Villemain, in his great work on the Fathers, while recognising that the early Church lost much of the intellectual treasure of the Greeks, observes that it was more than compensated by the moral force which Christianity brought into the world. The heart of man, as he truly says, has gained more in this discipline than its imagination has lost.”

To Augustine “J.B.” had always been powerfully drawn as a great Christian soul whose thinking was the outcome of his personal experience and his deepest feeling. One of “J.B.’s” earliest essays—dating from the Neuchâtel period—was on “St. Augustine in Literature.” It was the man, rather than the “Augustinian Theology”—in which he found much that was repellent and contrary to his view

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of the love of God and His relation to men—that interested him, but he found in the conception of "The City of God" a thought that lent itself to enlargement from the limitations given to it by Augustine.

In *Our City of God*, published in 1897, he works out his own idea of the city of a purified and glorified humanity. The various more or less complementary essays are grouped in three Parts—I. Theological; II. Social; III. Personal. We find various familiar ideas reappearing in such essays as "Theology's Hidden Factors," "Our Debt to Life," "The Doctrine of Limit," and "Our Personal Fortunes."

The shortcoming of Augustine's view of "The City of God" was due, he shows, to the historical conditions of the time when the "*De Civitate Dei*" was written. The Roman Empire, which had seemed the framework of all civilisation, was crumbling into ruins and it seemed as if anarchy was to overwhelm the world as a flood. Augustine took refuge in the thought of a Church, a body of elect souls who, and who alone, would be saved from the wreck of all that was visible. The host outside were a *massa perditionis*, whose very virtues are *splendida vitia*, and whose doom is the eternal fire. But that meant leaving the Church without influence on the perishing world. It presupposed a too pessimistic view of the world. It lent itself to that intolerance which made the Catholic Church of later days a ruthless persecutor. Yet

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“What great and eternally true things there are in his conception! The view of world-history as the continuous unfolding of a Divine purpose; of world policies, moralities and economies as being rooted finally in spiritual principles; of the State as subordinate to an invisible power that is higher than itself—does not all this remain to us not only august and venerable, but as essentially valid? Augustinianism needs and has received in our time rigorous revision. But its root idea holds. It is the only one that covers humanity, that accounts for its history, and gives to institutions and governments their true basis.”

Here was “ample room and verge enough” for the imagination of “J.B.” to soar in audacious flights, and he let it soar to splendid purpose. What an age in which to study man!

“There never was an age so equipped for a study of humanity. In the light of modern knowledge we can no more accept unquestioned the earlier verdicts on this subject than we could accept the Ptolemaic astronomy. Of man’s history as an animal and as a soul; of his physiology and his psychology; of the way in which his beliefs, his first theologies, came to him; of the laws which have governed the development of his mind, in the successive stages of his progress; of his ethical history, the story of his falls, his recoveries, his crimes, his virtues; of the value and action in him of the spiritual faculty, and the results offered by his world-wide and age-long religious experiences—in all these and other directions we have such a science of man as no past age could pretend to. And to that science our theology is bound to conform itself.”

Then what new views of Himself God is giving to us:—

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"This Divine self-revelation goes on, as we have said, according to a fixed law—the law of growth. It is precisely according to our height that God opens Himself to us. Thus is it that we see a constant progress in the idea of God. A man's education, the age he belongs to, with its notions and prejudices, are his apparatus of observation. The difference in the apparatus makes all the difference in the object viewed. Jupiter to the naked eye is one thing; quite another to spectrum analysis and the Lick telescope. Hence the God of the middle ages is impossible to us. The instruments were imperfect and so reported badly. Anselm's theory of the Atonement in his 'Cur Deus Homo' offers us a deity with the sentiments of a mediæval baron, jealous of personal honour, and determined to vindicate it with blood. The eleventh century deity is not ours. So, too, in the long, fierce centuries during which power, mere force, was regarded as of itself the supreme right, the source of all authority, and when remorseless cruelty was considered a mere detail of its exercise, the doctrine of hell, as an underground furnace whose torturing flames enwrapped myriads of victims through all eternity, seemed natural enough. In the Roman Church this view appears still to subsist, for we read in a recent Jesuit book that 'sinners in hell have asbestos souls to ensure their burning for eternity.'"

Let the appeal to men and women of the age be boldly made, and there will be a response, for even our age is not necessarily graceless.

"The supreme want of our time is a spiritual teaching, which, addressed with fearless impartiality to our upper, our middle, and our working classes, shall, with irrefutable argument and irresistible appeal, urge them to inner improvement as the indispensable accompaniment of any external advance. This teaching must be adapted to the new thought conditions. It must, above all, be a teaching that shall capture the imagination of the young. One of the leading features of it should be the creation in their minds of an intense

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sense of social obligation. They should be taught to realise, as their great initial lesson, their debt to life. This, indeed, is the old evangelic doctrine of grace, presented in the form which the new generation can understand and appreciate. But in the old theologic phraseology it would be to multitudes repugnant and meaningless. But there is a way of putting it which will make it plain enough and impressive enough to every youth and maiden of common understanding.

The doctrine to be taught, we say, is a doctrine of grace, and of a commensurate indebtedness. There is a huge account against us, which, if we possess a spark of honour, we shall want, as far as we can, to repay. We are where we are and what we are because of boundless benefactions bestowed upon us by invisible helpers. It would be the death blow, one would think, both of cynicism and of pessimism, if people, instead of accepting what they possess to-day as a thing of course, would take the trouble to trace the process by which it has come to be theirs. We should see then, if we never saw it before, that a Cross is signed upon all things, that we live by a system of vicarious sacrifice."

The dauntless and cheery soul of "J.B." is felt in a passage which we have only to read the extracts from his Journal to know is refined gold poured from the crucible of his own deepest experience.

"Whatever the situation, our happiness to-day is to an enormous an extent in our own hands. A man is happy when he thinks he is. And why should I not this morning think so? Why should I be gloomy when I can be glad? Here inside me is a force that can drive away the clouds. Our will power, which can call up good thoughts and disperse bad ones; which can concentrate on 'the lighted side of things;' which can fall back on gracious memories as a refuge from present evils; which, in a word, can make its own weather, winning through thickest clouds to the blue sky and shining sun—our will power, we say, if we will only use it, is our philosopher's stone, that turns all things into

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gold. The more we give it to do the better it works. Adversity braces it as the Styx hardened Achilles."

There is an essay very rich in human sympathy and the fruits of the widest reading on "Friends and Friendship." "J.B." believed in early friendships kept at a glow through life.

"The best friendships, as a rule, are those that begin young. Life's iron is then fire-hot, and we weld easily. And the special happiness here is that, properly managed, these unions are often for all the years. In the college common room we stumble upon a brother soul which vibrates responsive to our own, and now, after three or four decades, and when we are almost at the end of the journey, the music is still going on. Our careers have been wide apart, our fortunes different, our meetings, perhaps, infrequent; and yet the mere sense that our friend is yonder, thinking his thoughts and doing his work, is a strength and a companionship to us. How much so, we shall know when he has gone. A soulful intimacy of this kind acquires an ever better flavour with the years. And here it is that a mere self-seeking ambition defeats itself in the search for the prizes of life. In the rush for worldly advancement our pusher, eager for more brilliant alliances, drops his old friends, or, what is worse, adopts towards them an attitude of condescension. What he has gained in this process we will not inquire. We know what he has lost. Such a man has no friends. To apply this title to his new *entourage* would be too cynical. And the friendless man, whatever height he has climbed to, is surely a being to be pitied."

After one of his frequent breakdowns he tastes life again with fresh zest, and characteristically mints gold even out of his illness. In an essay, "On Being Ill," he says:—

"Nature takes pains to show that weakness and suffering are not her first intentions concerning us. We are on the

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track of our ailments, and see from what preventible causes many of them have sprung. There is that unknown ancestor of ours whose excesses saddled his descendants, ourselves included, with perhaps a whole family of diseases. We should so like to have a word with that gentleman! But not to be too hard upon him. For aught we know his excess lay in being too moral instead of not moral enough. Perhaps he was an ascetic who starved himself on principle, or a student who burnt too much midnight oil, or a philanthropist who tainted his blood by visiting fever-haunted hovels. Probably he was quite other than that, but give him at least the benefit of the doubt."

The personal note is very traceable also in the concluding essay, "Remainders," another of his finest inspirations. He says:

"There are few severer tests than physical defect, but it is only small souls that sink under them. The large nature makes of them stepping stones. It is, for instance, a reflection full of optimism to note how men of fewest inches, deprived of that element of power which comes from commanding stature, have, spite the lack, by sheer energy of mind, become the great swayers of destiny. What a tiny man was Lord John Russell! Yet he led the House of Commons, and was Prime Minister of England. Napoleon was almost a dwarf. Agesilaus and Alexander were under the middle height. In other regions of influence, note Montaigne, Spenser, Barrow, Pope, Steele, Watts, Wesley, all meagre of body. How they bulk to-day in the world of thought and deed! Nor, when we are of the right temper, will the advance of years, with whatsoever physical shearings and loppings it may bring, put us off from the business of inner progress. Cato learned Greek at sixty; it was at the same age Robert Hall took up Italian, that he might read Dante. In his eightieth year Michael Angelo, walking in Rome, on being asked the reason of his expedition, replied, 'That I may learn something.'"

The Books of "J.B."

To Cato and Robert Hall, in the penultimate sentence, he might have added "J.B." Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French he had known from quite early manhood, but the German literature he knew, at fifty, only through the veil of translation. This did not satisfy his eager soul. He must get soul to soul with the Germans in their own language, for there was personality in their words as actually spoken and written. So, half-way between fifty-five and sixty, "J.B." set to work on German, and for eighteen months he was worrying at grammars, vocabularies, annotated editions, in trains and trams, and every five minutes he could abstract from anything else was given to German. He had his exceeding great reward, for at the end of the year and a half he was reading with ease and enjoyed not only Goethe, Lessing, Schiller and Heine, but such Teutonic nuts to crack as Kant and Hegel, and quotations from German writers began to flow as unconsciously from his pen as those from his soul companions of other tongues.

The going to school with the Germans at fifty-five is only another illustration of the flesh and blood reality that made Jonathan Brierley "J.B." His books, with all their intellectual power, were always more out of his heart than his head; all his counsels were the outcome of his personal experience; he tested and tried all his teaching on himself before he set out to teach others. That was what his readers instinctively felt, and so it was that his essays and books made his readers his grateful disciples.

CHAPTER XI

The Art of Quotation Leaves from "J.B.'s" Note-books

THE quotations with which "J.B." illustrated and spiced his essays were regarded by a great many readers as a most relishable ingredient of his work. He was no pedant. He never quoted for the sake of quotation, but because, like the poet's "numbers," the quotations "came." In his reading he had always a keen eye for a striking fact, a thing well said, a revelation of personality, anything that added to his knowledge of human nature, or cast a sidelight on religion in any of its aspects. He did not want to forget a thing that had struck him, and so followed Captain Cuttle's counsel—"When found make a note of." The mere making a note of it seemed to impress it on his memory, for the Rev. Harold Brierley says he did not think his father often referred to his Note-books. "Where on earth do you get your quotations?" was a question often asked by his friends. His Note-books show, to some extent, by enabling one to follow his courses of reading, but a very striking thing in these books is that one quotation almost always seems to suggest others, and it is followed by a *catena* of quotations from the most extraordinary

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variety of sources. Scores of these catenæ suggest essays of which they would have made the fortune.

Every bookman rejoices in quotations. Dr. Johnson said that Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"—stuffed with Latin quotations from a host of little known or quite forgotten authors—was the only book that kept him awake in bed. The seventeenth century preachers—Anglican and Nonconformist—peppered their sermons thickly with quotations—in Greek and Latin—not alone from the Bible, but from the classic writers. It is to be feared that many of these preachers, when read at all, are read more for the sake of the quotations than for themselves. Jeremy Taylor's readers never cease to wonder at his inexhaustible flow of quotations in Greek and Latin. What the congregations thought of them is another thing. No more entertaining reading has been provided for the bookman during the last quarter of a century than the parts of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, which illustrates each word with a series of quotations in chronological order. The art of quotation was much better understood in more leisurely days than it is now, for it is largely the art of the well-stored, orderly, retentive memory, and of the talent of mental concentration in reading. We read too much and we remember too little, and if we want a quotation we have to hunt it up. "J.B." knew how to read, he subjected his mind to the sternest discipline, and so his sheaves of quotations grew, and were always at his disposal, with or without the note-books.

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At first he did not translate quotations in other languages. That greatly distressed readers, and tearful letters came, especially from ladies, imploring him to condescend to their weakness and supply translations. He steeled himself for a time against such appeals but at last yielded to gentle pressure. One of his minister friends, an Oxford man, very bookish, humorously accused him of "inventing quotations, and then palming them off on to people nobody ever heard of, so that we cannot find you out."

A score of note-books of his quotations were among the material placed at my disposal by his son. They are little penny black-covered books, three inches by two, such as would go in a waistcoat pocket. It is astonishing how much, in his blinding handwriting, with his contraction devices, "J.B." gets into every one of these books, which are numbered in order on the covers. They cover the period pretty well from the Neuchâtel years to nearly the end. If the note-books, carefully edited, could be published in a volume, the book would be one of the most prized in any bibliophile's library, and it would be a veritable diamond mine to the preacher. It was impossible to resist the temptation to transcribe specimens, taken at random from note-books as they were picked up.

Fiske, "Struggle for Existence":—

Battles far more deadly than those of Gettysburg or Gravelotte have been incessantly waged on

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every square mile of the earth's life-bearing surface, since life first began.

Naturalists classify more than two million species of plants and animals.

Modern science justifies the guess of Democritus that "all the senses are modifications of touch."

"Consciousness is an orderly succession of changes—a succession of changes arranged and combined in special ways."

Note explanation of instinct and association of ideas by nerve channels. In instinct they are made in the embryo and so the intuitions would run through a ready-made channel. In association of ideas the channels are in close relation to each other, so the nerve discharge affects both together.

All knowledge is a classification of experiences, and every act of knowledge is an act of classification.

Says Bagehot: "One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea."

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?

Goethe—"Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren, resolut zu leben."

Comte's predictions. In seven years the control of public education was to be given to France. In twelve years the Emperor Napoleon was to resign in favour of a Comtist Triumvirate. In thirty-three years the religion of Humanity was

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to be definitely established (cf. this with C. Fourier's predictions about his phalanstery system).

One authentic instance recorded in the case of a man brought out for execution in India in which the change of colour (of hair) so rapid that it was perceptible to the eye.

Kissing is not innate.

Mr. H. Wedgwood explains kneeling and uplifted hands in prayer by the attitude of suppliant captives, who offer hands to be bound by the victor.

Louis XVI., when surrounded by a fierce mob, said "Am I afraid? Feel my pulse."

Monkeys, some seem to laugh or to approach to it, and even to smile. (Darwin).

Expression of the Emotions. In cauda venenum.

Old negro during a Charleston earthquake. "Good Lawd, come and help us! Oh, come now! And come yo'self, Lawd, 'taint no time for boys."

Sir Thomas Browne: "A man should be something that men are not, and individual in somewhat beside his proper name."

Milton: "He who would not frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem."

"Who are modest because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their mind."

Idea of friendship, of human value, in Gray's friend Nicholls, who after Gray's death to his mother:

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"You know that I considered Mr. Gray as a second parent, that I thought only of him, built all my happiness on him, talking of him for ever, wanted him with me wherever I partook of any pleasure, and flew to him for refuge whenever I felt any uneasiness. At present I feel that I have lost half of myself."

Pope spoke of "that long disease, my life."

Gray on Melancholy :

"But there is another sort, black indeed, that has something in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, *Credo quia impossibile est*. For it believes, nay, is sure of everything that is unlikely, so it be but frightful ; and on the other hand excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and everything that is pleasurable."

Says Keats : "Men should bear with each other ; there lives not the man who may not be cut up, lashed to pieces, on his weakest side."

Voltaire : "No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation."

Byron : "Give me a Republic. The King times are fast finishing ; there will be bloodshed like water and tears like mist, but the people will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it."

M. Arnold on Shelley : "Beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

Christopher North : Says Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth not to be compared with Pope.

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Says Dr. Johnson: "I am sorry that prize-fighting has gone out. Every art should be preserved, and the art of defence is surely important."

C. North, of Wordsworth: "My God, to compare such a poet with Scott and Byron!"

Says "I care not a single curse for all the criticism that was ever canted or decanted or recanted."

"I have heard Coleridge. That man is entitled to speak on till Doomsday—or rather the genius within him—for he is inspired."

"It was Burke who vindicated the claims of smells to the character of the sublime and beautiful."

Abusus non tollit usum.

Plotinus, 204-269 A.D., when, after a long time spent in different philosophical schools, was taken to school of Saccas Ammonius, on hearing him, exclaimed "This is the man I am seeking!"

S. Ammonius been poor man, and had followed trade of a porter, but his wisdom drew round him some of the great minds of the time.

Emperor Gallienus proposed to rebuild an imperial city and call it Platonopolis, to be administered by him on the principles of Plato's Republic. Proposed this under the influence of Plotinus.

Last words of Plotinus: "I am striving with all my might to return the divine part of me to the Divine whole which fills the universe."

Porphyrius—233-305 *circa* at Athens—was a man of such learning that he was regarded as a kind of living library or walking study.

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It is said Plotinus tracked Porphyry once when as a young man he was voluntarily dying of hunger. "With wealthy store of comfortable words he recalled his soul just ready to take flight from his body, and strengthened his body to receive his soul."

Dr. Stocker says of Germany: "Protestantism is sick, sick unto death. In the north and north-east the friends of Christianity are among the aristocracy and among the peasants; while the middle classes, the educated, industrious, commercial people, are with few exceptions opposed to the Church; the working men of the towns, belonging as they often do to the Social Democratic party, being necessarily hostile."

Pastor Ernest Fürster says: "In Mecklenburg, Pomerania and the most of Brandenburg, that is, most of the purely Protestant parts of Germany, the Church is dead."

Augustine in the Soliloquies speaks of God as "the country of the soul."

Malebranche: "God is the place of spirits, as space is the place of bodies."

To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

Joubert: "To live is to think and to feel one's soul; all the rest, eating, drinking, etc., are only the preparations for living, the means of supply. I should myself, if there were no need of them,

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willingly give up all these and do very well without a body, if one left me my soul."

Someone said of Joubert that he had "the air of a soul, which had by chance encountered a body and was doing the best he could with it."

Joubert expressed it as his one desire "to put a book into a page, a page into a phrase, and the phrase in one word."

He thinks you must sometimes be obscure to mount to the sublime. "In order to read the skies one must pass through the clouds."

The great Buddhist King Asoka, his idea of religion, says in the "Inscriptions of Piyadasi," (his other name):—

"Religion is an excellent thing. But what is Religion? Religion is the least possible evil, much good, piety, charity, veracity, and also purity of life."

Asoka on Toleration. "We must not extol our own sect and deny others; we must not underrate others without legitimate cause; we must rather, on every occasion, render to other sects the honour they merit."

To his (Asoka's) sons and grandsons. "They must not think that conquests by means of arrows deserve the name of conquests; they are but disturbances and violence. The conquests of religion alone are real conquests; they hold good for this world and the next."

Father Taylor: "It may be that Emerson is going to hell, but of one thing I am certain—he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way."

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From a Persian writer : "How can we know a prophet ? By his giving you information regarding your own heart."

Sainte Beuve on the true classic :—" An author who has enriched the human spirit, who has really augmented its treasure, who has enabled it to take another step forward, who has discovered some genuine truth of morals, and seized afresh some eternal passion of the heart in which everything seemed known and explored ; who has rendered his thoughts, his observations, his discovery in a form varied it may be, yet with breadth and grandeur, with strength and delicacy, noble and beautiful in itself ; who has spoken to all in a style of his own, yet a style which belongs to the world, in a style new without neologism, new and old, easily the contemporary of all ages."

" There is no receipt for making classics."

Rousseau said of his *Confessions* that the book " was a point of comparison for the study of the human heart, and that it is the only one that exists."

Ste. Beuve says Rousseau was the first who put green fields into French literature.

Rousseau on a country walk :—" Walking has something which animates and stirs my ideas. I can hardly think when I am still. I need a bodily motion to set my soul in motion. The views of the country, the succession of pleasant prospects, the open air, the good appetite, the good health I gain by walking, the liberty of the inn, the distance from everything which reminds me of my dependence, from everything which recalls my personal situation

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to me : all this frees my spirit, gives audacity to my thought, throws me, as it were, into the immensity of things, which I can combine, choose from, appropriate according to my liking, without trouble and without fear. I act as master of all nature."

Said Camille Desmoulins :—" Death extinguishes all rights. It is for us who now exist, who are now in possession of this planet, to give the laws to it in our turn." (*" France Libre "*).

He speaks of " Le sansculotte Jésus."

Taine at twenty says :

" My only desire is to improve myself, in order to be worth a little more every day, and to look within myself without displeasure."

" Being a true Sybarite, I am going to sweep and garnish this inward dwelling, and to set up in it some true ideas, some good intentions, and a few sincere affections."

On Perfection. " I know that it does not exist in the human race, and that if anything approaches it, it is not woman but man, so that my ideal would be rather friendship than love."

" The sight of mutilated human nature, the necessity of only loving others and oneself by halves, this radical vice of the nature of man, who, wounded in his innermost being, drags his incurable hurt always with him. Time opens to him—all this moves me, like the sight of ships in danger on the sea."

" I think a man's position should correspond to his value."

" My only consolation is that the game will

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only last forty or fifty years at most, and that at the end of it all is rest; eternal sleep, I hope."

"I am proud that other men's amusements do not amuse me."

"Education is but a card of invitation to these noble and privileged salons." (That is, to the great minds of the world).

"It is not from Christianity I would turn you, but from impiety. To debase God is impiety."

"Religion, though one, differs with different minds. Some interpret it well, and on it seed generous feelings, exalted hopes, great thoughts. Other falsify it, and make it a routine of kneeling, processions, penances, vows, ridiculous practices, tending to destroy health, to injure the intelligence, and to banish piece of mind."

Music, as Luther used to say, "is the finest thing in the world after theology."

"The more I see of nature and the fields, the better I love them; they seem to have more intelligence, more soul than man."

Heraclitus of Ephesus (B.C. 500): "All human laws are fed from the one Divine law."

Hegel, by his dialectic, proved (as he thought) *a priori* that there were seven planets, which after science has shown to be incorrect.

Augustine: "Virtutes ethnicorum splendida vitia."

Hazlitt: "To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in one's life."

"Poetry is not a branch of authorship; it is the stuff of which life is made."

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Of Coleridge : " His genius at this time had angelic wings and fed on manna. He talked on for ever, and we wished him to talk on for ever."

Of Scott : " His works, taken together, are almost like a new edition of human nature."

" There is an old tradition—human nature, an old temple—the human mind, and Shakespeare walks into it and looks about him with a lordly eye, and seizes on the sacred spoils as his own."

" The *vivida vis* of the poet."

Tertullian : " But Venus and Bacchus are close allies."

" Unquestionally the soul existed before letters, and speech before books, and ideas before the making of them, and man himself before the poet and the philosopher."

" Man is the one name belonging to every nation upon earth ; there is one soul and many tongues, one spirit and various sounds ; every country has its own speech, but the subjects of speech are common to all. God is everywhere, and the goodness of God is everywhere."

Scott, *Heart of Midlothian* : " Without entering into an abstract part of divinity, one thing is plain, *viz.* : that the person who lays open his doubts and distresses in prayer, with feeling and sincerity, must necessarily, in the act of doing so, purify his mind from the dross of worldly passions and interests, and bring it into that state when the resolutions adopted are likely to be selected rather from a sense of duty than from any inferior motive."

Balzac, *Peau de Chagrin* :

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"Our ideas were complete, organised beings, which lived in an invisible world, and had power on our destinies."

"Catholicism puts a million gods in a sack of flour."

"Women will have emotions at any price."

"Hate is a tonic; it revives, it inspires vengeance; but pity kills, it enfeebles *even our feebleness*."

Captain Parker Gilmore's *The Great Thirst Land* speaks thus of J. M. Mackenzie's Sunday afternoon service at Stosburg, South Africa: "In my early life I had regarded religion lightly, but when I looked upon half-a-dozen stalwart men accustomed to every hardship and danger of life, our worthy pastor's children, and a few servants, giving their whole soul to what they were engaged in, I more forcibly felt than ever I did before, that there was a great God above us—One who wanted our adoration and love. That was the most solemn Sunday I ever passed. No coat of hypocrisy was here; what I heard was an exhortation from an earnest, true, reflective man, endeavouring to make his fellow creatures feel the depth and height of religion, and the consolation they could derive from it."

"Alone, to land alone upon that shore,
To begin alone to live for evermore;
To have no one to teach
The manners, or the speech,
Of that new life, or put us at our ease;
Oh! that we might die in pairs or companies!"

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"Has your child been baptised?" said a West country rector to a woman. "Well, Sir, I should not like to say as much as that, but your young man, he came round and did what he could."

Said Jowett of the English clergy:

"Is there any reason to think that if the clergy, with their present intolerance, ignorance, narrowness, and love of pious frauds, could succeed to the utmost of their wishes, they would produce any other revival than such an one as seems to be going on in France—four out of five women semi-Catholics, four out of five men semi-infidels?"

Charles Lamb: "Don't introduce me to that man. I want to hate him, and one cannot hate a man one knows."

Richard Sibbes says: "Gracious men are public treasures, storehouses wherein every man hath a store or portion. They are public springs in the wilderness of this world to refresh the souls of the people."

Marquis de Vauvenargues, born 1715, died 1747. One of his sayings, "*Les grandes pensées viennent du cœur.*" So Quintilian Book IV. of oratory. "*Pectus est quod disertos finit, et vis mentis.*" Frederick the Great. "*Il faut prendre l'esprit de son état,*" wrote he to Voltaire. Wrote also to him, "Every man has a wild beast in him," said he: "It is not given to every one to make the soul laugh"—"*de faire rire l'esprit.*"

Said Bolingbroke of Marlborough: "He was so great a man that I have forgotten his vices."

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Montaigne on Age : " I have seen a great shooting of flowers and of fruit. Now I see ' la sécheresse.' I see it happily, for it is natural."

Boileau once said about Condé, after a difference with him, " Henceforth, I shall always be of the prince's opinion ; especially when he is wrong."

Royal Prerogative. Verse of Madame de Maine :

C' qui chez les mortels est une effronterie

Entre nous autres demi-dieux—n'est qu'une galanterie.

Louis XI. once said to his Parliament, if they refused to pass a certain ordinance, he would put them to death. The Parliament appeared before him. Asked what they wanted, " Death, Sire," replied the President, " the death you have decreed, as we are resolved to choose that rather than pass your edict against our consciences."

La Rochefoucauld has defined the gravity of certain people as " a mystery of the body invented to conceal their defects of the mind "—" Une mystère du corps inventé pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit."

St. Simon : " How inferior are the pleasures of the sense to those of the mind."

Of Diderot as critic, seems good everywhere. " He found gold in the crucible like an alchemist ; he had put it there."

Diderot on Seneca's Treatise " On Brevity of Life," where in Chapter III. he says, " Pass in review your days and years, take account of them ! Say how often you have allowed them to be stolen by a creditor, a mistress, a patron, a client. How many people have been allowed to pillage your life, while you were not even aware you were being

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robbed!" Diderot wrote on this: "I have never read this without blushing; *it is my history.*"

Noble word of Diderot: "A pleasure which is only for myself is brief and touches me only lightly. It is for myself and my friends that I read, that I reflect, that I write, that I meditate, that I understand and study and feel. I think continually of their happiness. A fine line strikes me—they shall have it. Have I met a noble sentiment? They shall share it. Have I under my eyes some fine spectacle? I meditate a description of it for their enjoyment."

Fontenelle, remarking on the human way of thinking the world made for them only, says: "We are like a certain Athenian lunatic of whom mention is made who imagined that every vessel that entered Piræus belonged to him."

Condorcet thought that human longevity would go on indefinitely increasing.

Daguesseau, noble fellow, born 1668, gentleman, scholar and Christian. He spoke thus of his father, also fine fellow, in his biography of him. "Naturally of a quick temper," he says of him, "one saw him redden and become silent at the moment; the noble port of his soul allowing the first fire to pass without a word said in order to re-establish straightway that inner calmness and tranquillity which reason and religion had combined to make the habit of his soul."

Fine subject of sermon by Bossuet: "The love of oneself pushed to the point of contempt of God" (*mépris de Dieu*) and "Love of God pushed to the point of contempt of oneself."

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Aristotle said a man should rule his slaves as a despot, his children as a king, and his wife as a magistrate in a free state.

In China a woman has three obediences. When young she obeys her parents, when married her husband, when a widow her son.

The Greek Church, contrary to Rome, allows divorce.

Power of names.—In the Egyptian “Book of the Dead,” the first thing the deceased says to Osiris is “I know thee, and I know thy name, and I know the names of two and forty gods who live as warders of sinners and who feed on their blood.” Knowing their names, he has magic power over them.

The Buddhist Eight-fold Path:—Right views, right aspirations, right spirit, right conduct, right will, right effort, right mindfulness and right contemplation.

The Eight Precepts:—Not to destroy life, not to take what is not given, not to tell lies, not to become drinkers of intoxicants, not to have unlawful social intercourse, not to eat unseasonable food at nights, not to use garlands or use perfumes, to sleep on a mat spread on the ground.

Confucius:—Ke Loo asked him about death. Answer: “While you do not know life, how can you know about death?” Says Confucius: “With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for my pillow, I still have joy in the midst of these things.”

Dr. Pusey, at his death, 1859, as his last act threw up his arms and cried, as if with surprised

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recognition, " Sister ! Sister ! " The vision seemed to be of his sister Elizabeth, who died at Manchester, seventy years before. cf. Macaulay's death. Scott died 1832.

Says Dr. Q. : " I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude, voluntarily, and for intellectual purposes, than any person of my age, or that I have either met with, heard of, or read of." Born 1785.

Milton, *Areopagiticus* : " For books are not dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them."

Toland found no authority in the Fathers, " who thought as little of becoming a rule of faith to their posterity as we to ours."

Locke's " Reasonableness of Christianity " appeared in 1695, Toland's " Christianity not Mysterious " in 1696, Collins's " Discourses of Free Thinking " in 1713. Says he : " The prophets were Free Thinkers, while Judaism was simply a religion of priests and institutions."

Owen, " Problems of Faith and Freedom," says that at the end of the eighteenth century, " English theology was in Germany in those days what German theology is in England to-day. Baumgartner seems to have reviewed almost every Deist and apologetic work in our language. The translation of Sherlock's ' Trial of Witnesses ' reached thirteen editions."

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Lessing wrote to a friend: "The more convincingly one party would convince me of Christianity the more I doubt; the more wantonly the other would trample it to the ground, the more I feel inclined to uphold it, at least in my heart."

Kant's "Religion within the Limits of Reason," issued in 1792, says, "Man is not created good, but to be good. The Son of God is humanity in its moral perfection. An ideal humanity, which is only worthy the Divine goal of perfection, is in God from all eternity, the image of God's glory, a begotten Son, not a created thing."

Schleiermacher's *Reden*, published 1799. Full title: "On Religion: Speeches to its Cultured Disciples." Schleiermacher's great mistake in addressing only the cultured and in thinking the toiling masses incapable of the best religious conceptions. "The pressure of material and unworthy tasks, under which millions of both sexes and all ranks sigh, makes them incapable of the free glance with which the Divine can be found." It is really among such that the deepest religion has been found. Schleiermacher urges that the thing to be desired is that "both activities, self-surrender and self-realisation, should be at once invigorated and reconciled." Towards that object we can only be forwarded by those prophetic souls who have found God without losing themselves.

"We see in the human soul on one hand the endeavour by absorbing what is around it to get its own sustenance and increase, to establish itself as an individual; and on the other the endea-

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your to avoid the dread feeling of standing over against the universe and by surrendering itself to be absorbed in a star."

Empedocles, in a fragment of a poem which has come down to us, speaks of himself as "An exile and with orders from God, bondsman of insensate strife, for I have been ere now a boy and a girl, a bush and a bird, and a glittering fish in the sea."

"Neither positive nor negative electricity can be produced without producing an equal amount of the other." Negative electricity is always invariable. Gases made subject of experiment, while impossible with electricity. Scientists always busy with nature of gas.

Atom smallest chemical part of an element. Molecule smallest of "compound."

The Brahmin believes in reincarnation of all human beings; Buddhist of humans carrying on their Karma. Buddha's dying words, "That which is spirit will all return to nothingness." The closing comment of Gautama's biographer:—"To sense joys of after life, this is world's chief joy. To add the pain of other births, this is the world's worst sorrow. Buddha, escaped from the pain of birth, shall have no joy of the hereafter. He has shown the way to all the world who would not reverence and adore him."

Father Duggan says, "Papal authority was never stretched so far in any country as here in England. For the Pope was at the time liege lord of England, he levied a tax in England, he appointed to benefices

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in England, he sent Italians over to rob the English clergy."

Every Catholic Order has its special devotion—thus the Carmelites have the Scapular, the Dominicans the Rosary, the Franciscans the Portiuncula.

Many Egyptian maxims very like our Book of Proverbs. Those of Ptah-hotep for example. "Go not out with a foolish man, nor stop to listen to his words."

"Do not according to the advice of a fool."

Among Egyptian moralists are Ptah-hotep, Antef and Amy. They are dead against gossip. Thus Amy—"In keeping quiet thou wilt do best; do not be a talker."

Again—"Guard thyself from sinning in words, that they may not wound; a thing to be condemned in the breast of man is malicious gossip, which is never still."

Amy—"I have not given way to anxious care."

It seems there is no idea of sin in the Egyptian moral code. Like the Greek in this. The Egyptian ideal was to be strong, steadfast, self-respecting, active and straightforward; quiet and discreet; avoiding covetousness and presumptuousness. Yet to avoid mercilessness and asceticism.

Amy—"There is no son to the chief of the treasury, there is no heir to the chief of the soul." Capital saying—these things belong to ability, not inherited.

Amy—"There shall be no surprise to him who does well. He is prepared. Thus when the

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messenger shall come to take thee, he shall find one who is ready."

In early Egypt the social system matriarchal. Women the treasurers and masters of the household to this day.

Warnings against the strange woman just like Proverbs.

Selden traces origin of tithes to John of Lycopolis, Egyptian monk to whom the people of the province brought a tenth of their produce, which he distributed to the poor.

We recommend to modern prophets the idea of a Moslem Ulema, who, when all Egyptian Moslems, as well as Christians, were expecting the end of the world on the faith of a Christian prediction, June, 1734, and the day came to an end, announced that he had succeeded in persuading the Almighty to hear his prayer and to put off the catastrophe. He thereby reaped honours and rewards.

In his "De Iside et Osiride," Plutarch, under his third class of sources of religious belief, gives law and established custom. "Nomos," he says, is "religio institutus." "Nothing has become established, which, however irrational, mythical, superstitious it may appear, has not some moral and salutary reason, or some ingenious historical or physical explanation."

Plutarch deprecates a too free handling of sacred things. "What an abyss of atheism opens before us, beneath us, if we resolve every deity into a passion, a power, or a virtuous activity."

The "*patrios kai palaia pistis*." Plutarch, in his

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consolatory letter to his wife (*Consolatio ad Uxorem* 612), on death of their little daughter, tries to show that those who die young will earlier feel at home in the other world than those whose long life on earth has habituated them to so different a condition from the beyond.

Plutarch, in Bœotia in Augustine's time, recognises fully the benefits of Roman rule—universal peace, toleration and liberty.

Plutarch's "De Sera Numinis Vindicta" ("Delay of Divine Justice") is a wonderful plea. De Maistre convinced such a vindication of Divine method must have been written by a Christian. Deals with the fact that virtues and vices seem to have no connection with prosperity, etc., in the world. He indicates here the doctrine of Ennius:—

Ego deum genus esse semper dixi et dicam cœlitum,
Sed nos non curare opinor quid agat humanum genus,
Nam si curent, bene bonis sit, male malis,
Quod nunc abest.

He has here the fine idea that punishment does not, as Plato says, follow upon injustice, but, as he finds in Hesiod, the two are contemporaneous, and spring up from the same soil and root. Evil-doers are tormented necessarily by some of their own iniquity.

He holds that the existence after death of the soul stands or falls with the providence of God. God would not take such trouble for us here if our souls were as brief in their bloom as delicate flowers.

Plutarch's fine idea concerning the "dæmon" of Socrates, that it was the influence of a superior

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intelligence and a diviner soul operating on the soul of Socrates, whose calm and holy temper fitted him "to hear this spiritual speech which, though filling all the air around, is heard only by those whose souls are freed from passion and its perturbing influence." (From the essay on "The Dæmon of Socrates.")

Says he also, "For it is not abundance of wine and well-cooked meats that gladdens our hearts in a religious festival ; it is our good hope and belief that God Himself is graciously present and approving our acts."

In his "De Superstitione," he maintains that our unbelief in God is less mischievous than superstitious devotion. "The atheist does not see God at all, but the superstitious sees Him terrible instead of benign."

CHAPTER XII

The Post-bag of "J.B."

It was soon recognised, after "J.B." came to *The Christian World*, that he was a power to be reckoned with. He forced men to read him, and he forced them to think about what they read. It was not only men of the Churches who read "J.B." He had his following among many who had dropped out of the Churches because of theological or other difficulties, but who had not found it easy to eliminate the religious instinct from their lives. Nothing delighted "J.B." more than to receive letters from men whose faith had suffered shipwreck, or who were drifting on to reefs of unbelief. Such men had read one of his articles, had been struck by an idea or an argument that it contained ; they thought there was after all something to be said for faith, and not only from all parts of Great Britain, but from all the British Dominions and from Britons scattered in every part of the world, there came letters to "J.B." thanking him for his articles, stating doubts and difficulties, and asking if he could give any help in meeting the difficulties and clearing away the doubts. He used to say laughingly that he was Father Confessor to the people whose faith had failed, and he was splendidly gifted to act the part. He had sym-

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pathetic, intuitive understanding of the minds of these doubters. He knew just what forces had been at work to create their difficulties and to shatter their faith in the things they had been taught, but the truth of which had not been really demonstrated to them. He was no worshipper of the dead past any more than he was an idolater of the living present, but he would not turn his back on the past, which, indeed, he never considered dead, but very much alive, nor did he fear to face the difficulties of the living present. "J.B." was an eclectic in the sense that he believed in the continuity and the unity of humanity, and in the one foundation that underlies all the varieties of human experience.

A lady at Willesden Green, suffering from ill health, and worried by difficulties alike as to God's existence and His real Fatherly concern for His human family, writes to "J.B." She has kindly sent me the letters in which he tries to meet her difficulties. They are dated April and December, 1909.

"I cannot forbear a line, albeit a hurried one, in answer to yours. These are old difficulties. As to 'Who created the Creator?' the problem is in a line with a whole series—all belonging to the relation of the finite to the infinite, and all clearly beyond human solution. The human reason breaks down here, and thus its incompetency to deal with them. I could give you quite a number of propositions belonging to this order, *i.e.*, relating to finite and infinite, each one of which seems absolutely certain, but each of which is in absolute contradiction to some others. Kant and Hamilton, as well as other philosophers, have given pages of them. As a single illustration, mathematicians prove that a body may move from one point towards another, say a yard distant

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—shall move towards it at a given rate to infinite time, and yet never reach it. The reason at the same moment pronounces this impossible, and yet also pronounces it possible. This all shows simply that at a certain height our mental machinery, taken by itself, is not equal to the solution of certain problems.

"The difficulty you suggest is of this order. At a certain point you have to stop your ordinary thinking about cause and effect. The reason has got into too rarefied an atmosphere. For instance, if we are evolutionists, at a certain point we have to stop. For there must be a starting point of the evolution, the bringing in of a force which evolution does not account for. The truth of religion, when it comes to this, has accordingly to rest itself not simply on the judgments of the intellect, but also on what is deeper—the instincts of the heart. As Pascal puts it, the heart has reasons which the reason knows not of. When all is said, faith has to take its leap.

"I am glad to hear from you, but heartily wish you were able to write in a brighter strain. You find suffering—your own and that of others—a bar to believing in the love of God. I confess I have never been able to view it in that way. For long years I have been a stranger to health, and of late have been quite incapacitated from public work. And in my family life there have been many trials. But in all this my faith in God has been the great joy and support. I have never imagined God as sitting comfortably outside our sufferings. He is in them, a sharer, and that makes all the difference. About it all there is, of course, a deep, insoluble mystery, but faith, love, devotion, the highest things in us, are not to be stifled and destroyed because we cannot see through everything. I hold with Sir Oliver Lodge that our best and highest thoughts are likely to turn out the truest. Your dear mother, be sure, is in the right, with her faith and trust. That, after all, is the doctrine that works, and we are learning in these days to trust the doctrine that works best, that has the best results on character and life, as being in this way its own evidence. Remember that Christianity

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is built on a Cross; its victorious faith is founded on what outwardly was the worst of catastrophes; the triumphant answer to all the blackness and devilry the world contains. It reached the bottom of human experience and cried from its depths that all was well. That is why it holds and ever will hold its place.

"Pardon this hurried line. It comes from my desire to help you."

To a West Bromwich gentleman, eighty-four at the time, who, risen from the position of a collier, had sent him notes of his earlier life, and the conditions then prevailing, "J.B." wrote two letters, in 1912. In the first he says:—

"You have had a remarkable career, one in which God's guidance has been distinctly shown. I may say that I have had similar ones from men who have begun life in the pits, and that leads me to realise what an amount of shrewd sense and genuine religious character are to be found among that great band of workers underground. It is a pleasure to me to know that my work has been helpful to you. I have similar assurances from various parts of the world, and they are amongst my best rewards as a writer. I want above all things to help my fellow travellers in the good way."

In the second he says:—

"These were the bad old times indeed.

"There is plenty that needs alteration yet, but at least we have made some progress. Your career shows, amongst other things, what grit and perseverance will do in the most seemingly hopeless situations. Character is the thing that conquers, and real religion is the thing that makes character."

Enclosing a letter received from "J.B." in 1912, Mr. A. H. Harper, of Hull, says it was in reply to one

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in which he criticised "J.B.'s" article of March 12th, which partly dealt with the question of heredity in regard to certain characteristics of the individual soul and the spiritual nature of man. Mr. Harper "could not share his views entirely, neither can he agree with the arguments contained in his characteristically kind reply," which he values very greatly. From Brighton, where he was taking a short "cure," "J.B." wrote :—

"Your position is, of course, that of the Theosophists. I am fully aware of all the arguments used in defence of it, and I know that the view has been held by many noble minds. I do not wish in the least to dogmatise upon the question; yet my own feeling is that the trend of facts is against it. Take again the case of John Wesley. Can you imagine him as the offspring of debased parents in a slum? Surely parenthood, its character and quality, had something to do with his character and quality? We breed animals with a sure trust in the transmission of race characteristics. And we see the law in its applications to many slum children, born of diseased vicious parents, and inheriting their qualities. People living in good surroundings, possessing health and character, will, as a rule, have children possessing these things. There are, of course, exceptions; occasionally we see a throw back to an earlier, ruder type. But the rule is there. If there were no such rule what reason should we have for exhorting our young people to live clean, godly lives, in view of the welfare of the future generation? If the soul were independent of the parents, all the reasons for high morality in them would, so far as the children were concerned, be valueless. To me such a state of things would reflect far more on the Order of the Universe, on the Divine character, even than the other view. But I do not think it well for us to make this or that view of ours on the facts of life a criterion by which we may judge our God. We know too little about these matters to sit on the judgment seat."

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A lady in Scotland tells how on two occasions an essay of "J.B." came to her as a veritable voice from heaven with exactly the message she needed. Once she was fretful and discontented with the drudgery and humdrum of life in a country town after living in London and Glasgow and travelling in America and South Africa. Just at that time the answer came in his essay, "The Burden." On another occasion she had spent an evening at a friend's house playing bridge—the usual game there—and finished up by fortune-telling—"in fun of course." She was put out and lost control of her temper and then, as at such times, her first thought was, "What would 'J.B.' think of that?" To her amazement, next week appeared his essay, "The Something Added," which was her rebuke and her inspiration. She wrote to him about his essay on "The Evangelical Root." He stated that Atonement was not so much a separate act as a process. He promptly sent a reply—in October, 1913:—

"Dear Friend,—I am glad to know that my writings have been helpful to you. I have no difficulty in answering your question. Most assuredly do I believe that 'the man Jesus Christ really lived and died and rose again.' There is no more certain fact in history. All the talk about a non-historical Christ is, to me, too absurd for words. As to the quotation from my article. Creation, of course, is a process, an evolution, a perpetual development. So is Revelation. It opens on the world as the world reaches the power of receiving it. Atonement really means at-one-ment, and in its highest meaning is the process by which man comes into his final union with God. And Salvation is also a process, never done at one stroke, either for the world or the individual; though,

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as in the other great process mentioned, there are outstanding points in the process. Christ and His work is the greatest point in them all.

"I hope this explanation may be of some service. Keep fast hold of God and of His revelation in Christ. Here, in this strong tower, we may hide ourselves from all the storms of life."

In a reply to a further letter, he said :—

"As to the differing accounts of the Resurrection, I have long given up attempting to reconcile them. What remains is that a great something happened, an immense spiritual event, of which these various chroniclers have attempted to give their account. The confusions in it are, after all, not more than those we find in historical events, the central fact of which nobody questions. For instance, the murder of Darnley—the husband of Mary of Scots—was an undoubted fact. But the accounts of it, given by people who profess to have been eye-witnesses, are absolutely contradictory. We have to judge between them and to construct the actual history as best we can. In the New Testament question we have, as Harnack puts it, to discriminate between the Resurrection stories and the Resurrection faith, We may take a discount from the former without losing the latter."

An interesting series of letters written by "J.B." to Mrs. Annie Wright, of Sciennes Grove, Edinburgh, has been kindly sent by that lady. They cover the period from January 14th, 1903, to April 20th, 1912. In the first, he deals with the question of "the life beyond." He says :—

"Like you I have my personal stake there, in loved ones who have passed beyond sight. I may write more on this theme as light is given me. As to the inferior races—well, inferiority is all a question of degree. To the higher intelligences the best of us in this world may seem much lower

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down than is the savage in relation to ourselves. The future seems to me the realm of endless possibilities. I suppose the development, for the highest and the lowest of us, will begin where it left off. What science is proving for us is that in the realm both of matter and spirit, there seems no such thing as extinction. All endings are but new beginnings. We burn the coal in the grate. It has disappeared, but no fragment is lost. It is simply a change. Personality seems the final cause and the end to which creation strives. And if the coal has not been destroyed in the fire-death that has happened to it, far less, we may well believe, is the greatest thing, a human personality, gone to nothingness in death. As to the mode of existence beyond, I am more and more inclined to think that our present blindness and deafness to messages from that other side is from the limitation of our present faculties. If only another window could be opened in the wall of our consciousness how much more of the universe should we see! And probably humanity will develop these new faculties as it grows in spirituality.

"On these questions I am glad to see that the researches of the late F. W. H. Myers, a man of the most brilliant abilities, and of a truly scientific mind and culture, who devoted the later years of his life to the thorough investigation of the after death problem, are shortly to be published under the title 'Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.' His conclusions, I believe, are that the fact of authentic messages from the beyond has now been scientifically proved. Meantime it is for us all to live the best life, to follow the Highest Model, and to hold on by faith on that road which leads to more and more of spiritual assurance."

On March, 13th, 1910, he writes :—

"You mention some points that seem to you a difficulty. As to the birth stories of Matthew and Luke the farthest I have gone is to state the inadvisability of grounding our doctrine of the Divinity of Christ upon these narratives. That is not where Paul grounded his belief. What is good enough for Paul should be good enough for us. As to the

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Resurrection, let us rest on the supreme fact that Christ is indeed risen; is living and active in the spiritual world. With that to rest on, the question of His relation to material form is a minor detail which need not trouble us.

"Of course we have all of us felt, and felt deeply, the difficulty raised by the verse you quote,* and similar ones, concerning the judgment and the future state. Some influential critics regard those chapters as fragments of a Jewish Apocalypse which has been adapted and incorporated into the Gospel. . . .

"I do not doubt myself, with Origen, that just as the vegetable takes up into itself the elements of the inorganic, and as the animal takes up the vegetable, so Christianity itself will in the course of the ages be taken up into new expressions suited to the times yet before us. It is undergoing that process now. In that process the merely outside earthly integuments will fall away; but none of the essential will be lost.

"As to 'everlasting fire' and all that, it can never be other than symbolic. On these questions keep to this point:—God is love, God is everywhere, and wherever He is He can only act according to His character. If He is everywhere, He must be as much in hell as in what we call heaven. And in hell He can only act in love. That is quite enough for me. We must trust our God all through if we trust Him at all."

In October of the same year he writes:—

"What you say about the article 'Is Christianity Passing?' makes me realise how badly I express myself at times. To suggest that Christ and Christianity are to be superseded was farthest from my thoughts. When I spoke of a thousand years hence, I meant the Christianity of that time would be as much further evolved as ours is from that of a thousand years back. As to that future life and future recognition question, I may write on it sometime. Let me say here that what seems to you so difficult to believe is to me not nearly

* Matt. xxv. 41.

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so difficult as the things that have actually happened. Imagine a thinker unacquainted with our world being asked to believe that such a race as ours would be evolved out of matter. I think he would regard it as incredible, and yet here we are. When I think of the million improbabilities *à priori* against my being alive as I now am upon the earth this other question of continuing such a life seems quite a minor difficulty. We live in a universe of incredibles—all of which have come true."

Letter writers sometimes ask "J.B." to write on subjects of their suggestion, and the subjects are not always easy ones, as when a Congregational lay pastor, interested in Chemistry, invites him to follow up an essay on "Some Continuations" with another, "dealing with the fact that spiritual law is analogous to that of chemical affinity, in that aspect of it which deals with the exact proportions in which *alone* certain chemical substances combine." The correspondent, perplexed by the apparent absence of result from much honest and earnest spiritual work, suggests that "the very vagaries of electricity and of magnetism, under the strict control of absolute law, doubtless have their counterpart in the spiritual regions."

A Congregational minister would like him to write a series of articles on "Christ's Laws of Spiritual Life."

An Essex reader wanted him to deal with the question, "Was Jesus morally perfect?" "This question," he said, "haunts me perpetually."

It was a heavy demand that some of his readers made on "J.B.," as the lady who, explaining she was "not a Congregationalist and not English," said:—

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"Perhaps you cannot conceive how one earthly note in your writings—one instance of your feelings clouding your spiritual vision—one indication of anything having come between you and pure thought and moral sentiment—how anything of that kind would have depressed me and almost finished me at times. You have much reason to thank God for the beautiful restraint that has been granted you so that you have been able to give your readers wisdom unalloyed. Nothing helps the poor world like this—speaking truth to it, real truth with healing in its wings, not bitter or sarcastic invectives or torrents of abuse wrongly regarded as speaking truth. You keep the "old man" out of your writings; vanity, impulsiveness and prejudice you don't allow to enter in."

A Stockholm lady, disappointed at finding "J.B." away from London when, on a visit to England, she had sought to thank him by word of mouth, writes:—"You have given me courage to live and die, alone as I am in the world, and I hope you will still write many books to show us the way."

Admirers of each other's work were "J.B." and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Thanking him for the gift of one of his books, the novelist writes:—

"There is a delicate truth and fragrance, a note of real experience in the essays, that make them delightful reading. I trust that they may give to many people the same stimulating and yet restful pleasure that they gave to me."

A Hindu member of the Brahmo Somaj, having been powerfully impressed by the essay "The Unwritten Gospel," writes to say how deeply indebted he is to "J.B." for his writings. He rejoices to "make his spiritual acquaintance." "From an

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appreciative Hindu residing in far-off South India" comes a New Year's card, with the couplet

May the struggle for others' selves
Be the cult of ev'ry coming New Year.

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and the wish "Long live J.B." There comes also a New Year greeting from Tokyo, Japan, "A Happy New Year for you and others through your writings."

From Tiverton, Devon, came a letter from a lady with the New Year wish "that your cup may be filled, pressed down, and running over with the faith, the fortitude, the gladness that you bring to so many other hearts." Prays the writer:—

"May God bless you a thousand times for all the resolute, believing and strenuous inner discipline which must have made you able to be this; and help you to go on. I could not tell you how often—in the struggle with physical weakness, with the deadening pressure of daily attention to the ever repeated details that seem to waste and not to use one's energies, with depression, with the questionings which so often seem to blur all spiritual affirmations, with a huge note of interrogation in all sorts of circumstances here and in India—I have turned to you for help, and found it, and I feel I cannot let any more time go by without trying to acknowledge my spiritual debt."

"Where do your ever fresh, original quotations come from?" asks a Sydney (N.S.W.) correspondent, just recovering from a dangerous illness. He tells "J.B."—as one who would understand his feelings from his own experience—what a joy it is to be able to take an interest in life again.

"Daily I make a short trip to one of the many beauty spots we are so rich in here. The wild flowers have been specially

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fine this spring, and my friends have kept me well supplied with posies of them—the fresh wild scents of the boronia, native rose and wattle are as delightful and healing as is affection from humans. 'Wattle Day' is over with its planting of innumerable trees, and I could only send down button-holes to the dining room and staff; but that made us all patriotic, for the wattle is our national flower, indigenous in all the States. Do you know Kipling's 'Wattle of Lichtenburg?' The scent appeals to Australians the world over, and the golden glory is splendid. Luckily all the while I was on the shelf I was able to read, and that kept me in touch with things. I am a member—among other things—of the Dickens Fellowship. I mention that as you wrote so sympathetically about Dickens. Yes, he *lives* here, and Thackeray's name is rarely mentioned. Some silly writer wrote the other day criticising Dickens' want of education—how it affected his style and his thought! If he had been a college-bred man we would never have had our big-hearted, untiring lover of common humanity—our 'Boz'!"

Enmeshed, and unhappy, in the doctrine of "the fortuitous concourse of circumstances"—the "Calvinism of Science," with its automatic fatalism—a correspondent suggests that

"With your ability to find a 'spiritual haven' from the roughest seas of mental difficulties you may perhaps throw a tow rope to me—and the likes of me—in one of your future *Christian World* voyages."

An official at the London terminus of a great railway system wrote in 1893, rejoicing that the ministry of "J.B.'s" practical anonymity had been carried on. He says:—

"It will perhaps help you to understand my position by my giving a few personal details: Brought up in a remote corner of Wales; suffered much neglect of school training; came to London at sixteen as a railway clerk. Since then

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sixteen more years have elapsed—they have gone I know not how. All I can say is that at thirty-two I found myself wofully ignorant and therefore a useless man, and mayhap—‘little joy’—further away from God than when a boy.

“The little daily leisure during all these years, which I now see should have been precious sowing years, I have largely frittered away upon newspapers, magazines, and such ephemeral print ; and although I have been endeavouring to make amends lately, I find the mind humiliatingly slow of grasp, and when a fact has been got hold of, the memory exasperatingly treacherous about retaining it. With these serious defects, and possessing no accomplishments whereby to give pleasure to others, I have withdrawn from the corporate life of my fellowmen (with results which you can very well imagine), contenting myself with one or two friends, a few loved books, and rambles amongst nature’s sweet by-ways. This life is pleasant enough from the purely selfish standpoint, but of no service to society, and you can understand the old perplexing enigma constantly confronting me, ‘Oh, why was I born?’”

“But hope—even where there is little hope—‘rises eternal in the human breast,’ and my main point in troubling you is this: While the general mental quality must, I suppose, in each of us remain what at maturity we find it, cannot something effectual be done to improve that attribute of it—Memory? You have more than once eloquently written on the subject—in particular, the pleasure to be derived from drawing upon this treasure-house as occasion requires. This I am sorry to say is outside my experience, for when, away from books, I have desired to recall the substance of some beautiful verse or brilliant passage, or it may be the features of a pleasing landscape, to my confusion nothing remains except a hazy recollection—as if fifty years ago—of the pleasure it gave me to read the particular book, and view the fine scenery.

“The general principles given as regulating memory I am acquainted with, but could you kindly refer me to a good plan of note-taking and referencing? Do you know, Sir,

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of a really helpful system of mnemonies? I have but little time for reading, and that it would be wise, I take it, to confine as far as possible to the recognised masters of our English literature? But without some definite method and the use of memoranda, I should, under the circumstances, profit very little by the study."

Writing in 1913 to thank "J.B." for his essay on "Burdens," a Chesterfield correspondent asks for a little more light on the sentence "They lent their imagination to the service of fear":—

"How if the imagination is *collared*, and not lent? Some teacher has said that, at bottom, all fear resolves itself into the fear of death. I don't think this is altogether true.

"To the Christian disciple, a perfect love and implicit trust, ought, I suppose, to cast out all fear.

"But how about the case of the highly strung neurasthenic who, though a life-long disciple—in the periods of deadly weakness and loss of nervous control peculiar to that complaint—is haunted, not by the fear of death, but by the fear of mental derangement? This is no imaginary case.

"It is not so hard to see that bodily suffering may be sent for disciples, but it is difficult to see how polishing may come from mental distress.

"I am thinking of the black fears—all the worse for being vague—which assail the sleepless hours of the early morning—when prayer frequently seems to be of no avail.

"Can you please deal further with the subject in a further early paper?"

A Chicago choir trainer tells of the cheer he gets from "J.B." Few men, he confesses, during his fifty years among the churches, had impressed him with their preaching, though he names two, after whose sermons he went away feeling "What a glorious God our Father is, and how easy it is to bear

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sadness when we have a true sense of what God endures for our sakes!"

"I do not wonder at the falling away of attendance, particularly of the working classes. They feel that the Church holds little in common with them. Moving as I do among all classes of musicians I often hear them and talk with them. So very many of them are from Europe, and know too well what the Church, as they know it, stands for, and think all are alike, and never go only to play at some mass or concert. Very few of the men in our Free Churches, as I know them, can be distinguished from any other men of the world. I have said that if we would just *shut up* for a year or two and give ourselves up to practise Christ's teaching what a change would be felt in the city and how people would want to know what brought the change about. I do believe that Christ's men will some day come to believe profoundly that 'A man's a man for a' that.' You should hear the response when I recite that poem. Down deep they believe it but not enough to practise it yet. Men will believe anything *about* Christ you like to *preach*. But to believe *in* Him what a different thing that is. . . . Americans put on the coin 'In God we trust,' but forty years living among them teaches me that they really hold in a lively manner the creed, 'We believe in the Dollar mightily!' Is not that same faith in England more prominent than all else? I will not *say* what men ought to do, but will wait till that mighty Tornado of human love from the centre of things strikes us. I will hug fast to such as the following, 'He that would be first among you let him be your servant,' 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do, ye even so unto them.'

"So my thanks bound out to you, Mr. 'J.B.', for your seeing, and telling of what you see, a 'Revival of Faith.'"

Some of the correspondents express their amazement at the range of "J.B.'s" reading as revealed in his quotations and references. A Toronto (Canada) writer thanks him for the emphasis he lays on the note

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of the spiritual, and tells how he and others diffuse the teaching of "J.B." in their conversation. He adds :—

"Pardon a query : When have you had time to do so much reading ? From Plato to Spencer, from Zeno to Kant, from Pindar to Browning—with Francis, Augustine, Hugo, Brontë all bearing witness to your argument—really it all seems impossible ! Have you the philosopher's stone ?

It is not at all an exaggeration to state that there is in your writings a personality embodying (quite strangely) some characteristics of Carlyle and Emerson. I have often marked passages as being 'quite Carlylean' or 'decidedly Emersonian.' I hope some article may appear on 'Compensation.' The subject is so absorbing, after reading Emerson on it."

Among the soul friends of "J.B." who felt themselves drawn to him by peculiar affinity, was that veteran champion of progressive religious thought in America, Dr. James M. Whiton. In a letter dated December 16th, 1913, only a few weeks before "J.B." passed away, Dr. Whiton said :—

"You some time ago wrote to me, 'Power to your elbow.' You have attained it. I recall Cassius' wonderment expressed to Brutus that a man of such feeble physique as he assigned to Cæsar should bear the palm, etc. With equal ground for wonder I think of the power wielded from your retired 'thinking shop,' or phrontisterion, as Aristophanes termed Socrates' mental laboratory."

In a previous letter of the same year he says he would have liked to have visited England in the summer for "a preaching parish." Dr. Whiton explains that the growing infirmity of "the dear wife, wedded fifty-eight years ago this May, makes

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it impossible to put the Atlantic between us, so I do the best I can with my pen to keep my British friendship in good repair."

An Indiana, U.S.A., correspondent, writes :—

"We here in America are greatly indebted to the Motherland for many suggestive and inspiring writers who feed our lives. It is a strength to those who, on this side, are working their way through the perplexities that stand in the way of a full confidence, to find that in another land men are moving in the same direction under the impulse of similar ideals and ideas. One can but think that it is not merely a coincidence, but is suggestive of a spirit bending men's minds in the direction of a larger, freer truth. Your book, 'Life and the Ideal,' has been my daily companion for months, and I have never failed to find solace and strength, with the clearest insight, in its company. To the writer of that book I am under deepest obligations, and I, a stranger, from a far distance, venture to salute you, and to say 'Thank you for bringing his vague fancies to clearness, and his heart's dearest wishes into faith—or at least into the structure of his faith.'"

A lady writes from Cornwall :—

"I can no longer resist sending my *Thank you!* You cannot know *how very much* your essays mean to me every week and how I appreciate and enjoy them—I am only a country girl with the days full up of work (work that often-times would be drudgery did not 'J.B.' make the halo of divinity to shine on all the so-called common-place) and so I trust you will pardon this liberty I take of writing from my heart to thank you, and may you be long years spared to us to reveal more of the grandeur of life and its possibilities! Your 'Appreciation of Life' in last week's *Christian World* meant so very much to me. I have experienced the power of suffering—but I would not have missed it. I *know*—you have expressed it for me—that the gain is infinitely greater than the pain and I am nearer being one with the great Heart of the universe. I don't think I should ever have presumed

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to have written you this—my Master—but that some weeks ago you wrote 'There are teachers who have opened to us the way of truth—hearts of gold that have offered us of their treasures—and when too late we remember that we have failed to tell them what we owed.' "

There is a humorous letter from a Sydney, N.S.W., correspondent who says that under the Southern Cross the mystic initials "J.B." have a two-fold significance :—

"Even as the English summer has by its traducers been described as three hot days and a thunderstorm, so here in Sydney it happens that, after two days of heat and dusty westerly winds, many an anxious eye is raised to the summit of Sydney Post Office, and broad are the smiles which greet the appearance thereon of a flag bearing the letters 'J.B.', signifying to the citizens of Sydney that the beneficent southerly has reached Jarvis Bay and may be expected shortly at Port Jackson, bringing, as it so frequently does, great masses of cloud laden with rain, which to most Australians is a veritable golden lining, bearing renewed assurance of continued prosperity to a country where the word 'drought' is one of almost constant menace; and then every Tuesday, from the same Post Office, the mail brings its news of another 'J.B.,' whose welcome utterances in *The Christian World* are such a regular feature of that grave and reverend publication. I therefore venture to congratulate you upon the happy coincidence to which I have referred, and further to congratulate you upon your unfailing versatility, which to many of us who are more familiar with Fleet Street, E.C., than with Pitt Street, Sydney, is a source of continual pleasure."

A German reader, Herr Paul Jaeger, writes in 1898, from Thuringia :

To-day I got a copy of 'Studies of the Soul' from D. Rade, in Frankfort, and I am very happy indeed to have the

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book at last. And just now I have put down *The Christian World* of May 19th, with your article on 'The Religious Value of Death,' which has created in my heart the strong desire of expressing afresh my thanks to you for giving us what you have received from God. I cannot help thanking you, whenever I read one of your articles. And they all 'taste of more,' as we say, 'Sie schmecken nach mehr ! ' "

CHAPTER XIII

A Philosopher's Holidays

INTO his holidays "J.B." always flung himself with schoolboy zest. Most of all he enjoyed holidays abroad.

In his account of himself in *Who's Who*, he says that he "resided four years on the Continent, studying theology and general literature; spent some time in European and Eastern travel." His recreations were given as "reading, chess, foreign travel, cycling." A breakdown led to his being absent from his church during the last three months of 1878. While he was in Scotland the way was opened for a voyage up the Mediterranean to Constantinople and beyond to the Turkish coast of the Black Sea, just after the Russo-Turkish War. In a long letter to Mr. Wickham, of Leytonstone, describing the Turkish part of his experiences, he says:—

"Events, impressions, ideas, all new and strange, have tumbled in upon me in such volume since then as will take years to digest and chew the cud of. I know, however, you will be interested in the stray jottings I am able to give. It was a strange sensation when, sailing up the Hellespont, I caught sight of the first Turkish town, with its mosques and minarets gleaming in the sunshine, and realised that I was beyond the bounds of Christendom and in a country where I should not be recognised as a believer but only as a

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Giaour and an infidel. But the sensation was still stranger when, our vessel having brought to in the Bosphorus, I first set foot on Turkish soil and found myself in Constantinople. I accompanied the captain ashore in a small caique pulled by two lean but wiry Turks. As we threaded our way through the narrow, crowded and inconceivably dirty streets I felt verily that I was a stranger in a strange land. I stuck closely to my companion during that first hour, for to have been without an English face to look at and English tongue to answer me just then would have been too bewildering. This feeling of utter strangeness, amounting almost to pain in its intensity, soon wore off, however, and on my next visit ashore, the following morning, I started off alone and crossing the great wooden bridge which spans the Golden Horn, wandered about the streets and lanes of Stamboul with as much composure as if I had been in the Strand. I took my bearings carefully, noting every turning as I went on, and so found my way home without difficulty. I should think no city in the world presents such striking and novel effects as Constantinople. The situation is incomparable. The view of it from the Bosphorus can never be forgotten. The blue waters are crowded with the shipping of all nations. Lifting your eyes you have Europe on the one side, and Asia on the other, the fringe of rock continent lined, as far as the eye can reach, with buildings, whose white fronts glitter in the sunshine, and this picture is set in the framework of an atmosphere without a trace of smoke and of a sky without a cloud. The scene, however, loses three-fourths of its beauty when you land. Now you come upon streets innocent of drains, and where the dogs are the only scavengers, and upon smells which none but an Asiatic or an Inspector of Nuisances could be expected to stand. In no other city I should think is there such a variety of languages habitually spoken. Go, for instance, into a shipping office, or any large place of business, and in five minutes you may hear French, English, Italian, Greek and Turkish. English is comparatively little spoken. I go into a shop in Pera. 'Parlez vous anglais?' 'Non, Monsieur, je parle français, italien et grec,' would often

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be the reply. I then have to muster up my French, and so get my business transacted. The difficulties of shopping are not lessened by the peculiarities of the Turkish currencies. When a man tells you the price of an article you have to be careful to ascertain whether he means 'good money' or 'bad money.' By 'good money' is meant the gold, silver and copper currency. The gold lira or pound is worth 18s. of our money. The silver medjidie or dollar, 3s. 8d.; the chireq about one franc and the piastre 2½d. The 'bad money' is the paper caime the value of which fluctuates every day. 'Fluctuation' is perhaps hardly the proper word, for day by day its value now steadily declines. Yesterday at Trebizond we got 420 piastres caime for a lira or 18s. The piastre in hard money is as I said before 2½d. This will give you an idea of the difference in value. The foreigner needs to look out, especially if be an Englishman. Our nationality seems to be at once recognised, and as we are all supposed to be made of money, 100 and 200 per cent. is at once put on to the price of an article. An addition to the excitement of life in Constantinople lies in the fact that, after dark especially, it is a trifle unsafe. I understood that thirteen murders are known to have been committed last month, besides robberies innumerable. In the part of the city where our vessel was moored no one who has anything to lose thinks of going alone unless well armed. I thought it expedient to conduct most of my explorations by daylight. I roamed about in all directions armed with nothing but a stout stick and met with no molestation anywhere. One day the captain and I took a horse apiece and had a ride out to the environs. You never saw such roads. Now the descent would be almost as steep as the side of a house. Anon you come to a place where you have a deep pit on one side and a steep slope on the other with about a foot of level ground between. As you come up to it you wonder which your horse will do, fall into the pit or roll with you down the slope. You discover, however, that it is not the first time your horse has gone over a Turkish road. It picks its way with admirable circumspection between the Scylla and Charybdis and brings you

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out all right on the other side. Amongst other notable places we have seen here is the Mosque of St. Sophia. We gained admittance by the payment of five francs. It is without exception the grandest interior I have seen, not excepting St. Paul's. It has lost much of the ornamentation which it had when a Greek basilica, and all traces of its former devotion to Christian worship have been carefully removed. The Turk could never build a place like that if he tried for a thousand years. He is after all only a cuckoo bird getting into nests which others have made and that only to defile them.

But I must leave Constantinople to tell you where I am and what I am doing now. I am in the oddest position. Our vessel has been chartered for a month by a Greek agent of the Government here to carry Turkish troops to various points in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. I had no option but to go with the vessel as I could not very well walk home from Constantinople. Unless therefore something unexpected turns up by which I can get a passage back earlier I shall be away three months instead of two and it will be as much as I can do to appear in England by Christmas. It certainly seems a queer conjunction of circumstances. I never thought that I was to be swept into the skirts of this great Eastern war cloud, and on the Turkish side too. The position, though a queer and unexpected one, however, is full of interest and of material for observation. We are now on our way to Constantinople from Trebizond. We have taken out there over 1,600 troops, nearly all of them released prisoners from Russia. Here, packed together as thick as sardines in the hold and on the deck, were the warriors of Plevna, of Kars, and of the Shipka. They seem to have been well treated by the Russians in their captivity. They looked well fed and healthy and most of them were attired in Russian greatcoats. My cabin is on the deck and has a small ante-room attached to it about the size of a dog kennel. Their chief officer, a long fellow who was taken at Plevna, coiled himself up in this every night, and appeared to think himself in exceptionally luxurious quarters. The mode of enforcing discipline amongst the men was essentially Turkish. If a fellow was recalcitrant

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an officer would give him a lick over the head with a stick and then spit in his face, or he would perhaps order half-a-dozen men to strike him over the face one after the other with the flat of their hand. On the whole, however, the men were wonderfully patient and well conducted. Their rations were bread and water and their quarters the dark stifling hold or the open deck, but they took everything cheerfully and seemed as merry as sand boys. Many a time at night I have walked right on their heads as they lay on the deck (there was no other way of getting about). And the operation has not elicited as much as a grunt from them. I suppose it was that I was very light and their heads were very hard. They were unarmed, the Russians having taken good care of their weapons. In our present journey, back from Trebizond to Constantinople, we have not quite so manageable a set. I am writing this surrounded by a host of 800 Turks armed to the teeth with breech loaders, bayonets and short swords. We have had two or three rows already with these and may have some more. The officers, of whom there are twenty or thirty, wanted to take possession of the cabin below. As this would have left the captain and me without a single place of retreat, we flatly refused. We had another scene at the bridge. They crowded up on it in a way which made it impossible to work the ship. The captain then, at my suggestion, told our Greek interpreter to inform them that he would not weigh anchor or move a single inch towards Constantinople till every man was off the bridge. This brought them down, but in a state of great discontent. The interpreter brings us now and then some beautiful specimens of their threats. Spite, however, of pleasant suggestions about having our hands cut off or being put overboard we eat our meals with unabated appetite and sleep undisturbed."

"J.B.'s" foreign travels broadened his religious views and enlarged his tolerance for other forms of faith. He says :—

"We travel to the ends of the earth, only to find the same thing. The present writer remembers the sensation with

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which, on sailing up the Dardanelles, he caught sight for the first time of the Mohammedan minarets which proclaimed him a Giaour and infidel. It was with a similar consciousness that, in standing at the tomb of the Apostles in St. Peter's, he suddenly called to mind that the Church he was in, like the Turkish mosque, disposed in the most uncompromising manner of his future. We are all damned at least half-a-dozen times by the faults we do not accept. Pondering these things the feeling, we say, comes over us that the thing has been a little overdone, and we are disposed to ask whether humanity might not, to the general advantage, stay its lust of affirmation and give its infallibility a rest. In such moods we fall in love with the undefined, and are disposed to say with Chamfort, "*Il faut agir davantage, penser moins, et ne pas se regarder vivre.*" "Let us do more, think less, and not peer too closely into the business of living."

He told sometimes in dramatic style the story of a holiday in which he was mixed up with a tragedy. The ship on which he was enjoying a Mediterranean cruise put in at a Spanish port. A sailor inadvertently crossed a chalk line beyond which passage was forbidden and was shot dead by a customs official. "J.B." and the captain took the matter up, and made a journey into the interior to lay the case before the British Consul, and urge him to action. The Consul, however, regarded the matter with such callous indifference that "J.B.," who could use very forcible language when the occasion demanded it, frankly expressed his opinion of the Consul, and so frightened him that he promised to investigate the circumstances. On coming home, "J.B." went to the Foreign Office, and his determined activity resulted in reparation being demanded and obtained.

To Switzerland his allegiance never faltered.

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Often in his essays there are reminiscences of Swiss holidays. Here are some extracts :—

“Have any of our readers been through the clouds and seen them from their upper side? It is a marvellous experience, of which the balloonist has not the entire monopoly. The spectacle is granted sometimes to the mountaineer. The present writer has vivid remembrance of a dull November afternoon in the Jura, when, plunging into the heavy cloud which all day had hidden sun and sky, he toiled upwards, till suddenly, in one dazzling moment, he found himself outside and above it all. He was in a realm of glorious sunshine. Above was the dazzling blue; away to his right lay a rolling sea of magnificent cloud colours; at the far side of this sea, gleaming in the white radiance of their snow raiment, rose the whole mighty range of the Alps. What a scene, and what a parable! This same cloud, which, from one side and in one aspect, glowered over the world as the image of all that was gloomy and forbidding, required only another viewpoint to stand revealed as in itself beautiful beyond imagination, while serving as the foundation of the sublimest of world pictures.”

* * * * *

“The present writer can never forget the sensations of one summer day when, solitary amongst the mountains of the Grisons, he was held as in a trance by the scene before him. The magical hues of the atmosphere playing over the far-stretched valleys and lower heights, the blue of the cloudless sky, the hush upon all nature, seemed supernatural—while the vista of mighty peaks, virgined in their snowy whiteness, soaring into the very heavens, seemed visibly to link our world to a fairer universe beyond. One had seen the mountains before; for years the view of them had daily fed the eye, but never before or since has there been in contemplation of them such a quality of feeling. It was as though the utmost essence of all that was beautiful had suddenly passed into the soul. There was nothing for it but worship. It was heaven.”

* * * * *

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"In the summer months English people, on travel bent, often leave their home scenery in search of backgrounds. For foregrounds and middle distances our own island is incomparable. From end to end it is a dream of pastoral beauty. Its landscapes are such as a Cuyp, a Claude Lorraine, dreamed in their most inspired hours. But the view has nowhere the gigantic backing of Alp or Apennine. There are effects which the snow mountains alone can offer. If any one wants their spiritual interpretation let him read or re-read the first volume of 'The Stones of Venice.' Yes, the Alps for background. We shall ourselves not easily forget one moment when, on a hot summer day, toiling up the St. Nicholas valley,—it was before Zermatt knew its railway—we turned a sharp corner and had for the first time our vision filled by the gigantic Matterhorn, 'the cock that crows over Europe,' to use Michelet's term, its solid rock-mass cleaving the very heavens."

Just before he took up his position on the staff of *The Christian World* he had an experience of Swiss mountain climbing that might easily have nipped his journalistic career in the bud. He told the story of his ascent of the Diablerets, in his '90 holiday, in *The Christian World*.

"It was rough work," he says, "reaching the summit, 10,000 feet above the starting point. Leaving the guide's chalet at one in the morning with a Swiss pastor and three English youths in the party, the crest was attained at eight in the morning." "J.B." loved the mountains and he revelled in the adventure. "This," he says, "is indeed the upper world. As we drink in the life-giving air, and take in the details of a panorama of which Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, and a dozen other Alpine royalties form part, we think of the multitudes of unfortunates immured, at this moment, in stuffy shops and warehouses of smoke-begrimed cities, and conclude that we are highly privileged persons. But privileges have to be paid for, and before

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the day is over there come moments when probably the warehouseman would vastly prefer his position to ours.

"We had gained the summit, but the real difficulties of our expedition were yet to come. Instead of returning by the route we had already followed, our guide proposes to take us over another point of the range, and then to descend by the further side. It is difficult, he says, but we shall be equal to it. Accordingly, after an hour's rest, we set off once more.

"Our first bit of work is to cross an arête or ridge of rock, about a foot in width, with naked precipices on either side. When we are over the guide, who is in front, informs us that he had seen six chamois on the right. He had not called our attention to them, because, looking down into the abyss from that ticklish spot, some of us might have turned giddy.

"And now comes a bit of glacier to cross, which is by no means plain sailing. It slopes down at a terribly sharp angle, and is as slippery as frozen snow can be. 'Attention, gentlemen,' says the guide, 'if anyone slips on his back here he is lost.' The danger is minimised, however, by the steps which he cuts for us with his ice-axe.

"It is half-an-hour after, when engaged among the difficult rocks of the Tête Ronde, the second peak of our series, that we encounter the real crux of our expedition. Our leader has called a halt, while he goes forward to assure himself as to the road. By and by he comes back with strange tidings. A certain couloir or passage, which formed part of the way down, has been in part destroyed by an avalanche, and there is nothing for it but to improvise another route. To go back is next to impossible, for we have just been lowered one by one down a precipice by ropes, and there is no getting up it. By and by another track is found, and the order is given to advance. It is only a chamois path, but there is nothing else. We are now creeping, one after another, along the face of a tremendous precipice. Above are hundreds of feet of perpendicular wall. Below is a fathomless abyss. What we have to walk upon is a cornice of crumbling rock, often sloping down then up, and sometimes not more than

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four inches wide. To add to the pleasure of this little promenade there is a sharp corner in it to be turned.

"Suddenly there is a slip, a crash of something falling, and a smothered exclamation. A piece of rock on which one of our young Englishmen has placed his boot has given way, and goes crashing into the gulf. An instant more and he would have followed it, but a hand of iron is upon him. It is that of our brave Swiss pastor, who, by a special providence, is next him, and within reach. He has him by the collar, and holds him till he can struggle on to another ledge. Had there been another foot of distance between them, or had the grip of his helper been less firm, our return home would have been a funeral march. His alpenstock has gone. The miracle is that its owner is still here.

"It is a terrible moment. There are two of us still to pass that spot. Part of the narrow ledge has already given way. Why may not another? The guide, who had been on in front, is back in a moment. 'Steady, gentlemen! above all things don't lose your nerve.' He works himself along the wall like a chamois, and gives us a hand. Another minute and the corner is turned. We are safe for the moment on a narrow platform of rock, and we draw a long breath. We wonder what our friends would say if they saw us at this moment. Well, we know what the sensation is of facing a violent death. We decide it is not nearly so bad as one might think, and that as an experience it has its value.

"But we are not yet out of the wood. We have, in fact, hours of similar work, in which every nerve is stretched to its utmost tension. It is an immense relief to have it varied, as it is at times, by a glissade down a snow-field. There are shouts of laughter when, in the middle of the rush, some one loses his equilibrium and comes rolling head over heels, in the most undignified fashion, to the bottom of the slope.

"But it is with a sense of profound thankfulness that, with no life lost and no serious hurt sustained, we at length reach the lower levels, and look back on the frowning impossible

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heights above where so lately we were playing the game of life and death.

" 'Messieurs,' says our guide, 'I congratulate you. I can tell you now that the Matterhorn does not offer such difficulties as you have gone through. It was a path for chamois that you have come by. There is nothing left in the Alps for you to do.' "

During his *Christian World* period, " J.B." had as holiday companion on various occasions his colleague and intimate friend, Mr. F. H. Fisher. They were in Scotland together, in the Lake District, in the Midlands, in Devonshire and in Norfolk. Says Mr. Fisher :—

" One very delightful holiday in Norfolk remains in my memory. ' J.B.' was an enthusiastic cyclist, and on the cycle, and at walking or mountain climbing, though he was much the elder of his companions, he could leave us all behind. I had many opportunities of sharing in the treasures of his richly stored mind, always prodigally pouring itself out to his friends. On that Norfolk holiday, on a lovely morning of early autumn, we were approaching a village on our cycles. As was often the case, the exercise stirred his imagination and started his mind on a course of reflections.

" 'Have you,' he asked, 'thought of the continuity of things? What about natural predestination? We started as a world with a nebula which became a molten globe; that cooled and became fit for the habitation of the creatures of the primeval slime; then, in the course of evolution, came the monkeys and these, later, took on human characteristics; our savage ancestors, like the dragons of the slime, butchered and ate each other; after that softer moods prevailed—the young man and maiden walked and courted in the groves—and all this that you and I might cycle through this village we are coming to. Does not this impress you with the importance of your personality, that all this was done that you and I might enjoy such a morning ride as this? "

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Mr. Fisher laughingly confessed that it had not occurred to him, but such trains of thought were always being started in "J.B."

A minister friend, who spent holidays with "J.B.," tells of his schoolboyish happiness amid wild Scottish scenery. On a very hot day they came to a small loch, remote from anywhere. "Let us bathe!" said "J.B." They were soon in the water, and on emerging "J.B." raced and laughed in the sunshine till he was dry.

CHAPTER XIV

Eclectic of the Eclectics

"J.B." never lost his interest in the ministry. He liked to feel he was still in touch with the cloth, and the cloth was proud of "J.B.'s" former membership of their order. Though his pulpit and platform appearances on his return to London as journalist became rarer and rarer, after the first few years, he enjoyed meeting ministers at the Eclectic—an informal gathering for social intercourse and free discussion, the sacred arcana of which were impenetrable by the mere layman, but his ministerial brethren were glad to recognise "J.B." as being "once a minister, always a minister." One of the most brilliant of the Eclectics, the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, of Stamford Hill, says :—

"The 'Eclectic' is a little dining club with a membership limited to a round score of Congregational ministers living in London. Like Dr. Johnson's club in Essex Street, the terms are lax and the expenses light. Though, or because, it is a ministerial club, no papers are allowed nor speeches allowed. The club aims at nothing except at that which, if it comes off, is the best thing of all, the fruition of good fellowship.

"I do not know whether 'J.B.' was one of its founders; if not, he was one of its oldest members, and at its board he was seen at his very best. He was a very 'clubbable man' in Johnson's sense of the term. The sight of 'J.B.'s' slight,

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tense figure, with the scholar's stoop, the bright face, the kindly, eager eyes, gave everyone assurance of a good meeting. Of course he could write, that goes without saying; the whole reading world knows it. But what a good talker he was! And a cause of good talk in others. He delighted to hear and cap a good story. He never claimed the floor for himself; like Sydney Smith he took the half-minutes and filled them with light or with lightning as the occasion demanded.

Omnivorous reader as he was. 'J.B.' was no bookworm, nor was he a specialist tied up to one subject. He was alive to every aspect of life. The last time I met him at the club he was full of the question of armaments. He would have England, as a great act of faith in God, lay down her arms and call upon other nations to do the same. He was confident that what the world wanted was the stimulus of a great appeal and the inspiration of a great example. The slight hesitancy which latterly marked his opening words completely disappeared in the rush of words that swept away all opposition, as with apostolic zeal he unfolded his ideal for his country. For the only time I can remember, men left their places and gathered round him; the club became a little church, with 'J.B.' for its preacher. That was, as I say, wholly exceptional, but then 'J.B.' was exceptional.

"We have had noble and brotherly men among us, whose memory we cherish—Cave, Spensley, Morlais Jones, Dorling, Twentyman—what good lovable souls they were! But no greater, more genial, more deeply beloved member ever graced our little fellowship, or, passing from it into the unseen, left us with a greater sense of loss or gratitude than 'J.B.' A few days ago he, like us, was grappling with problems; to-day he has passed into the solution. *Laus Deo!*"

CHAPTER XV

Life in London

WHEN he settled again in London, Mr. Brierley took a house at Willesden Green, N.W.,—"Helensleigh," Dean Road. That combined to his mind, several distinct advantages. It lay high; country walks were possible; there was good communication with the City; and he was within a long walk of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, where he decided to settle under the ministry of Dr. Robert F. Horton. It was a great joy to feel that he was again in the mid-stream of thought and action, where at every moment of the day his finger was on the pulse of life. To him as to most educated and imaginative men who have come up from the country, London was always the city of magic, mystery and thrilling romance. His health, for a few years, was fairly good, and he was able to do a reasonable amount of pulpit "supply" work, sometimes taking both services. He made several welcome reappearances in his old Balham Church, and was in frequent demand for "special occasions" on Sundays and week-days.

There was an exhilarating freshness alike in his thought and his phrasing, and his pulpit and platform delivery, without any attempt at rhetor-

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ical effect, fitted his thought and its expression like a glove. He used the conversational voice, and made it take on the colour and temperature of his emotions, neither tearing passion to rags nor serving thought generated in passion on a cold dish—a not infrequent way of spoiling an oratorical *entrée*. His language was simple, straightforward, clear cut, nervous Anglo-Saxon, of the kind found only in speakers to whom the Bible is familiar as household words. But “J.B.’s” zest of life, his touch with the humanity of his time, the reality and vitality of the questions and problems with which he dealt, his eager interest in those problems, his apostolic zeal to help men by enlightening their minds and quickening their consciences and persuading them to discover and draw out the hidden wealth of their personality, made it impossible for him to be dry or vainly to beat the air. To him the Bible was a present-day Book, because the Bible writers were men like ourselves—tempted and tried, sinning and suffering and repenting, perplexed and baffled, but wrestling to save their souls alive, and even amid clouds and thick darkness still believing in a quenchless light, and saving themselves, and helping to save their age and the ages to follow, by faith in the soul, in God and the things that cannot be shaken. He made the writers and heroes of the Bible live, and the inspiration of their consecrated personalities, which had been made the medium of the messages that came to them, infused itself into the preacher. He showed



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE AT DEAN ROAD, WILLEDEN GREEN

Life in London

that "new thought" has never, in the great affairs of the soul, and in human character and conduct, been able to improve on the "old thought," though the advance of knowledge, and the accumulation of Christian experience, have illustrated from every point of view and demonstrated in countless ways the unsuspected richness, the infinite applications, and the timeless validity of the spiritual and ethical conceptions of the Bible writers. A sample of his sermon notes of the 'nineties period will be found as an Appendix. He was a frequent preacher at Congregational services that were being held in Streatham Town Hall. In his notes of sermons preached in 1891, there are such subjects as "Fulness of Joy," "Chariots of Fire," "Evolution and Evangelical Faith," "Present Salvation," "Obedience of Thoughts," "On Promises" and "The Conversion of Lydia"—all these came within the category of "Travellers," but they were not dusty and footsore travellers. There was nothing of the traditional "three decker," no "Brethren," no tiresome introduction, no conventional pulpit vocabulary or intonation. He liked to plunge straight into his subject with a story, or recollection of a striking conversation on some aspect of the faith, that at once captured attention. There was not much in the way of exegesis of the text, but the spirit of the author was brought to the illumination of the teaching of the text, and the teaching was found to be as up-to-date as the leading article in the Saturday's paper—more

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up-to-date, for it would be in date as long as man had a brain to think and a heart to feel.

At Lyndhurst Road Church "J.B." found himself in a congenial atmosphere. Dr. Horton had absorbed all that Oxford could give to one of the most receptive of souls. He had that combination of the cultured mind and the Evangelical heart, the wide-eyed outlook on the age, the faith in the future, and the "passion for souls," which had been Mr. Brierley's own ideal of the Christian preacher and pastor. In Lyndhurst Road Church, whose pulpit he sometimes occupied, "J.B.'s" striking personality was a wholesome influence, and a warm attachment sprang up between him and the pastor. Touching letters passed between them when Dr. Horton's health failed. Knowing what this meant to a minister, "J.B." wrote out of the fulness of his heart. "J.B." and Dr. Horton were both Hellenes—in their sweetness and light—domiciled and naturalised in Philistia, and they saw no reason why Hellas and Philistia should be divided as by the gulf that shut off Dives in Hades from Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

Dr. Horton says that one of "J. B.'s" sons joined the Church and the father's gratitude and joy at this were most moving and almost unequalled in his recollection. That is a side of his life that people did not know. "Sometimes," says Dr. Horton, "I went over and had a talk with him and sometimes walked out with him. His conversation was always eager and interesting. He preached occasionally, and when he did that or

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spoke at a meeting he always made a great impression on the people—there was something so alert and pertinent in all he said. He would often speak at small meetings in the early days and would give bright and charming little addresses full of humour and wisdom. I have met so many people who said they depended on 'J.B.'s' article as a kind of spring of fresh water in the week's life. When I first came to London he was at Balham and I heard an immense amount about him from certain people who knew him. Then I met him. There seemed such a contrast between the brilliant and successful preacher and the sort of man he was when I saw him. He seemed so secular, so to speak. It was not the note of piety at all that struck you—it was the note of the religious man in the street, the newspaper style of man, and it was a great difficulty even when he came to live near us to realise that he had got in him what he had. His outside did not seem to suggest his mind. He was one of the most striking instances I have met in my life of the difference between the mere house in which the soul lives and the soul itself. That first impression was deepened up to the last. The last time I saw him I had the feeling again 'It is incredible how this human soul shines with such lustre in such an imperfect kind of candlestick.' "

There was a playful difference of opinion between Dr. Horton and "J.B." over the character of the Sunday morning service. For a number of years, partly because of the distance from his home,

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but chiefly because of the state of his nerves, "J.B." was only in his pew on the Sunday morning. He used to tell Dr. Horton that he regarded the morning service as his Church meeting and got all the religious value of the Church meeting out of it. This Dr. Horton, with his invincible Congregational view that in the Church meeting every member should have an equal place, would not allow.

"J.B." as journalist was as far removed as possible from the minister in his dress and conversation. Others than Dr. Horton who were introduced to him in Fleet Street or elsewhere confess that they felt the same difficulty. "J.B." was so much the Christian man of the world, his conversational range was so wide, he was able to discuss almost any question with such apparent expert knowledge, his talk was so frank and free and racy, he was so utterly unlike the conventional idea of the religious teacher, that people were nonplussed. Those who had come, through his writings, to reverence him as a seer and a saint, could scarcely believe their eyes and their ears when they came face to face with this man wearing a darkish grey morning suit and the oblong, rather high-crowned hard hat which he affected, and listened to his merry chaffing chat. But when "J.B." did get into the channel of religious talk no doubt was left as to his identity with the author of the essays in *The Christian World*.

Politics he regarded as the efforts of the State to translate into practice the social and ethical ideals of the nation. He was bound to take the

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deepest interest in politics because he wanted the nation to be really ethical and religious in all departments of its life. He did not expect too much from politics because he realised that the State was never likely to rise above the level of the intelligence and morals of the people. He held that politics would be purer, more progressive and more effective, only as the individual citizen came to realise his citizenship as a sacred responsibility, and to exercise his vote and influence with the same conscience as he performed his religious obligations. He held very strongly that the Churches had failed to influence the affairs of the State by their narrow, artificial conception of spirituality. They had thought more of the Church than of the Kingdom of God, more of the education of the individual in one part of his nature than of the preparing of the whole individual to play his manifold part in the leavening of the community. He was a Nonconformist Liberal who did his own thinking and was not disposed to make a shibboleth either of the Nonconformity or the Liberalism. He was a Passive Resister against the Conservative Education Act because he did believe, honestly and conscientiously, that that Act deliberately inflicted injustice on the part of the nation belonging to the Free Churches by compelling them to pay rates for teaching designed to subvert those things which their Churches had come into existence to maintain. In September, 1912, he wrote a letter of strong protest to *The Daily News* for what he considered its mischievous nagging at Sir Edward

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Grey, and his conduct of the foreign policy of the Government. He received a large number of letters thanking him for the letter and endorsing his protest. He was an idealist in his politics, but always, as with his religion, he was the practical idealist making allowances for the defective materials and the imperfect conditions under which work had to be done, and judging men according to the ability and sincerity with which they did their best under the circumstances. He had no faith in the idealism which expects to be carried through in a hop-skip and a jump reforms which will only be possible after generations or centuries of ethical social evolution. His evolution had taught him that progress is a step by step—it may be an inch by inch—matter, but that it always means movement in the forward direction.

He joined the National Liberal Club, not because he was cut out for a club-man, or because he had the time to spend at a club, but because the club gave him occasional opportunities of mixing with men of all sorts and conditions in conversation, and of learning much of sides of human nature and spheres of activity that were outside his ordinary experience. It was his habit to lunch at the club on Tuesdays and Wednesdays during the years of his regular service at *The Christian World* office. A member of the club has favoured me with a note of his impressions of "J.B." and his conversation:—

" 'J.B.' was not what one would call a dazzling conversationalist, though his talk was brilliant, scintillating with

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humour and sparkling with wit and reminiscence. He was rather a brilliant monologist. He liked to do the lion's share of the talking. In fact he loved an audience. When in the club circle he was always eager to talk but reluctant to listen. About the time of the 1906 General Election he joined the National Liberal Club and two or three days a week went there to lunch. Gradually he became known to an ever-expanding circle of Free Churchmen who forgathered in the smoke room, and 'J.B.'s' presence in the group was always welcomed. He thoroughly enjoyed these impromptu little fraternal gatherings. And when he was there the group would swell in size. The range and scope of 'J.B.'s' interest and knowledge often amazed his fellow members at the N. L. C. Even on political matters his coffee table talk was distinguished. His mind was soaked in history and his spirit was democratic—with a radicalism which was almost revolutionary in its revulsion from territorial tyrannies and hereditary privilege. The calm insolence with which the peers after the General Election of 1906 set to work and smashed all the Liberal Government's legislative endeavours maddened 'J.B.' His fury was quite explosive. But it was when conversation dropped away from politics into the realms of travel and literature or art that 'J.B.'s' table talk was most fascinating. His optimism never flickered. It was always in full flame. One day a Free Church minister and novelist gave utterance to a pessimistic plaint in 'J.B.'s' presence. He was almost shocked. 'No, no, you've no right to be a pessimist,' he said. 'I'm the only man here with that right: but I'm an optimist through and through. For the last twenty years I've had 'an inside' that has played all sorts of unconscionable tricks upon me. I never know when I get up in the morning whether I shall not before the end of the day have been sent to bed for a week or a fortnight. But every morning when I get up as I sit on the side of the bed and pull on my breeches I say to myself, 'Brierley, you old rascal, you get infinitely more than your deserts.' After that occasion, pessimistic utterances were restrained in the presence of 'J.B.' His optimism when he had so much right to be pessimistic silenced cheap pessimism."

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No one during his years in Fleet Street had closer intimacy with him than his colleague, Mr. F. H. Fisher, editor of *The Literary World*. Mr. Fisher says it would have been impossible to find a more genial soul, or one with a brighter outlook on life and more tolerant of other people's principles and prejudices. No one could imagine in conversation with "J.B." that he was talking to a "parson." He was just a good natured, cultured Englishman, mellowed by years and very wide experience. An excellent *raconteur*, he delighted to tell of his travels and adventures.

In one of the extracts in his Note-books, "J.B." quotes Hazlitt as saying that Coleridge in conversation was inspired and he could go on for ever, and the listeners wanted him to go on for ever. "J.B." was a good deal like that himself. Mr. Fisher recalls how once, at a breakfast table, "J.B." got going, and the party were so entranced that they forgot the breakfast and everything was getting cold. One matter-of-fact young lady, however, who was of Koheleth's opinion that there is a time for all things, became impatient, and in shrill tones asked another lady to pass her something. There was a general horrified "Hush!" "J.B." stopped short, took a look at the offender—and resumed his talk! For years after she was reminded of her high misdemeanour in checking the flow of the prophet's inspiration.

As regards his chess, his colleague, Mr. Fisher, with whom he often played—"not at the office," explained Mr. Fisher—says :—

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"We were both amateurs, but 'J.B.' was as near to a professional as I have ever met. He was a very tricky player, and his favourite game was to sacrifice any piece to get position. He once explained that his model was a famous chess expert who had first tried his opponent by giving him a knight, and then a bishop, before taking any of his opponent's pieces, just in order to find out what his opponent's skill was. I know that very rarely did I win against him, and when I did, I counted it a red letter day."

During his later years "J.B.," when the weather permitted, spent a good deal of his time in the park at Dollis Hill. He always loved the open air and drank in not only refreshment for the body but inspiration for the mind. He would sit for hours together on a seat reading and writing. The open air often got into his articles with bracing effect.

Five or six years before the end, such health as "J.B." possessed began seriously to fail. There were alarming symptoms and his nerves became more and more shaky. He had to abandon work at the office and greatly to reduce his output at home. He clung, however, to his weekly essay as his great means of continuing his ministry to the world, and so far from his work showing any falling off in quality many of those essays of the last four years were equal to the best work he ever did. Sometimes there would be a break of several weeks when he was quite unequal to anything. He was begged from the office not prematurely to resume work, but as soon as he felt fit the craving for paper and pen and the impulse to soul deliverance took possession of him. Books which really *were* books for review he always welcomed, and his reviews were conscientious and often brilliant

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work. He was an eager learner to the very end, and the new books sent to him he regarded as means to his education.

In *The Christian World* of February 5th, 1915, appeared an essay on "Life's Loose Ends." It was destined to be the last he was himself to see in print. It was one of his greatest achievements showing that the power of his intellect and his heart was unabated. He begins :—

"Benjamin Constant relates that he met once with a Piedmontese who gave him his confession of faith. He believed that the world was made by a God who had died before his work was completed. Only in this way could he account for the bewildering contradictions which he found everywhere ; on the one side the evident marks of law, order and beneficent design ; on the other hand, the confusions, the evils, the ragged edges of things. Everywhere an aim at perfection which had stopped short, a purpose uncompleted, if not frustrated. So our Piedmontese ; who certainly, amid the medley of cosmic theories with which philosophy has presented us, has the merit of offering one as quaint as it is original. His solution is the last we should think of accepting, but he unquestionably had an eye for certain aspects of things which call for a solution."

"J.B." treats the apparent incompleteness of things as God's challenge to man to continue His work and fill out the plan which He has sketched. We may well imagine how "J.B." wrote with feeling when he said :—

"There is a personal side to this topic which might well have occupied all our thought, but which we can now only briefly touch upon. How often do we seem, in our private fortunes, to be brought to a loose end ? Some source of supply has been stopped ; some door of career has been suddenly slammed in

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our face. The well-defined track we have followed has all at once disappeared—we are faced with the wilderness, wherein we must strike a road of our own. Most of us who have lived any time in the world have had a touch of that experience. It is one of the greatest tests of character. We have been good enough for routine; what good are we for this crisis of the unexpected? It is here that strong men prove their strength. How often has that moment proved the starting point of mightiest things! It was so with Wesley when he found himself in hopeless conflict with the Anglican authorities, and he must choose some other way. And with General Booth, his true successor, when on that fateful morning he left the New Connexion Conference, his terms rejected, his career as one of its ministers closed, and himself in face of a new, untried world. Spurgeon had his moment when by the strangest of accidents he missed his collegiate training. But these men 'made good,' as the Americans say, of their loose end. And their example shows us how a loose end in life, encountered with courage and faith, may become to us our divine moment; may prove the turning point to our true vocation. Assuredly no man, whether he be great or small, should be afraid of his loose ends. They are life's great possibles; they call upon what is in us. The gulf that yawns in front reveals your leaping power. The seeming ruin may be the beginning of your better fortunes. The world is full of hopes for the man who has hope for himself.

The way to master the world's loose ends is to have no loose ends in ourselves. Things may snap at the circumference, but there will be no catastrophe if there is soundness at the centre. A man may find his world tumbling around him, as when Robertson of Brighton saw the dogmatic structure of his earlier creed crumbling to ruin. He found himself with nothing to believe in but God and duty. But in that wild hour those central anchors held; held till a clearer, fuller, saner, Gospel faith was born in him, a faith which proved good for thousands of other storm-tossed souls. The thing is to hold on and never to give up. Believe, in the tempest's fiercest hour, that the world you are in is water-tight, and is

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not going to founder. You are in a world of loose ends, and the handling of them calls for every atom of strength and courage that is in you. But the farthest ends of them are not loose. They are gripped by a hand that is Love and Omnipotence."

At the time of his death a sequel to "Life's Loose Ends," entitled "Our Possessions," was in the Editor's hands, and he had just completed another essay on "Religion and Buildings," which curiously exceeds his normal length of two-and-a-half columns. There is a note of reminiscence in each of these essays. He says in "Religion and Buildings":—

"In our own early religious life we used to attend a Monday evening prayer meeting, held in a humble room over some stables in an inn yard. It was a stuffy, ill-ventilated, malodorous meeting place, amid the most incongruous surroundings. But never since have we experienced a greater power of religious emotion, of the pure spirit of fellowship, of prayer, faith, and rapturous devotion than in that crowded, ill-smelling room. When the surroundings are humblest the spirit mounts highest. It is the continuous complaint of the Fathers that when the Church came out of the back streets and from its humble conventicles to sumptuous buildings and worldly recognition, its early spirit declined, its purity was soiled."

CHAPTER XVI

Sunset and The Clear Call

EARLY in January, 1914, after an attack of influenza, "J.B." went to Westcliff-on-Sea, Southend, to pull up strength. His old colleague on *The Christian World* staff, Mr. F. H. Fisher, was living at Westcliff, and it was he who, in *The Christian World* of February 12th, told the story of "J.B.'s" last days. He says :—

"For some five or six years past ill-health had dogged the footsteps of both of us, and I feared that the opportunity would never recur of hearing his beloved voice. But it had happened that 'J.B.' came down to Westcliff-on-Sea to recruit after an attack of influenza at the beginning of the present year, and I learnt that he was staying in the very next road to that in which I have my residence. I called upon him the day after he arrived, and found him much aged and suffering from ear-ache, contracted, he believed, in a draughty railway carriage. The weather was extremely cold, and the ear trouble became worse in the next few days, so that he at last yielded to solicitations, and consented to see a doctor. This he had previously refused to do, jocularly remarking that he never saw doctors willingly, because 'it was bad enough to fight the disease, without having also to fight the doctor.' Later he welcomed the attentions of the kindly medical man. 'J.B.' was able to take short walks and enjoy the brilliant sunshine during the day, and also to do his full quota of work. One day Mrs. Brierley pressed upon him the necessity of 'slowing down.' 'Surely,' she said, 'you need not be always reading

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those heavy books, and might content yourself with writing your articles.' But 'J.B.' gave a shrug and said: 'As long as I live I must go on working. I have nothing else to do. To deprive me of that would be to take away the great joy of my life,' or words to that effect. Indeed, he wrote about the same time to another colleague: 'You might send me some more books if you have anything really worth attention. I can do them at my leisure. I am more than willing to review good books. They are a help to one's own education.'

"Scarcely a day passed during the last month that I did not run in to see him, or he came to my house to have a talk and a game or two of chess—the one recreation he allowed himself. On Saturday I sent a line over asking him to come in at 4.30 to tea and chess. He came at the hour appointed, and after some talk on ordinary affairs we sat down to a game, a friend looking on. We had not progressed far when 'J.B.' suddenly exclaimed, 'I feel faint,' and fell back in his chair. His face became livid, his eyes closed, and he seemed to have ceased to breathe.

"Fortunately there was a doctor living close by. He came in about a quarter of an hour, and diagnosed the case as one of cerebral embolism, telling us that death might take place at any moment. From that time until 10.30 he rallied considerably, and was able to understand and give intelligible answers to questions. I was with him most of the time. At length he said, 'Don't talk to me any more,' and I respected his wishes. Later he began again to talk. 'I'm done. . . . I'm done. . . . ' 'The end, the end,' came from him at intervals, but he hardly seemed to have consciousness. At about 10 o'clock he lapsed into a state of coma. His regular doctor came and recommended his removal to a nursing home in the next road. This was done with great tenderness and care, and without the patient showing any sign of suffering. That was the last I saw of him, for at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning he passed away without, apparently, having recovered consciousness.

"'J.B.'s' death was to all outward seeming as nearly painless as could be. No doubt a small blood-vessel had burst in the

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brain, the consequence of that condition of the arteries which is the usual concomitant of old age. It may be said, therefore, that the body had worn out while leaving the mind in the fullest activity, as readers of 'J.B.'s' recent articles will readily acknowledge. It was a beautiful death, and one that might well be desired by us all if choice were given in such matters. To the last he retained the keenest interest in all human affairs, even such a matter as the Mexican anarchy being alluded to in his conversations, for 'J.B.', above all things, was practical, and no mere scholarly visionary, as some, who had not the privilege of knowing him intimately, may have deemed him."

To this narrative may be added the characteristic incident that when "J.B." recovered consciousness he found himself being fanned with the current number of *The Christian World* containing his article on "Life's Loose Ends," and made a little joke on the irony of it.

In the same number his pastor and friend, Dr. R. F. Horton, said :—

"He always reminded me of the Grammarian in 'The Grammarian's Funeral'—how honoured I should be to carry his worn frame to the heights and to leave him there—racked with so many pains and compassed with infirmities, sight half gone, lungs ailing, locomotion impossible, he still continued at his investigation of the question of life; he was still serene; there was no haste and no rest. He was of opinion that 'man has Forever.' If he had known that he would die last Sunday he would have plunged into a new inquiry with the same zest on Saturday. He did not fear to leave loose ends when he finished here, for a master-hand was making the pattern, completing the work, there as here. And yet how unlike the Grammarian! His was not the problem of the enclitic *δε*; the formalities of grammar, of logic, were very secondary to him. It was life in its endless play and variety that interested him. Not only mind was active about him, but all minds were active to him, played upon him, entered into him. He

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was a man of endless quotation, not because he could not think, or needed the expressions of others, but because what everyone said came home to him with piquancy and charm. He quoted because he liked to think that others were with him, that he was in the blithe company of thinkers, writers, poets, and he was pleased with the way in which Joubert or Mérimée or Flaubert had happened to say just what he himself wanted to say. It was life, all life, that formed his style, and became the material of his work. There was no dry-as-dust about him. If dust came his way, he watered it, and made it the soil of a new bulb of thought.

"Like the Grammarian in the physical limitations closing in upon him—unlike the Grammarian in the theme he handled, the endless, glowing, various theme of man in the universe. Much more reassuring than mere scholarship can ever be, he reported hopefully, confidently, buoyantly, of life. We who saw him labouring under the disabilities, we who knew the past, and what life had cost him, looked in amazement at this irrepressible gaiety. R. L. Stevenson was gay, in the sense that he would never be beaten. Willy-nilly life should yield a value, if it was not there it should be imagined; if it would not come of itself, it should be captured by art. But 'J.B.' seriously found the world and all its problems teeming with promise. He was optimistic, not by an effort of the will, but by a gift of insight. When the cruel medical verdict banished the young minister of Balham from the pulpit, and that rare eloquence of easy speech and racy expression was silenced, in effect for his life-time, it never so much as occurred to him that his work was done; only the *venue* was altered. He did not excuse himself from effort because speaking was forbidden and his chosen career was closed. He withdrew to the healthy surroundings of Switzerland, mastered French, mastered French literature, forged a philosophy of life, which took no account of his own misfortunes. Who could have guessed that it was a broken and disappointed man piecing together the facts of the world, to see, with the Creator, that it was all good?

"And was it not good? If 'J.B.' had continued to be the pastor of Balham, he would have trodden the usual round of

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ministerial success; he would have given Congregational lectures, he would have been Chairman of the Union; he would have published volumes of sermons, he would have been asked to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale. He would have been a D.D.—but ‘J.B.’ he would never have been. His audience would have been limited, and his work would have run along the stereotyped lines. It was a wise and loving Hand that took him from the pulpit and shut him in his study, that silenced his voice, to make him use his pen. Take up any one of these volumes of essays, even the first, but follow the series with their never failing vitality and endless resources, and you pronounce even from the first this unhesitating opinion: ‘This work could never have been done in a pulpit; a pulpit would have prevented it from being done.’

“The essay was precisely the form which suited his genius. Even if he had been healthy and robust, he would probably not have excelled in hard continuous thinking. In the American phrase, it was not his *métier* to think conclusively. He thought suggestively. *The Christian World* gave him a golden opportunity. To write on what he liked, and as he liked, to be committed to no conclusions, was just what he wanted. He felt the immense value of raising questions, following them a certain way, getting glimpses of light on them from many quarters, and then leaving them unanswered. He did not want to answer questions. What a dull universe it would be in which the questions were all answered! Who wants finality—who, at least, that ‘has Forever’?

“And yet for the constant reader of his essays answers were constantly coming. Where dogma irritates, where the pronouncement *ex cathedra* only makes Protestants, the brilliant, playful mind, gaily raising, handling and laying down the problems of life, helps the thoughtless to think, and elicits out of the reader’s own breast the power to find the answers.

“His mind was so sparkling, so dazzling, so informing, and yet it was so free from pedantry, from dogma, from intellectual tyranny, that we all conceived for him what Spinôza would have called an *intellectualis amor*. Not that we did not love

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him as a man, as the most loyal of friends, the most agreeable of companions, but we loved him chiefly as a *Mind*. The mind was lovable even when it did not carry conviction. It gave one the feeling of a high-spirited youth, whose sallies are not the less agreeable because they provoke argument, or even rebuke. It is that Mind, that many-fountained mountain-peak of thought and observation, that we must now for a time do without."

No passing of the months before the War was mourned with a deeper sense of the loss of a loved friend and teacher than that of "J.B." At the funeral service, at Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, on February 13th, about 250 ministers of all denominations were present. The first part of the service was conducted by Dr. Alfred Rowland. In his address, Dr. Horton deprecated any extremity of grief. Against that, "J.B." had himself warned them.

"He has," he said, "been the most fascinating teacher, and no one who has come under the spell of his writings and of his soul thinks of him only as a writer, but always as a master and a teacher. He has taught us the serener and more optimistic view of the universe in which we live. He said :

"On a local and narrow outlook we call ourselves bankrupt, forgetting that we are shareholders in a universe which is entirely solvent. It is amazing how clever people will torture themselves. Why lament with Pope that all things will be as gay as ever on the day of our death? Is the world to turn drab because we have passed out of it? Must it

Make one mad to see what men should do

And we in our graves?

"It were better surely while we are here to make possible a better doing and being for those who come after, when the grave does get us."

"What a mercy it is that he has spoken such blithe words and is speaking them to us to-day! For instance, he tells us that :

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'Death remains for us all a great venture. "Who knows," says Euripides, "if life be death and death life?" On that "Who knows," the great "Perhaps," countless multitudes of our fellow men have been content to live and die. To us, with all the light that comes from both science and religion, the step from "here" to "there" we have all to take remains still a step into the unknown. The mystery of living is kept up to its last moment. We are to be on tip-toe all the time. The soul is not allowed to support itself on any other material than faith. And that it is so is surely well; for us it is best so. Were certainty and clear vision better we should have had it. But we are to trust the whole way and go by trusting. We have been led too well and too graciously to permit of our believing that we shall be fooled at the last.'

"How blithe, how brave, is his note in the very shadow of death!

"I cannot help quoting also words you will recognise—a little passage which is that from all literature that I think he would wish quoted to-day. It is from the 'Phædo' of Plato, the sublime words of Socrates—that soul who passed away so sharply and cheerily :

"'Let a man be of good cheer about his soul if only he has arrayed her in her proper jewels—Temperance and Justice, and Courage, and Nobility and Truth. Thus arrayed she will be ready when the hour comes to start on her journey to the other world. And there she will dwell in mansions fairer than this.'

"I need not explain to those who knew him why it seems to me he would have wished me to quote from Plato rather than from the New Testament. To some minds it might seem that 'J.B.'s' teaching did not express a very definite faith in our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. What I wish to say is this: that it was 'J.B.'s' task, his own allotted task, and it became more his task as his work went on, and he recognised the extent of his power, to stand at the cross-roads where faith and unfaith diverge. Standing there, surveying, considering, looking steadily and dispassionately at the alternatives, he induced multitudes who were in a state of indecision to enter

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the way of faith. If he had used the language of faith, and spoken as we speak in the pulpits, he would have lost the ear of the large, indeterminate mass, to whom his wisdom and reasonableness were a Godsend. He did his work for Christ in his own way, and we do not presume, in speaking from what we know, when we say that it is Christ who has met him on the other side with 'Well done, good and faithful servant—faithful unto death!'

"For twenty-one years he was a member of this church. While he could, he was in that seat, his face reverent, eager, friendly. He felt at home there, and in his place. This church has never welcomed a more elect and salutary soul, and while a much wider Church to which he ministered feels his loss so acutely we cannot help laying our own wreath of immortelles upon the bier, and breathing a prayer of devout gratitude that we enjoyed his fellowship so long.

"Let me close these few broken words by quoting from a letter received from 'J.B.'s' beloved son, Rev. Harold E. Brierley, whose brilliant success in his ministry was the dearest joy of his father :

" 'Our dear "J.B." passed silently and swiftly to his rest at Westcliff on Sunday. I was summoned, and went with all speed, but was too late to see him alive. It is my mother's wish and mine, and I know it would have been his, that the service should be in Lyndhurst-road, and that you should conduct it. By his own wish we shall proceed afterwards to the Crematorium at Golder's Green. My mother and I would like Dr. Rowland, one of his oldest and dearest friends, to take some part in the service. I cannot trust myself to write about it all. The world is poorer now. As I have told Dr. Rowland, one great verse has been singing itself in my mind all day, which might have been written of him :—

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break ;

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,

Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to
wake.

Sunset and The Clear Call

“Stevenson's own great epitaph fits him so well, too, who was so like Stevenson in the great joyous fight he made against ill-health and adversity :—

Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse you shall grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea.
And the hunter home from the hill.

“I looked my last on the dear face this afternoon at Westcliff, and “his face was as it were the face of an angel.” ”

After prayer by Dr. Horton, the hymn, “For all Thy saints, who from their labours rest,” was sung with deep emotion, and the Benediction was pronounced. Chopin's “Marche Funèbre” was played by the organist, and afterwards “O rest in the Lord.”

The body was then borne out of the church, with the family and Dr. Horton following, and was conveyed to Golder's Green Crematorium, where Dr. Horton pronounced the committal sentences.

So let the story end of one who tasted with zest the cup of life to its last drop, and who sweetened that cup to thousands who were finding in it the Waters of Bitterness. The soul of “J.B.” will march on in all those lives made better by his presence, and hundreds who preach in pulpits and write in the press will pass on the spirit and the messages he communicated to them until their day's work too is done.

APPENDIX A

"J.B." as Preacher

OUR THOUGHT WORLD

(*Notes of a Sermon*)

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 *Corinthians* x. 5.

I.—I PROPOSE to speak this evening about Christianity and our thought life. I will begin what I have to say by a personal reminiscence. Some years ago when travelling in France I met a countryman of mine who had been domiciled there for some years and had got into their way of thinking and of living. Our conversation turned on religion. I well remember him saying, as though it was a clincher which settled everything, "See what an impossible religion! It positively proposes to take control of my very thoughts." And he did not seem at all affected by my argument that a religion was not going to do anything for us that did not take precisely this thought-region as its sphere of work. There are a good many people about who think like him. You get a religion which, while satisfying people's emotional life, will let them go easy as to private habits and it will be popular. The old paganism was a popular enough religion. Yes, and if you had your religious festivals like theirs, where

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you had Bacchanalian feasting and dancing, where every lustful inclination was gratified, and where, while people engaged in these things, they flattered themselves that they were serving religion, no doubt you would soon get a crowd. The question, "Why men don't go to church?" would never be raised. But the New Testament will have nothing to do with this kind of religion. It in no way regards a crowd as the essential thing. It proposes instead to take hold of the man and lift him up. Yes, if you want a low type, please beware of Christianity. It is dead against you. It is such a dreadfully radical affair. Once it gets fairly hold of you it has not done with you till it has turned you upside down and inside out.

II.—If you want an illustration of this action, I recommend you to read John Bunyan, in that marvellous human document of his, "Grace Abounding." He tells us of the three grades of work which the New Testament performed in him. First of all, it won him to the act of allegiance to Christ. Christ took him to God as his Master. Next it effected a work of separation from his old habits, his old haunts, his old companions. But (3) there was a yet more difficult operation. Somewhile after he became a Christian he played with his thoughts. His old bad life broke out in him ever and anon, and a fountain of black water spoured its muddy streams over his soul. It seemed as if from the back chambers of his brain a horde of imps and demons of the night came forth and swarmed over his new life? He had to struggle for his faith for a long while before he could exorcise the demons and obtain a clean interior.

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III.—“But that was a man in the back time of the seventeenth century while all our thought world is in the twentieth century.” But what a glorious thing it is to live in such a century! You talk about the British Empire. But what is the Empire compared with the realm which you possess? The British Empire is a mere parish boundary compared with the viewless realm of our thought. Our thought world is our real world. What are we doing there from day to day in our life. What are we making of it? It is a vast realm, but oh! how neglected! The British Empire has its thousands of miles of sheer wilderness. But in that inner realm of ours we could make every inch rich with flowers and fruit, could open it to the highest inspirations, perfumed with the very breath of heaven. Instead, most of us are content with cultivating a narrow band on the outer edge, scratching the surface for a few kitchen vegetables and the rest is as barren as Sahara.

IV.—There is a great work to be done here. Let us see how the Apostle puts it—“Bringing every thought into subjection.” I imagine that he here means the whole internal life. Psychologists, you know, divide our inner world into compartments. They speak of thought, feeling, volition. That does very well for analysis, but if you imagine what goes on inside you, you find that the machinery acts as practically one. Thus, for instance, thought is full of feeling. Our ideas float in an atmosphere of feeling which colours them. On the other hand feeling, say our feeling about a man or an event, is full of ideas and facts, and then our volition is always a

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result of thought and feeling. Paul proposes that all this shall be in subjection to Christ.

V.—A great many people, cultivated men of to-day, on hearing talk of this sort, feel compelled to revolt against it. “Subjection of thought to Christ!” This to them is to put their mind in chains, They imagine it is a kind of sordid narrowness in which we propose to plunge them. Such a man runs over the inventory of things he is asked to give up. Nothing is left in the way of a broad and joyous outlook over literature. He must give up his Goethe, Shakespeare, Dickens. To take to religion means that he must take to appalling theological reading—Boston’s “Fourfold State,” or Goodwin on “Justification by Faith.” As to music he must content himself with hymns, with selections from Moody and Sankey, with the Scottish version of the Psalms. In science he must not look at such naughty things as Darwinism, or anything contradicting the sixteenth century interpretation of the Book of Genesis. He pictures to himself an interior dark and dreary, a drab world with no gleam of humour. Everything is grey and glimmering as a light at the bottom of a well.

VI.—Numbers of people think like that about these propositions and they have some reason for it.

My heart bleeds, and my blood boils, as I think of the terrible persecution which religion has undergone at the hands of these teachers, and which has turned men away from it in disgust. I can sympathise with such people. I went right through this experience when quite young. I think I was always

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a little mystic. I know how full my soul was of religion. Heaven and earth seemed full of God and His glory. But as I grew up it was like the weather we have been having lately, where a day began in brightness and got cloudy later on. I came in contact with the theology of forty years ago, theology made in the dark ages, which caused me to shudder and revolt. If ever there was a despairing sceptic it was "J.B." at sixteen. What could I get out of it? I got a revelation. It came to me in my reading of the New Testament. Faith, I found, is one thing, and men's opinions and creeds are another. I saw what a fool I was to allow myself to be cheated out of my interest in God and Christ and the New Testament and the fellowship of the saints. I have kept to that ever since. Yes, God, Christ, the Bible, these are mine for ever, and they may be yours. Young people, keep to these! Don't let anybody teach you harsh doctrines of God; cheat you out of your spiritual inheritance. When you eat fish you need not swallow the bones. See for yourselves, take what you can and grow by it.

VII.—Then there is this aspect of Christian freedom. Do you think Paul's position really limits your intellectual outlook and activity? Let us see how the matter stands. When he speaks of the Christian's subjection of the thought world, he speaks of Christ as the representative of the Divine. To me Christ and God are interchangeable. To Paul, Christ, as he lived on earth, was all of God that could be put into human life. And the man Christ he knew was all of God that could come into relation to man.

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Christ was the personality of God on the human side. So His idea is that our thought world, to be brought into a healthy condition, is just to be patterned on God's thought world and to be united to it by a living tie. Is that a thing to limit and cramp us? Oh, if it were possible to a human soul, it is surely the grandest thing that can happen to it. To get hold of it better, let me try and illustrate it in one or two departments, and I could not do better, perhaps, than follow the objections we a moment or two ago imagined our critic as making.

VIII.—He thought, for instance, that this subjection of thought to Christ would narrow his intellectual outlook. His science, he thought, would be Church science, outworn notions of the Middle Ages. He must not look at evolution for fear of orthodoxy. Well, there are certain ecclesiastical systems that say all that. But, thank God, not ours. The Protestant Free Churchism of to-day knows nothing of them. We have learnt Pascal's lesson that the first of Christian principles is that truth must be loved first of all. And with that to guide us we are not afraid of any new discovery. The fresh scientific fact may be very new and startling to us, upsetting to our traditional notions, but it is not in the least new or startling to our Heavenly Father. When fifty years ago the Darwinian theory burst on the world it produced a prodigious pother in the Christian Churches. But there was no pother in the mind of God. Whatever is true in evolution was quite familiar to Him. If God is not startled, why should we be? We know now that no truth of

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science can do a farthing's worth of damage to genuine religion. Oh, this text will make us want to know all we can of the universe of God, and the more we know of the universe the more we know of its Maker, and the more we know of Him the better we can serve and obey and love.

IX.—But then our friend argued from his artistic side. What, for instance, would happen to his music? Why, nothing. So far from being harmed he would find that if he looked deep enough the only way for him to get the greatest music is to get the mind patterned on God's mind. The theologians have not thought enough on this side. I believe the great principles of religion could be proved by the fact of music alone. Nothing argues so wonderfully of man's Divine origin, of the spiritual universe he belongs to, of the inseparable relation of his soul to God, as a study of musical laws. What a course of sermons could be preached here! All great music is a revelation from God. All the great masters of music are so simply as interpreters and disciples of His mind here. Your Beethoven and Mozart created nothing. They simply observed what was there before them. The laws of musical harmony with which they dealt are laws of God. You cannot add to or take from them, not by a hair's breath. And that mysterious thrill of our inmost soul when a great harmony sweeps across it, what is it but the response of the ears of the human to the impact of the Divine? These great masters were not always saints in their moral life, but in this matter they studied and obeyed God in one department of His

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laws, they served Him to the utmost of their powers in their art. I repeat, it would be the better for the rest of us if we studied and obeyed the Divine laws. So Paul's way is the way to perfection in all the great arts of life.

X.—And to carry this a point further. Our friend has a notion that if his mind squared with the Divine mind there would be an end to life's pleasantries, its gaiety, its humour. There would be a drab world, too terribly solemn. Where did that notion come from? Certainly not from the New Testament. The New Testament, though some have failed to discover it, is full of suggestions of laughter and gladness. The parables, most of them, have humour as a back-ground. The children playing and piping in the market place. When the prodigal comes back he is welcomed with music and dancing. Strange that theology has so frequently forgotten this! Theology has occupied itself with the world's sin, sorrow, tears, but would it not have been better to have taken fuller note of the world's humour and laughter? That is a part of the cosmic scheme. No humour in man, indeed! and yet there is humour in God. Where does the human soul get its light-hearted laughter, so very human? Did man manufacture it? If you think so try to get it in or out of man. No kind of surgical operation will produce it. But if man did not create it, who did? None could have created it but the Maker of the human mind. I love to think of this aspect of the Divine nature. It explains so much. It suggests so much. And the problem is easily solved. When you see children

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at play, the lambs skipping, or listen to the grotesque imitations of a parrot, and ascend from these things to the play of wit in a Cervantes or a Shakespeare, what is it but the broad genial smile of our Heavenly Father who looks upon the world and finds it good ?

XI.—Well, that is an imperfect analysis of our principle, but it is sufficient to show what an incredible mistake men make when they want to shut God from their life. Why, they are shutting out the sunshine. You cannot come to your best in any department till you have opened your whole being to His approach.

XII.—I have been too long on these points, for it has left me no time for what I wanted specially to tell you. I have been, as it were, on the defensive against opponents. But I wanted to say something more, and to push home by a positive consideration that if you want a life worth living and a glad time not only on a Sunday, but on a Monday and all the week, you must learn the secret of the mind of Christ. How our thought world is conditioned by the atmosphere of feeling in which the thought flows ! Now, the speciality of the Christian thought world is in its atmosphere. And Christ is the atmosphere. You know in the outside world everything depends on that. I shall never forget a scene in Switzerland. I tramped with a friend one stormy evening towards an elevated plateau. We found a *châlet* where we spent the night. Dark clouds covered the heavens. A lake beneath us was forbidding in its gloom. The black rocks glowered on us with a demon scowl. Rain beat on us, the fierce wind bellowed around. It

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was a terrible and forbidding world we were in. But we reached shelter and after supper came rest and sleep. Next morning we woke early. We threw open the shutters. Then what a scene ! It was the same world and yet could it be ? Yes, but now it was Paradise we were looking on. The lake glittered like an emerald. The mountains were as pedal organs clad in flawless white. The sky was cloudless, opening into heaven. And it was just a change of atmosphere ! And what a different world to all of us the atmosphere makes ! Some are in Paradise and others in Inferno, and it is all but a difference in atmosphere. The Christian thought world is charged with faith and love. The Christian who is really so goes about with a beaming face because he has learned the great secret, and that secret is faith.

XIII.—The Christian life of faith, do you know what that is ? It is so easy to talk about. I remember when, as a young man, I started preaching, my first sermon was on justification by faith. Oh ! these young preachers ! They will take big themes, and they are so cocksure about their doctrine. I don't fancy I knew much about it. I have learned a thing or two since then. Faith ! It is the practice of the presence of God. It is seeing Him everywhere and in everything. You see the trees putting their new clothes on in spring. Why it is God working visibly before your eyes ! You find it difficult to discern God in the events of your life. There is a hard crust on them outside, but the kernel of an event is always spiritual. Get into the habit of taking every event as a message from the Father. How people

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miss that secret ! I met a man one day, a man in a good position. He had a flourishing business, a charming home, he was a man of culture, but he was horribly depressed. What was the matter ? " Oh, nothing is the matter," he said to me, " but I have a feeling as if something is going to happen to me." I laughed, Why yes, if we wait long enough something is going to happen to us all. But oh, our God has given to simple souls this marvellous gift to have our fortune linked on to His, to know what happens to us is part of His purpose in us, and that our whole business is to trust Him to the end in simple reliance on His infinite and eternal love. Now that is the kind of feeling a man gets when his thought world is subject unto Christ.

APPENDIX B

"J.B." as Lecturer

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

IN the later years of his ministry and his early years as journalist, "J.B." was very popular as a lecturer. There is a lecture on "Ignatius Loyola," which is a very striking illustration alike of his eclecticism and his intense interest in personality, especially religious personality. The lecture must have occupied an hour and a half in delivery. It is given here with some curtailment and condensation.

Great men are the world's centres of force. Coming in contact with them, even in thought, will tend to give our own characters, unless they be of the heaviest sort, something of the swing and momentum of their own. I think it is quite time that Protestants, in their search for spiritual heroes, should cease to confine themselves to the too narrow boundaries of their own communions. If we are wise we shall feel that we cannot afford, for the sake of a name or of differences of religious thought, however serious, to lose the inspiration which comes from the study of men whose purity and self-sacrifice have made their characters illustrious. In this spirit I paint the picture of Loyola.

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He was born in 1491. It was a wonderful age to be born in. Eight years earlier Martin Luther had come into the world. One believed with all his soul that he was commissioned of God to pull down a great religious system, the other equally believed that he was commissioned by the same Power to build it up, and both under these opposing convictions laboured with amazing ardour and wonderful success. Loyola was a year old when Christopher Columbus started on the voyage that was to issue in the opening up of a new world. That same spirit of adventure we may find in the explorations which Loyola conducted through the regions of spiritual mysticism.

The bluest blood of Spain flowed in his veins. His father, Don Bertram, was Lord of Loyola and Oñez in Guipuzcoa, a province of Biscay. His mother, Donna Maria Salez di Baldi, was of equally illustrious birth. War was then the one pursuit for men of spirit. Loyola, as a young man, took his place in the brilliant court of Charles V. Men said, and the ladies were not behind in endorsing the statement, that the king's dominions did not furnish a handsomer form, a higher spirit, a more aristocratic, but withal a winsome bearing, than were combined in the youthful Loyola. He fought bravely in the wars, but it was other battles he was born to fight. He was thirty years of age when, defending Pampeluna against the French, he was struck by a cannon shot which brought him down with a broken leg. That cannon shot meant much for the religious fortunes of the world. Loyola was carried wounded,

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as it seemed nigh to death, to his father's castle of Loyola. The doctor gave him up. Romish biographers say that Peter appeared to him and effected a cure. It seems odd, however, that the cure was so imperfect that it left Loyola with one leg shorter than the other, and a piece of bone protruding from beneath the knee. It says much for the man's fortitude that, in order to cure himself of the lameness, he had the piece of bone sawn off and the short leg stretched on the rack. He whiled away the hours he lay in bed by reading the lives of the saints, especially the doings of Francis and Dominic. These lives stirred a new ambition in him. He would follow in their steps. He would penetrate, as they had, the deepest recesses of the valley of humiliation. The Catholic biographers speak of a peculiar action of Divine grace in leading to this decision. There may have been an earthly motive. A skilful reader of character could see that one of the deepest purposes of that man's heart was a purpose to rule. He must rule. He had been born of a race of rulers. He was himself cut out and moulded for the ancestral trade. Sway and Empire were written on his capacious brow and were revealed in his flashing eyes.

But now we have our hero swung round to a new life purpose. We have seen the process by which the great change was effected; nothing more nor less than the reading over a musty old book and ruminating thereon. Mark particularly that it was one book, or if a set of books, that they all bore upon one topic. I cannot forbear observing that if circulating libraries had existed in those days,

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and had Ignatius followed his reading of the Lives of the Saints by a selection of three volume-novels, or of magazine literature and penny papers, in all probability he would never have been heard of by us. The chances are exceedingly remote that he would have formed the subject of a lecture in the nineteenth century as the founder of one of the most powerful religious orders the world has ever seen.

Let me stop here, then, and say one word about this business of book reading. If a man wants in reading simply to amuse himself, or to extend his information, then, of course, Mr. Mudie's library is the place for him to apply to—the wider the range, the greater the choice of subjects the better. But if he reads that he may brace up his mind to the height of some lofty purpose (and alas for the man who has never done that in the course of his life!) then, as I take it, the proper thing for him is to be, as Loyola was at this time, a man of one book, or at least of one kind of book. He may afterwards, when the set of habits, to the making of which he is now bending his powers, are formed and crystallised into enduring hardness, read as others read, for instruction or for amusement, and so wander easily into all sorts of literary company; but to do this in the habit-forming time, when the life purpose is as yet a mere pulp without bone, a furrow just begun to be opened, is simply ruination. If I hear that a man has been reading and re-reading a great book, specially if it be great in heart power, I shall look for something from him; from the

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man who reads only third-rate books and reads these, moreover, indiscriminately, in higgledy-piggledy fashion, I expect nothing, and don't look to be disappointed in that expectation.

We turn now again to Loyola. Having formed his purpose he was not slow to put it into execution. We see him one fine morning, having got free from bed-chamber, physicians and boluses, riding away on horseback from the castle of Loyola. A few miles away from the city of Barcelona, on a craggy wind-swept mountain height, there stands the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat. That is the place he is making for. Reaching it, after a few adventures in the wood, he forthwith dedicates himself solemnly to the service of God. There is a church connected with the monastery and there one night we find him alone. He takes off his sword, and hanging it up on one of the pillars, by that act bids farewell to his old calling of arms. Through the long remaining hours of that night he continues there alone, prostrate on the ground before the altar, confessing his sins, recording his vows. As the morning light streams through the windows of the sacred pile, he rises from his vigil and passes out. His new life has begun. Ignatius Loyola, the gay and courtly knight, is a dream of the past; henceforth he is the devotee, the beggar monk, the man of the wandering foot and of the homeless head. He has begun now his period of penance, that extraordinary process of self-mortification by which he proposes to educate his character for his future work. It is a long, painful,

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but withal most singular story for any one who chooses to go through it. At Montserrat, and afterwards at the neighbouring monastery of Manreza, to which he removed, we find him going through such feats of fasting, flagellations, vigils, as would make an Indian fakeer mad with envy. There is scarcely a thing in the shape of work or position which you can conceive of as most repugnant to flesh and blood but he embraced with eagerness. Born to riches, he begged his bread from door to door; accustomed to every indulgence, we see him now passing often a whole week without food, and allowing himself no sleep except at intervals when his wearied body sinks of itself exhausted on bare ground; surrounded once and ministered to by troops of obsequious servants, he performs now for others the most menial offices; if in hospital there is a case so loathsome that professional nurses are driven away in disgust, Ignatius is there to embrace the charge.

To all this, moreover, were added such daily and nightly spiritual struggles, such agonies of remorse for sin, such soul-racking longings for a seemingly unattainable good, as made the outer trials seem insignificant. Amongst the performances of this period is to be numbered a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. People nowadays make pilgrimages to Jerusalem. But between the modern devotee who with well-filled purse does the journey by first-class railway carriage and a state cabin in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer, having all trouble taken out of his hands by his obliging courier, or even

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by the humbler process of taking a Cook's excursion ticket—between this modern specimen of a pilgrim and Ignatius Loyola, travelling without a penny in his purse, trusting entirely to providence and the alms he might receive in the countries he passed through, starved one day, struck down with ague the next, and shipwrecked on the third—between these two, I say, there is a difference in point of self-sacrifice and religious hardihood which I hope we shall not be so unjust to our hero as to overlook.

Thus much of Loyola's penances. Now, asks the thoughtful inquirer, what do they all mean? What in the first place was their meaning to Loyola himself? Why these vigils, these fastings, these self-immolations! Will it be uncharitable if I suggest, as a first reason, his vast ambition? He had read of Benedict, of Francis, to what lengths they had gone in these directions. Loyola must not be behind. Just as, had he kept to war as his calling, nothing less than supreme honour and command would have contented him, so in this vocation of saintship he will have no second place. He must be able to say to the saintly names of the past, “Ye have watched and prayed and fasted, but I more!”

If we are discriminating, however, in our analysis, let us also be just. That also Ignatius Loyola loathed himself because of past sin, that he panted and thirsted for holiness, that his soul yearned with inexpressible longing for complete reconciliation and fellowship with his God, nothing but the most blind prejudice could deny.

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“ But,” says some sleek, well-fed representative of modern comfort, “ supposing his intentions were mainly pure, what insane folly to suppose that all this self-torture could in the least benefit him ! ” Well, granted that he was mistaken, yet, my friend, so well-fed as you are, somehow I think I should be inclined to respect you rather more if I saw in you, which I do not, the possibility of making a similar mistake. Ignatius Loyola believed he had a soul which wanted saving and purifying, and that belief, taken even with all the mistakes it led him into, was to our thinking something immeasurably nobler than that modern creed which deifies the human stomach and which teaches us that to keep this well nourished is the whole duty of man. Ignatius Loyola made a mistake in seeking perfection in this way. But after all, is it not in this very business of mistake-making that the very greatest men have often shown to the best advantage? What is the history of scientific progress but a history of mistakes, first made, then found out, then made the guide-posts to true knowledge? No astronomer will laugh as he thinks of Kepler spending month after month in endeavours to strike out a theory which should reconcile the real motion of the planets with their movements as seen by the eye. But all the schemes he thought of were mistakes, all except the last. But he had never got to that last, to the right one, *viz.*, to that one which established for ever his fame and widened so vastly the horizon of human knowledge, had he not gone through all that

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blundering before. If we do not laugh at Kepler, the daring explorer of the heavens, shall we laugh at Loyola for seeking by the same process of experiment and mistake-making to explore the mysteries of his own soul, and to solve the problems connected with the attainment of spiritual perfection?

We shall be still less inclined to laugh at these mortifications when we think of the results he got out of them. One, not the least notable, was this very belief that he had been mistaken. After having starved and beaten himself almost to death, he got out of it all this conclusion, which most of us will think a wise one, that starving and beating, the whole process in fact of riding rough-shod over the bodily nature, is not the royal road into God's Kingdom—far otherwise.

That teaching, gained from experience, he gave to his followers, and to this day the Jesuits are distinguished from other Roman Catholic religious orders by the omission among them of fasting and flagellation as necessary parts of their discipline.

But a perhaps more momentous consequence of this ascetic retirement was the production of a book, his sole literary performance, which has produced a prodigious effect in the direction its author intended, which bears on every page the impress of his genius, and also of the profound experiences through which he himself had gone. This is the far famed "Book of the Exercises." And what, some ask, is the book about? In brief, it may be described as a sort of patent conversion

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machine. Having himself gone through every phase of feeling between spiritual despair and triumph, and having watched with the eye of a philosopher each phase as he passed through it, and noted the causes which seemed to produce it, he has in this extraordinary book put down the results of his experience as a guide for others. It gives directions for a training of forty days in duration, which are to be passed in seclusion from the world and each of which is to be occupied with the subjects of contemplation which the book enjoins. The topics of the first week are all designed for bringing the disciple into a state of contrition for and horror of his past sins. In the second week he is led forward to making the great choice of his heavenly and earthly calling wherein he makes election of the Son of Man for his leader, and of that sphere in the world where he can best serve Him. In the third week the exercises are for the confirming him in his resolve by a view of the terrors of hell from which Christ came to deliver man, and the fourth a view of the supernal glories to which He will elevate His faithful ones. That is the idea and outline of the work. You see the soldier-born saint in it all through, a man who scorns to put pen to paper merely to amuse or even to instruct, who aims at nought less by his words than to put a mark on his readers which shall last through this life, and the after life as well. Certainly it was a wonderful idea. We have heard of calculating machines and other inventions equally curious but here is a machine which may fairly

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claim to be quite unique, one for converting men wholesale; a piece of mechanism forty days long into one end of which a man goes, and though he may be a roué, a worldling, a buffoon, yet is warranted to come out at the other a devoted "religious" and on the way to becoming a full-blown saint. A singular conception, but perhaps what is more singular, is the success with which it has worked. Every Jesuit past and present has gone through that forty days process. If you ask why it is they are so much alike in aim and method, the answer is in Loyola and his forty days' automatic converting machine, by which their raw and unformed human nature has been moulded into the shape he wanted.

Another scene of his life now opens. He has striven in such wise as few would attempt to educate his soul. But that he finds does not complete his preparation for the work he would do in the world. He must now educate his mind. The son of a noble, he had been trained as such were in those days. That training, whatever it was, did not include solid learning. Knowledge was then, in Spain at least, the monopoly of the clergy. It was their business to be knowing and the business of nobody else. So that Ignatius Loyola, turned from warrior into saint, finds that he is a very ignorant saint, a state of things which will not fit in at all with his present designs. Now with him to see the need of a thing was to will it and to will it was to perform it. So the next thing we see is the saint at school. He goes about the business in a charac-

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teristic way. He knows nothing. He will begin then with those who know nothing. In a boys' school at Barcelona behold him, then, on a form with a lot of young lads who gaze wonderingly at their strange associate meekly working at his Latin grammar, getting initiated into the mysteries of *qui, quæ, quod*, of verbs and nouns, conjugations and declensions. Beginning thus humbly, he works his way with indomitable perseverance till school is exchanged for the University, and we find him treading successively the academic halls of Alcala, of Salamanca and finally of Paris. Now the fact that Loyola at so advanced an age (for he was over thirty when he began Latin at the boys' school), a time when most men's habits of mind are irrevocably fixed, an age when men who aspire to learning are supposed not only to have laid the deep foundations but to have reared much of the superstructure, could set himself thus determinedly and hopefully to make up for lost ground, and not only to start, but patiently and continually to plod forward till success was gained, shows in itself to the discerning eye a man of no common stuff. What was it sustained him in the drudgery? The conviction, born of that clear common sense of his which in his wildest extravagances never deserted him—the conviction that in order to gain anything like lasting influence over men's minds there needs, as an indispensable qualification, an intellect which shall be strong and cultivated. His visions, his raptures, his enthusiasm, his intense devotion he feels will do little

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to accomplish his purpose unless backed up by a tough and well-fed brain.

The religious mind will easily understand one form of trial Loyola had to contend with while pursuing these dry studies ; the trial arising from the very devoutness of his mind. Going over his Latin grammar was at first hard work for his head, but it was far harder for his heart. This attending to subjects which were merely secular seemed, in comparison with that spiritual communion, that lifting up of the soul to the highest regions of devotion, to which he had now been so long accustomed, like being turned out of paradise into the wilderness. It seemed to be taking him away from God. But he did not fling it aside. Instead he found out there was such a thing as, to put it in his own words, going away from God for God, *i.e.*, for God's sake, and losing the present comfort of communion with Him for the sake of His greater glory. The principle he here lays down is one which all devout men need well to ponder. A child may be so fond of his mother as to hate being out of her sight. But the mother knows that a fondness of that kind will be no good to him or her. He must by and by show his love and she must show hers by separation. He will find he can only do his highest duty to her by performing tasks which at times will not only bring bodily separation, but even shut out the thought of her from his mind. Precisely so is it with our relations with our Father in Heaven. If we want to serve God eminently there will have to be processes

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not simply of devotion and communion, when the soul mounts on eagle wing into the sapphire heaven, but of study and thought when we drag ourselves over subjects which at first sight (but at first sight only) seem to have nought of God or heaven in them.

We left Loyola at his studies. It was in 1528, and when in his thirty-ninth year, that, leaving the University of Salamanca, he entered that of Paris, which at that time was the European centre of intellectual light. Most momentous in his life story was that sojourn at the French capital. It was to him what Oxford was to Wesley. For as it was in our English seat of learning that the founder of Methodism gathered his first associates and made of them the nucleus of his Society, so was it at Paris and amongst his fellow students that Loyola picked the men whom we now recognise as the germ of his new institution, the beginners proper of Jesuitism. The idea of forming a new religious order had long been cherished in the time of his solitude, but it had now gathered shape and was ripe, in fact, for being put into action. Some mighty names here emerge into view as his associates. Who that knows ought of Church history has not heard of Faber, of Salmeron, of Laynez, of Xavier? These were all Paris students and Loyola's first spiritual conquests. It is deeply interesting the way in which he got hold of and moulded these men. Like Napoleon Bonaparte, a conqueror in another region, he had that attribute of greatness, the power of discerning greatness in others, and

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of drawing the possessors of it to himself. What Ney and Murat and Massena were to Napoleon, men whose powers his own eye saw and whose genius, by the attractive force of his own greater genius, he won over to himself, so Laynez and Xavier and Faber were to Loyola. He saw in them the faculty divine and that faculty must be his, first to mould and then to use. Indeed, they were worth securing, these young men. Methinks had Loyola been able to peer into the future and see the career of these three, what stupendous engines they were to develop into for moving the world, how honestly they were to yield up all their magnificent endowments of mind and heart to the service of him, their leader, what successes they were to achieve, and what imperishable honours were to gather about their names, could he have seen all these he would have laboured, if it were possible, with an even greater ardour for their conquest, and when that was achieved have exulted over it with a yet deeper joy. Who were these young students he had now won to his side? One of them I have said was James Laynez. That you may know something of the powers that lay in him I sketch a scene which lies some twenty years further on in our story. We are in the cathedral of Trent. The historic pile is crowded with one of the most remarkable assemblies Europe has seen for ages. Princes, ambassadors, papal legates, cardinals, theologians, the representatives of nearly all the varieties of human power and greatness, are there. The scene we look on is none other than the far-

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famed Council of Trent, that assembly which Rome has just summoned to devise measures for beating back the rising tide of Protestantism, and to give to Catholic Christendom a revised creed and code of laws. But see, a great excitement has come all at once over the crowd. Princes and cardinals are rising from their stalls and turning without regard to dignity down the aisles towards a distant corner of the building ; the whole audience follows suit. Precedence and etiquette give way to a scramble for places. What does it all mean ? Only that in that far off corner a man has risen and is about to speak. He is spare, his voice is thin, and his garments contrast strangely in their meanness with the gorgeous habiliments of his audience. But he speaks and every one crowds up a little closer. The stream of eloquence has begun to flow and for two hours it keeps on flowing. All are silent, rapt in attention and admiration as on the profoundest subjects argument follows argument, clothed in transparent language and delivered with the easy grace of one who is perfect master of his ground. If you would know the man who could win such a triumph in such a place it is Laynez. He has gone there as representative of his master Loyola and also, higher honour still some would think (though perhaps not he), of the Pope himself, and has in his previous utterances in the Council, though a comparatively young man, shown such boundless learning, such powers of argumentation, such subtlety and far-seeingness as have secured him the deep homage of the assembly, and the

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power to sway it in almost any direction he chooses. When you speak of the theologians of the fifteenth century, and name Calvin and Zwingli and Beza, do not forget that on the other side stands one who in scholarship and varied powers is every way their match, and that is Laynez. He it was who gave the Jesuits their distinctive theology. As a body they have always been known as the champions of free will as opposed to the predestination tenets of the Dominicans and the Jansenists. That they are and have always been so is owing almost entirely to the influence of Laynez. You will agree now, I think, that to get hold of a youth with such promise in him was no bad day's work for our Paris student.

But there is another whom Loyola has won over to join that small circle, whose name blazes with a glory more illustrious even than that of Laynez. I mean Francis Xavier. I must needs tell you something of him also. Born of a noble Spanish family, which was much reduced in circumstances, young Xavier had come to Paris for an education with a view of afterwards making his own fortune in the world. Handsome, fascinating in manners, and with brilliant talents, he soon gained name and popularity. Having won his degree he soon after becomes a teacher where he before had been learner, and we find him occupying with much success the Chair of Philosophy at the University. Loyola, while yet a student himself, fixed his eye on him, saw his great qualities and marked him for his own. With ceaseless pertinacity

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he clings to him, helping him in straits, enduring his raillery, for Xavier met at first his religious exhortations with unmeasured ridicule, haunting him ever with this question on his lips, "What shall it profit you, Xavier, if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?" At length the brilliant philosophy professor, strong in himself, bows to the fascination of one stronger than he, and after going through the preparatory discipline of the forty days' spiritual exercises enters himself as one of the Society. So Loyola, after almost infinite pains, has secured this man, one convert. *One!* How small a result that would look on a table of religious statistics! Only one, but the gaining of that single man was one of the most important events of the whole fifteenth century. After the Society was fully established and recognised the lot fell on Xavier to represent Jesuitism in the mission field, and no story of romance that ever I read comes anywhere near, for high adventure, for daring, for endurance, the record of that man's missionary life. Breaking from all the ties which to most men make life sweet, he sailed away alone, without money, without any visible provision for his wants, to the very ends of the earth where, for ten wondrous years, we see him now traversing afoot the burning and at this time unexplored plains of India, again alone in the heart of Japan, first of Europeans who had penetrated there, again crossing stormy Eastern seas in a frail bark with pirates for his companions, now disputing with subtle philosophers, here in a Japanese court,

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at the risk of his life denouncing its idolatry and immorality, again in a Portuguese settlement exciting frantic opposition by his stern rebukes of their godlessness, and then when, by his matchless patience and devotion, he has won them to an admiration as great as was their former hatred, fleeing from their plaudits to break up new ground amongst fresh peoples, and so encounter again the scorn and hardships without which it seemed he could not live. We are Protestants by birth and conviction and Xavier was a Roman Catholic: he would have called us heretics and we if we had got hot with theological controversy would perhaps be inclined to fling names almost as hard at him, but looking away from his opinions to his life and spirit, I find no man who comes nearer to eclipsing the Apostle Paul himself, and no man certainly who makes the modern efforts at missionising look more puny. In those ten years he had admitted into the pale of Christendom 200,000 converts and had traversed oceans, islands, continents, through a track equal to more than twice the circumference of our globe. The people over there, both settlers and natives, begin to think him a magician, and well they might. It has been well said, there is at least one well-authenticated miracle in Xavier's story. It is that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did and have sustained them too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some indestructible exigency of his nature. Such then was the second of the circle Loyola had at Paris gathered round him. I cannot

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stay to describe the others, further than that the names of Peter Faber, of Salmeron, of Rodriguez and Bobadilla, the four who with Xavier and Laynez formed the Society at its commencement, were of the first rank in ability and manifested their leader's prescience by their after achievements.

Ignatius had now fairly made a beginning. He had conquered himself. He had won to his views a band of men small in numbers but every one fit for a world conqueror's lieutenant. The next business was to get his idea into more definite shape and to have the Society formally established..

They determined to begin by taking together a solemn vow which should at once define their work and tie them to it with the most sacred bonds. So on the 15th August, 1534, a date ever afterwards held memorable with the Jesuits, just as the dawn was springing in the East, there might be seen emerging from one of the gates of Paris a little band of men who march in silent procession towards the hill of Montmartre which lies a little distance in front. We recognise the leader by his halting gait, and by that imperial countenance which tradition has universally given to Loyola. At the summit of that hill there are some steps leading down into the crypt of St. Denis, so named because Denis, the apostle and patron saint of France, is said there to have suffered martyrdom. In this crypt our little company has assembled and, having received the communion from Faber, who is now in priest's orders, they proceed to take the great oath which is to bind their lives. Each in

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his turn, with a solemnity which indexed the depth of their resolve, repeats the words of that awful vow. It was a scene at which the nations might have trembled. Never, it has been truly said, have human lips pronounced a vow more religiously observed or pregnant with results more momentous. What they vowed was this: (1) That they would live unmarried. (2) That they would continue in perpetual poverty. (3) That they would be obedient to their ecclesiastical superiors, and (4) this being the vow special and distinguishing, that on finishing their studies they would proceed to Venice with a view of sailing to Palestine to convert the infidels, or supposing it proved impossible to go to Palestine, they would go to Rome and offer themselves in absolute obedience to the Pope, for him to send them wherever he chose or on whatsoever errand. These vows were, as I have said, taken in 1534. It was late in 1536 that, having completed their studies, they proceeded to carry out the last and special part of the compact. They set out for Venice on foot, and on arriving there, finding the Palestine scheme for the present impracticable, their leader pushed on to Rome to lay his plan before the Pope. To carry his point at Rome was one of the hardest struggles of his life. When he arrived there first, Paul III. was out of the way on a journey. Of the cardinals whose interest Loyola sought most pooh-poohed the whole thing. Caraffa, the Pope's principal adviser, though an earnest man, was deeply prejudiced against anything new, and had a scent of

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preternatural keenness for heresy. So for a time the saint made no way at head-quarters. The utmost he could do was to gain permission for himself and associates to preach and work amongst the poor in Rome. But at last, after three years of negotiations, entreaties, rebuffs, hopings against hope, he prevailed. The Pope, whose spiritual dominions were being broken in upon in every direction by the Reformers, saw at last that in so dire an extremity he could not afford to throw away such an offer as these men were making him. They wanted him only to speak the word, to give his sanction to their idea, and they would be his utterly and for ever to fight the battles of Peter against heathen and Protestant, against earth and hell. The word was given and in 1540, six years after the scene at Montmartre, the little company was formally recognised by a Papal Bull and the Society of Jesus, as they called themselves, was for good or ill fairly started in the world. Now Protestants, all ye who have lifted your hands against the might of Rome, *beware!* Be sure the foundations on which you rest are solid rock, for an assault is about to be made, against which anything less enduring than the everlasting granite will crumble down. Look well to your weapons, make sure they are of the true temper, and that they rust not in their scabbards, for here are foemen everyway worthy of your steel. To be sure, your new foes are a mere handful, there are only ten of them, but Leonidas with his invincible three hundred at Thermopylæ, Cortes conquering

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an empire with an army numbering only a third of an English regiment, have proved what a few mighty souls can do against multitudes who are not mighty, and these ten who go out against you have weapons at their command more potent far than those which the heroes of Grecian story or they who conquered in the Mexican plains dreamt of; for they have power, these ten, not only to dare and endure, but to think, to speak, to touch all the springs of influence, to sway the men high placed in the world, in whose hands are the souls and bodies of millions. Beware again, say I. A stone has been cut out of the mountains and in this 1540 year it is set agoing; look how it bounds and plunges, how it gathers size in its flight, and deadlier velocity at every moment. I tremble as I look at the Protestant citadel down there in the valley against which the mountain-born mass comes thundering ever nearer, I tremble till I think of what the citadel is made and on what foundation it rests!

The Jesuit Society is started, and now they must have a leader, a constitution and a code of laws. One of their number, chosen of themselves, must step from the ranks and rule. Who shall it be? If you have followed me in my story of the previous progress of the movement you, I suppose, will say without hesitation, “Ignatius, of course.” Already master *de facto*, it is the only natural order to make him master *de jure*. So we should think, and so thought all the Society except Loyola himself. Unanimously elected, he represented himself

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as astonished and grieved at the decision, and at first absolutely refused the post. But a fresh vote of the Society bringing the same result, he at length with every sign of reluctance submitted, and mounted the seat of power with the title of General. It is natural that Loyola's Catholic biographers should devoutly believe that when he said he didn't want to rule he really meant it. But it is just as natural that his Protestant critics should believe no such thing. Certainly it is something to swallow when we are told that a man born for sway as he was, after having with immense patience and out of a long cherished scheme created this Society, should really prefer that now its whole future be taken out of his hands. We do not see quite why he should have been at such trouble to make the machine if it were not to do his work. It looks very much as if the General of the Jesuits was allowing himself to be a little Jesuitical here, that he was indulging in a little by-play, by way of testing to the full the character of his associates and their feeling towards himself. If you won't accept that explanation here is another ready-made for you by a good Catholic, that the motives of saints are often far too deep for ordinary and profane mortals to understand. However, *nolens volens*, whether he likes it or not, General he is, and he speedily shows that the office is not going in his hands to be a sinecure.

His business now is to settle clearly and once for all the principles of the Society, and the way it is to carry them out. This he does in two ways.

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One is by writing the so-called Constitutions, *i.e.*, the Jesuit code of laws, the other way, the example he himself sets. Studying the Order from these two positions, we get some idea of what Ignatius meant it to be and do. The key note of the whole lies in the word *obedience*. It is that fourth vow in which the professed Jesuit offers himself absolutely to the service of the Pope, to be sent anywhere and on any errand at his bidding, that the system is marked from all the other religious Orders. It was no new thing in the Catholic Church for men to vow celibacy and poverty and the ordinary ecclesiastical obedience. But the followers of Benedict and Dominic, the regular monks, that is, had the privilege within certain limits of “calling their souls their own.” But this the Jesuit by his vow utterly disclaimed. Absolute, unhesitating, unquestioning obedience to the will of his General was with Loyola the cardinal virtue. No man could enter the Society who was not prepared for that supreme act of self-renunciation. As the ball which rolls in the direction you push it, as the violin passive in the hands of the musician, so is the Jesuit to the will of his superior. The whole company was to be one machine, moved by the General at his absolute pleasure, while he in his turn was to be moved in the same way by the Pope. It is as if the General were the Jesuit’s Christ and the Pope his God. Here is an illustration of his way of dealing. There are some schools and colleges to be opened in Sicily, and Ignatius is applied to to send some Jesuit fathers as teachers.

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He calls his Society (which by the way had now many additions to its ranks) and catechises them thus : " Are you whom I shall send to Sicily quite as ready not to go as to go ? If you go, are you as willing to teach one thing as another, to teach what you best know, or what you know imperfectly, or not to teach at all ? Are you as ready if need be to do domestic service in the kitchen, as to impart learning in the college ? " And not till their replies, which came without any hesitation, had satisfied him that these men, many of whom were fit to teach in any European university, were just as willing to sweep the kitchen as to lecture on mathematics, that they had in fact no will but to obey, no desire but to serve, not till then was it that he sent them out to their work.

It is a phenomenon worth, I think, a moment's study, how this man, by a word or a look, could rule men like this. How was it that men obeyed Ignatius so utterly ? I say mainly because they could not help themselves. There is a law governing the sons of men stronger than all political systems, a law which is seen under republics as well as despotisms, a law which laughs to scorn our babble about human equality, this, *viz.*, that the man who is strongest in will and mind shall have sway over the less strong. He will get it if not in one way then in another. Says one stubborn of nature, listening to this doctrine, " Pooh, no use any one trying that on me ; I would yield to nobody's dictation." Very well, my friend, but let the strong man come, and we hold you will be ruled

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by him nevertheless. You are impregnable on one side of your nature. He only approaches you on another side. You will not be dictated to, but you will be argued with—that, then, is where he will have you; quite independent of your will about the matter there will grow up in you a reverence for a reasoning power which is greater than your own. So let such a man appear on the scene of life, a man who is at once inflexible in purpose, who has great intellect to conceive and great enthusiasm to carry out the conception, and ordinary men may as soon talk of resisting his will as a stone flung into the air might talk of resisting the attraction of the earth.

I go further, men will not only acquiesce but as a rule rejoice in their servitude to such an one. People talk sometimes about the misery of having to bear a yoke which has been put upon them from without. But suppose you take off all yokes from their shoulders, absolve them for a while from all the ties which bind them to their leaders; what will happen? This. They will find that, of all burdens, the burden of being free, that is of being spiritually and intellectually on their own hook, of being left to pick out their own way through these difficult regions, is the heaviest, and they will hasten, as did the Israelites of old, to look out some Saul, some one a little taller than themselves, and put him in front. Ever since the beginning of the world the game of "follow my leader" has been in vogue, and I expect men will go on playing it till we have a new edition of human nature. It

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was then, I take it, mainly because Ignatius Loyola belonged to this rank of men, the kings who rule by a true *jus divinum*, that men obeyed him so.

If anything needs be added to this explanation of his power, it is that he was not a commander simply but a *leader*, between which words there is a difference. What he said to his followers was not *go* but *come*. Into no region of devotion or of awful sacrifice did he invite his Society, but he had been there himself, and they knew it. Did he order a man to start without a shilling in his pocket on a journey to the ends of the earth? The man went because he was sure that he, who gave the word of command, was ready if need were to take himself that very journey and in that very shillingless condition.

We begin now to see what this Jesuit Society was. A company of able and determined men who, just at the time when Protestantism was making its fiercest onslaughts on the Papacy, had banded themselves together for the defence of that Papacy, who to this end had given themselves in utter obedience to their General and the Pope, themselves with all their talents, time, energy, for whatever service might be allotted them. I must now add something about the ways in which they sought to gain the ends they had before them.

I might put this in brief by saying there was no method by which the human heart and intellect could be influenced which they did not use. They caught men as individuals by personal solicitation,

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they reached them in the mass by preaching, they seized the opportunities which suffering gave them by diligent attendance at hospitals and infirmaries, and above all they laid skilful hand on that great engine whose power we are just beginning to understand, education.

Let me particularise two of these. Preaching, I have said, was one of their working tools. Is the pulpit a worn-out piece of Church furniture? So think some in the present day. So did not think Ignatius. He preached and his associates preached, and that on all sorts of occasions and in all sorts of places. And in their preaching they had one signal advantage over many who in the present day aspire, as the Scotch say, to wag their pow in a pulpit. They were dead in earnest. They went at their work as if they meant it. It was a rule with them that they should think only of the effect to be produced, the end to be gained, caring nothing for either applause or criticism. You will agree with me perhaps that here at least is one Jesuit rule which might with advantage be painted up at the back of many a Protestant pulpit.

But the sway of the Jesuits would never have attained that far-reaching character which soon belonged to it, if they had confined their efforts to pulpit declamation, however earnest and impassioned. Loyola went to the root of the matter when he declared that his Society should be above all things else a great teaching power. Europe was just now waking to a sense of the value of

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knowledge. One of the most damning accusations which Protestants were making against Rome was that for her own purposes she had kept men in ignorance. "You have kept us in darkness because you were afraid of the light," said they, and to the cry Rome found it hard at first to find an answer. But in Ignatius the Papacy had a champion who saw everything and who seemed able to provide for everything. In his bold soldier's fashion he takes up the gage thrown down by the Protestants. "Knowledge is against us and on the side of you Protestants, is it?" said he. "Then we will make you see, and make Europe see, that Rome is not only friendly to knowledge, but the dispenser of it, that if the nations want to be taught, she keeps the best school." The word went forth and speedily the nations saw rising in their midst schools under Jesuit superintendence, colleges with Jesuit teachers, and the national universities with Jesuits in their professorial chairs. Specially was it so in Italy, Germany, Spain and Portugal. Of course, this could not have been done had the members of this Society been other than extraordinary men.

George III. sat on the English throne because his father sat there before him, and had he been a bigger fool than he really was that would have been no flaw in his title. But by no such rule could a man sit as a professor of mathematics in a college. For that, he must be a mathematician. It was not enough for Loyola to will to possess the keys of knowledge in the nations. He must have men about him able dexterously to finger

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them. But here is the beauty of it. The men he needed he had in numbers about him. In the ranks of those who called him General he had masters in art, science, theology, classical learning. There were painters, poets, astronomers; heraldry owes to them its language of signs; they had writers on the art of military defence; and the student who wishes to master political science will turn to Jesuit works amongst others as authorities. Fortunate Loyola! Wellington would have fared badly at Waterloo, I fancy, with all his generalship, if the material he had to work on had been anything worse than the solid British stuff it was, and you, Loyola, would have cut a far less figure in history had not your plans been in the hands of men worthy of them.

But give him his due even here. We call a man a good workman not only because he knows well how to use his tools, but because he knows a good tool when he sees it. Loyola went beyond that, though. He could see the material out of which a good instrument could be made when that material was all in the rough, and then went and made it. It is curious to watch him going about the world in this process of picking out fit instruments. He would take the points of a man in a flash of the eye and know at that moment whether he was of the kind he wanted. Numbers of candidates offer themselves, learned many of them, pure, wealthy, but some one thing they lack, and then, spite of tears and entreaties, back they must go. "Serve God and the Church in such ways as you can," was his verdict, "but you are not called to be Jesuits."

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On the other hand, when he saw his man, whoever he might be, however hopeless the conquest seemed, he would rarely or never leave him till secured. Extraordinary stories of these captures are told. There is a professor at Paris, with great qualities, but worldly. His great passion is billiards. Loyola visits him one day and finds him, cue in hand, at his favourite game. He is jovially invited to play. He will on these conditions, that the winner shall fix the pursuits of the loser for the forty following days. Good. And the game is begun. The saint beats the professor and puts him through the forty days spiritual exercises we spoke of and the worldling is gained to Jesuitism.

Funny story that, but a score of similar ones might be added. The care he himself showed in selecting men he sought, by means of rules, to be continued always in the Society. None were to be admitted without some remarkable endowments of intellect and piety, *plus* good health, an agreeable person and attractive manners. If of high birth, as the majority of the early members were, so much the better. Like Bonaparte's imperial guard, like the Theban band of Epaminondas, every soldier was to be a veteran.

And now I have to make a statement about Loyola which may be of special interest to the lady portion of my audience, but which at the same time I scarcely know how they will receive, whether as a compliment or the reverse. He has already shown himself an almost resistless mover of men. His life history shows one occasion when he was

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called to try his power on women. And I have to say that this was about the one experiment in his life in which he failed. You have heard of Jesuits, but you never, I suppose, heard of Jesuitesses. There are none. But it looked at one time very much as if there were to be some. Thus did it happen. Donna Isabella Rosella, a devout lady of Barcelona, who had known Loyola when a scholar there, having heard of the noise he was making in Rome, took it one day into her pious head to go and pay her respects to him. Some other ladies, catching the same enthusiasm, determine to accompany her, so that by and by we behold a convoy of fair devotees bearing down full sail on the hapless General. Holding the advanced doctrine that what is good for the souls of men is good for the souls of women also, they mean to be put through the Jesuit initiatory discipline, and then live a religious life under Loyola's direction. Now whether the General was or was not a believer in the ungallant dictum that, of all the mischief going in the world, lovely woman is at the bottom, I cannot say, but I know this: the saint hummed and ha'd at the proposal, shook his head and finally came out with a point-blank refusal. Now when Ignatius Loyola said *No*, ordinary people, yea and extraordinary ones too, usually considered it quite a waste of time to get it changed into *Yes*. But he was fighting now with women, and are not they born into the world for the special purpose of leading men captive, and is this man going to make an exception of himself to that

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estimable law ? “ Not if we know it,” said Donna Isabella and her fair companions. Now just see the artfulness of them. They knew the General, invincible everywhere else, had, like Achilles, one attackable point and that was in his vow of obedience to the Pope. Get the Holy Father on their side and all will be well. To him they go. His Holiness melts into speedy acquiescence and orders the Jesuit General to take the suppliants under his charge. Ignatius groaned but obeyed. Poor man ! His worst forebodings were soon realised. Not many days passed before troubles began. There were complaints from some both deep and loud about their lodgings, and a host of other things ; then others of the sisters had extraordinarily sensitive consciences which needed an immense amount of direction and sympathy ; others were blessed with a theologically inquisitive turn of mind, which produced every day showers of fresh questions which “ would the General be good enough to answer for them ? ” Even the saint’s patience gives way at last. “ It costs me more labour,” says he, “ to direct a handful of women than to keep the whole Company in order from the Netherlands to India.” His mind is made up. To the Pope he goes one day and tells him his doleful tale. The work did not lie in the scope of his calling, nothing but mischief would come of the connection. The Pope yields to this masculine counterblast as he had before yielded to the ladies, and Loyola comes back triumphant with a special papal brief by which the Jesuit Society is for ever exempted from

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the management of women. Whether this failure of the first and last negotiation for a union between the Jesuits and the feminine portion of the Catholic world was a good thing or a bad thing for the world, or for the Jesuits, or for the ladies themselves, is a question I am not going to answer, but prefer rather to leave as one of the problems arising out of this lecture for you to discuss at your leisure.

The narrative part of this sketch must now come to a close. It was impossible in one lecture to do more than to trace the *rise* of this Society, for when once started its history branches off into a dozen different channels, to track each of which would require a volume. Ignatius lived sixteen years after his Order was recognised by the Pope, but to get a fair idea of what he and his associates had been doing in that time you will have to acquaint yourselves with the histories of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Great Britain, and the far settlements of the New World, for in all these lands were they busy, and into the history of them all had they by this time inextricably woven themselves. Before those years had come to an end we find them pouring their counsels into the ears of the greatest princes, and pulling the wires of half the Cabinets in Europe. Loyola had seen his missionaries traverse every country of the then known world, and Europe, Asia, Africa and America were to him simply an aggregation of Jesuit provinces. At the centre of this vast organisation he himself sat, the heart and moving principle of it all, leading in his house at Rome

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an outwardly simple and unostentatious life, relieving beggars, nursing sick people, taking his turn at preaching and mass-saying, giving no outward sign that he was a potentate wielding a power more absolute and extensive than perhaps had ever been known in this earth before.

But the world has one conqueror to whom sooner or later even an Ignatius must bow. Sixteen years has he been General and then in 1556 the end comes. Slow fever aggravated by a cold caught in a damp house brought him down. He knew death was close on him, and so summoning what of his followers were within reach he gave them his last counsels. It is July 30th. All through the long summer night he lies in his narrow bed waiting for the great change. In the morning it comes. There is a fluttering of the pulse, a flickering smile crossing the upturned face, a whispered utterance of the name of Him whom Protestant and Catholic know as the Saviour, and then the light which for sixty-five years had burned in those lustrous eyes fades out of them, and his weeping followers know that their strong leader, he who with iron grip had put his hand on the hearts of men and on the destinies of nations, is no more.

And now, out of all this, some vast questions arise, worthy of far more elaborate and carefully considered answers than we are able to give. What ought our verdict as Protestant Christians to be on such a man as this? What is the nature of the influence he exerted on the nations and on the Church? Is the Society he founded to be

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considered an unmitigated blessing, or an unmitigated curse, or neither of these? With some these questions would meet with a speedy, and sweeping, answer, an answer which would bury the whole Society, its founder, its agencies, its work, under a lava-stream of fiery denunciation. But that is just what a man who has informed himself of all the facts, and who wishes to be taught by the facts and not by his prejudices, finds himself unable to do. In the Society whose origin and leader we have sketched he sees a tangled web of good and evil. If he wants to escape all trouble in his task of summing up and verdict-giving he will, if he be a Romanist, cover the whole with one easily uttered word, and say "Good all of it;" if Protestant, by another word equally short and easy of utterance, "Bad all of it." How much simpler this method than that of drawing from that web patiently the tangled skeins, the threads white and black, the putting them together in their separate places, the weighing and measuring them, and then striking the final balance! No wonder bigotry is so often popular. To be a bigot is uncommonly easy, while to be impartial and give every man his due means hard work. For myself I trust that in the final estimate of Loyola and his work with which I bring this lecture to a close, I shall attain what certainly I have sought, discrimination and fairness.

Speaking for myself first, you will have been able to gather from what I have already said a good many of the elements out of which you may suppose I should construct my estimate. There is no need,

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surely, for enlarging here on the grounds of his title to greatness. If my picture of the man has not already impressed you with the notion of one who, in the qualities which fit for rule, towered head and shoulders above his fellows, I must have been a very indifferent painter. However we may disagree with the Jesuits, we shall be disposed, without arguing the question, to fall in with that estimate of their master which they have put as an epitaph on his tomb: "Whoever thou mayest be who hast portrayed to thine own imagination Pompey or Cæsar or Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they was Ignatius."

In spite of all they have done, the Jesuits are a hated Society. They were hated yesterday and they are hated to-day. There must be some reasons, and good reasons, for a feeling so deep and wide spread. What are they? The answer does not lie far off. Any clear-sighted man looking at the very structure of the Society would see with half an eye that it was bound sooner or later to do mischief. Consider it for a moment. The Society is a machine to be moved in all its parts only by the will of its master, the General. All the subordinate members of it are just so many wheels, cogs, pulleys. They have no will of their own. The General is their conscience, his will their motive power. Now supposing the object of the Society had been one we could agree with, we are obliged to feel that such a means for producing it must work badly, both for the members of the Society and for

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the world. Can a man ever expect to be healthy spiritually, if he crushes out his own conscience and judgment? These two are the very pillars of the human soul. How can it remain upright if they, the main supports, are pulled down to begin with? Moreover, ought it not to have been present to Loyola's mind what risks he was running in putting such absolute power as this into the hands of only one man? How was he to secure to the end of time that the Generals themselves should be pure and holy men? Perhaps he could continue such himself, but he had no business to take himself as the rule for all after times. Nay, was not the very position of General likely to make a man bad if he were not so before? All history has proved that nothing so quickly warps a man's moral nature as absolute power. Supposing that law to operate in the case of the Jesuit General and what is the consequence? The whole Society, with its splendid intelligence, its unbounded power for influence, is then just the obedient instrument of one bad man. I defy anybody to say that is not a logical outcome of Jesuit principles; and history is a great liar if it has not shown in more than one country and generation that this very thing has actually happened. I say, then, Loyola in stamping out the individual conscience and judgment from his Society was perilling their own souls and perilling society.

I do not think, however, I have yet touched the main reason why the Jesuits are as a rule hated so cordially and especially by us English people. That, I believe, lies in the fact of their being a *secret*

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society. We as a people hate conspiracies. Let a man's design be as pure as that of an angel, we will have nothing to do with it or him unless he will consent to carry it out above board. And as it seems to me for a very good reason. Motives, like mutton, require to be kept out in the open air if they are to be kept sweet. I do not care what pretensions a Society may have, unless it gets ventilation by publicity and criticism from without, it is bound by and by to go mouldy. For that reason then I think Ignatius gave us a bad legacy in leaving a Society which was always to work in the dark.

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